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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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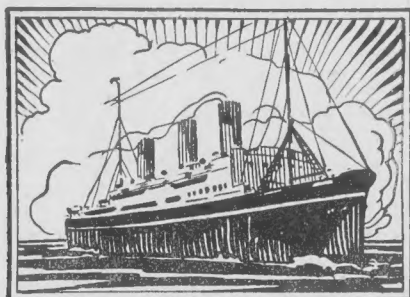
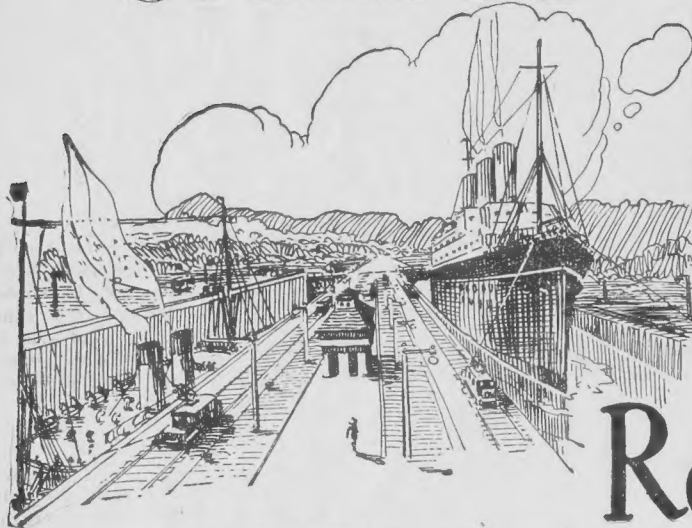
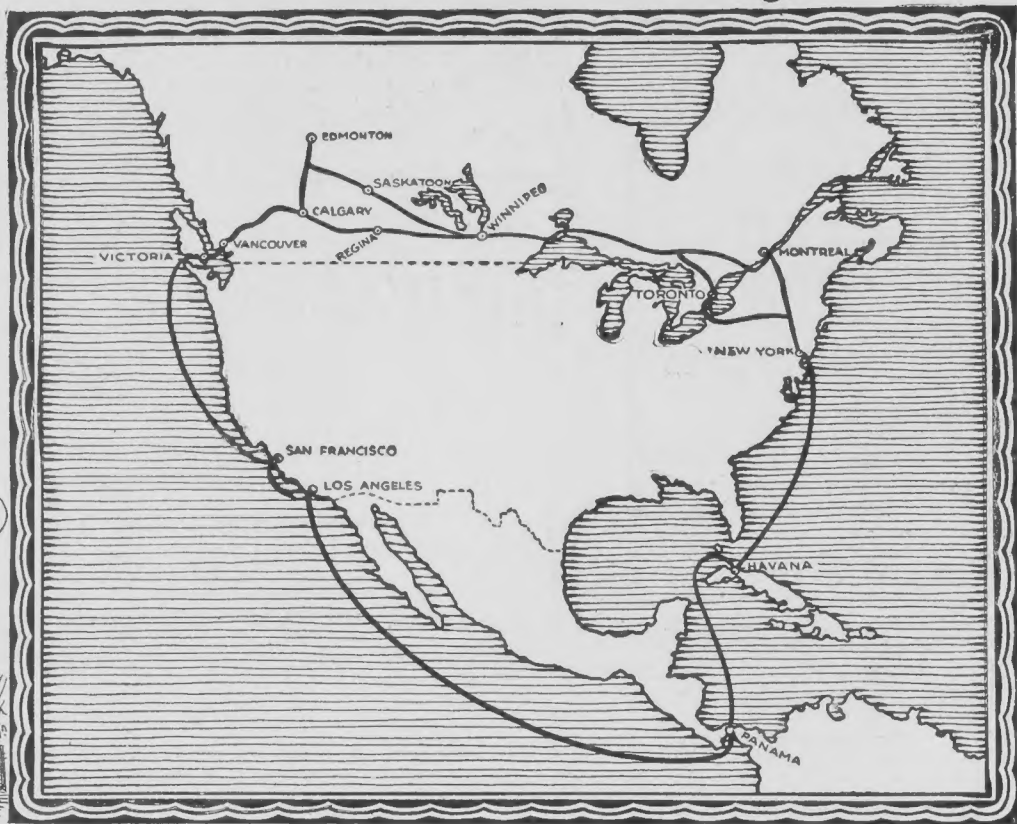
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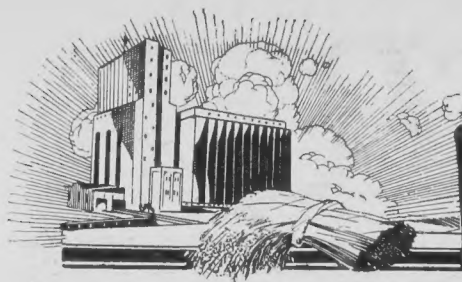
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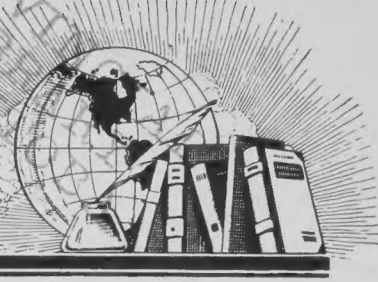
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EDITORIAL



Ontario

ANYONE who visited Ontario recently could have predicted the political landslide of June. The government was not going satisfactorily and business conditions were not any too good, and so the electors did what they always do in matters of this kind,—they determined to make a fresh start. Let no one think for a moment that there is a determination to return to the old two party system of a few years ago. "Them days is gone forever." The young people of today know nothing and care nothing about old-time names, slogans and issues. They want to be in a fight, of course, but the issue must be a live one. In this case it centred in such words as "cost of government, government by a class, expenditure on roads, catering to local demand, opposing the water-power scheme, failure to bring about better trade conditions, low prices for farm products, etc." The government was blamed for everything, and perhaps it was somewhat to blame. The issue was purely local and the vote will have little bearing on politics outside of the province. It will indeed have little effect on the attitude of Ontario to federal politics. Between now and the next Dominion election no one can tell what will happen east or west. One thing is certain, that business success and failure will have more to do with the voting of people, than the cries of the old party leaders. They are in the discard now, and will remain there. Canada is seeking a new alignment, that is all. The strongest party of the future must stand for economy, open administration, efficiency in the civil service. The name by which it goes does not concern the people.

The Basal Institution

IN the days of movies given over to the worship of divorce, and in a land where divorce is more and more common, it is cheering to find words like the following. Of course, there are times when people should agree to separate, but that is another question. When divorce becomes a habit there is something radically wrong.

"The last enemy of all, and the enemy which we shall have to fight most desperately, is sex irresponsibility. The mind of this questioning generation is being colored far more than older people realize by an influential group of writers who are challenging the ideal of chastity as it has never before been challenged.

Now, if we young people of the West keep on losing our convictions regarding the supreme value of the home and the rigorous necessity for monogamy, if we fail to make our stand at that Verdun, we shall risk being overrun by barbarism. Worst of all, we shall encourage the youth of the Orient to give in to barbarism—the barbarism that can see merely the cost and not the glory of a home where husband, wife, and children are knit together in the love that comes only through loyalty.

The prevalent increase of divorce, the splitting up of homes, and the resulting parental neglect of growing children—all this seeming disintegration may be only a symptom of progress, the growing pains of a more highly developed morality than any heretofore evolved by the race through its ages of testing. So at least a young Indian friend insists. We do not know. But we do know we must establish, else we go under, a new chivalry, based not on prudery, but on self-restraining respect of men for women and women for men.

But I believe that numbers of us, perhaps in every country, who do not care to remain behind in the stuffy dugouts, can agree to go forward and fight shoulder to shoulder on this firing-line against the foes of free development and for the forces of frankness and trust that make men one."

The United States and Europe

THE following clipping from the New York Evening Post shows that there is much dissatisfaction with present world conditions, and that the only way out is for the United States to enter into the combination of nations that is looking for world peace. The trouble is that so long as a great nation stands aloof all others begin plotting in turn to win the ascendancy. The United States in the League would have infinitely greater influence than it now possesses.

"In the League of Nations there was offered a substitute for the evil system of successive military dominations. One of the primary purposes of the League was to effect a reduction in armaments as a preventive of war. The presence of the United

States in the League could have strengthened the drive for armament reduction which is even now under way, though fighting against very heavy odds. What our leadership accomplished in the matter of naval armaments two years ago our leadership might accomplish in time, though to a lesser degree, for armaments on land. But we have preferred to stand aside and administer moral counsel instead of showing the way through actual co-operation. We reiterate every little while that we never will consent to reduce our money claims on Europe as long as Europe's resources go so largely into the preparation of armaments. And the effect of such moral ministrations is nil. France will pay her debts to the United States if we compel her to, and it will not affect her programmes of military offence or defence, as we choose to regard them. France and the other nations will cut down to the bone on everything, but will not economize on armament programmes as long as we offer them guarantees only in the form of pious advice."

The Referenda

MANITOBA has declared in favor of the Moderation Act and quite as emphatically against the Beer and Wine Act. This means that public sentiment is opposed to the sale of liquor in hotels and clubs, though it is willing to give every man permission to purchase liquor for use in his own home.

Now, it is quite evident that the people had reasons for voting as they did, and the reasons are not hard to find. Remembering the old days of the saloon and the 'clubs of that class,' men and women were united in opposing sale of wine and beer in hotels. If there is to be liquor used it must be supplied in another way. The way favored was government control, or what in the Moderation Act was styled government control. Anybody who has lived in Manitoba can give the reasons for the immense majority in favor of the Moderation Bill. In the first place there was intense dissatisfaction with the administration of the Temperance Act. It may be that under this act only twenty per cent. as many were arrested for drunkenness as under the old, but there was, in both city and country an impression, founded on experience, that there was an unlimited supply of liquor to be had at any time, that the brand sold was of the poorest and most poisonous type, that bootlegging was rampant, that some of the chief offenders went unpunished, that young men and young women alike in their celebrations made use of beverages of all kinds. And because people knew this or believed it, they voted for what they took to be government control. The vote was not so much one in favor of the Moderation Act as it was one in opposition to the Temperance Act and its enforcement. There were, of course, other reasons for the huge majority. Some people wanted liquors and they opposed the idea of prohibition on principle. As one foreign-born citizen said, "We all want our drink and we want it good." On the whole, however, the vote was one of dissatisfaction with existing conditions.

Now, as to the other Act, which the people refused to endorse, it is easy to see why believers in total abstinence objected to it, and it is equally easy to understand how Moderationists did not want the successful operation of their own Act to be jeopardized.

No one need throw stones at the people of Manitoba for their action. They were trying to find a way out of an ugly condition of things. This journal does not believe that the best way out has been taken. The Moderation Act is not all that could be desired. All the same conditions may be better than under the Temperance Act, and everybody should be hopeful and give the new measure a fair trial.

On the whole there is something to be said in favor of referenda in matters of this kind. The people get what they want, and they express their views without regard to politics. More than that they give a good illustration of the latest and best practice in government. When a party does not deliver the goods, "Kick it out." When an Act fails in enforcement because it is bad either in substance or administration, "Change it for something else."

Everyone hopes that under new conditions things will improve. If not there is another voting day coming.

Criticism

A VALUED correspondent has submitted a brief article on the subject of criticism that the Journal publishes with pleasure. It is no wish of any journal to return without comment articles that are forwarded, but the time of a reading editor

is limited. Speaking generally, it should be expected of all communications that they be mechanically as perfect as possible—properly punctuated and arranged, written on one side of the sheet, inscribed with the name and address of author, words correctly spelled, etc. In other words they should be printable just as they are. In the next place they should be such as appeal to a journal's constituency; for instance, the people who read the Western Home Monthly are not particularly what might be called purists, but they do not wish to read about marital infidelity, business trickery, moral turpitude. They are living clean, wholesome lives, and it is not right that they should be offended by having placed in their homes that which suggests vice, crime and infamy. This is quite true, even if the Monthly is not a Sunday School paper. It is unfortunately true that many worthy articles have to be returned because, from the point of view of structure and style they are unworthy, but far more have to be returned because, although they are cleverly written, their thought content is not suitable. Still others are returned because they are too long. A short story should contain from 2,000 to 3,000 words. A general article should not be so long, because a majority of readers demand brevity. This journal is more anxious to get good informative articles than it is to get fiction, but it gets ten stories to one description; not but what we fully appreciate the value of wholesome fiction and trust a good supply of this kind will continue to reach us. We would be glad also to repeat our experiment with continued stories, covering four or five issues, providing they be of sufficient interest to our readers and pleasing in style. This Western country is so full of wonders that people do not yet realize it. A little description of the social life in a community or a brief account of the national beauties or productions, if properly illustrated, would be very welcome. But here is Miss Robertson's communication:

THERE has been a great deal written about criticism, and the terms constructive and restructive criticism amny to some people savour of 'the hackneyed,' but the viewpoint of those whose lives or occupations bring them constantly under the caption of criticism is that there cannot be too much written on the subject, nor can there be enough said for closing the mouth of destructive criticism and encouraging the helpful and stimulating voice of constructive criticism to speak.

"Criticism based on knowledge of whatever matter is under discussion should be, and is, in most cases, acceptable. For instance, the artist solicits criticism when he invites another artist to come and view a picture that has just received its last stroke from his brush. He is open to the conviction of his fellow artist who considers that the picture lacks colour. No doubt the criticism would be tempered with enthusiastic appreciation of the painting's merits, thus leaving no room for resentment. It is the belittling criticism of the would-be connoisseur that the artist takes exception to.

"To peep behind the scenes and view the life of the average journalist is to realize that there the need is great for nothing but constructive criticism. To be sure journalism has its bright side, but it is apt to be an existence of mutilated manuscripts, delayed cheques, and enough rejection slips to paper the little hall-bedroom in the dingy boarding-house called 'home.'

"A musician of great talent, but humble of spirit and with a sensitive nature was speaking about the effect destructive criticism had on himself, and one could imagine him, when he felt the chilly winds of criticism sweeping around him, longing for the physique of Hercules, that he might fling his beloved piano on his back, and flee with it into the wilderness. Yet this man was no coward, for he closed his piano, went to the field of battle, and, with distinguished bravery, met his death at Sanctuary Wood.

"Destructive criticism obliterates the vision of attainment; it is cruel and devastating. It has rung the knell over many a noble ambition, and has added to the world's chalice of bitter tears.

"Only those who have worked under the influence of constructive criticism know its full worth and realize what a fundamental necessity it is to advancement. It can be said to be the true helpmate of all art. Its great creative force has assisted in forming the embryo of genius, and has nourished genius when it has become a living thing."

LOVE AND MRS. O'DONNELL

By Grace M. Campbell
(Author of "The Oil Of Joy")

MRS. O'DONNELL pushed back the window-blind, and again peered down the street. Nothing but the silent houses, a few flickering lights shining mistily through the rain, and dark clouds riding low before a gusty wind.

"What a night for the boy to be out," she murmured, as she turned away and seated herself plumply in her rocker.

Rachel O'Donnell had come West two years before, as housekeeper for Doctor Donald Ross. She was a childless widow, and lavished all the whole-souled affection of her fervent Irish heart on the young physician whom she had mothered since childhood. Her thoughts were intent on him as she listened to the wind and the rain without, and her eyes brooded as she watched the door.

Some half-hour later she brightened at the sound of a quick foot-fall without, and the Doctor entered the room.

"A hot supper ready! Good for you. I'm as hungry as a wolf, and dog tired. Home by eleven, though, and that means a night's sleep perhaps."

Mrs. O'Donnell bustled about him as he ate, and only when he sat back with a sigh of content did she deliver the message that had come three hours before.

"Graham's baby is sick," she remarked with elaborate unconcern. "They called about eight, and wanted you to go when you got back."

"At eight!" he exclaimed. "And you never told me till now, you villain." He laughed at her affectionately, and started for his coat.

"I don't see why you need to go," remonstrated Mrs. O'Donnell pugnaciously. "They're silly over that child. The last time you hurried there in the middle of the night there was nothing wrong with him, and there's nothing wrong with him now," she sniffed contemptuously.

"But you never can tell," he rejoined. "I'd better go and take a look at the little shaver."

It was nearly morning when the Doctor returned after a long vigil with a sick baby and an anxious mother. He stumbled wearily to his room, and sank into an arm-chair too tired to do more than rest. As he leaned his head against the high back of the chair, his face was white with fatigue, and his sombre brown eyes were dull with weariness.

It had been a hard day. He had not been quite up to the mark in the first place, and his work had been depressing. That afternoon, in consultation, he had disagreed with a specialist from the city, and the latter had had the bad taste to refer somewhat slightly to the knowledge and achievements of a general practitioner. The young doctor's temper, at best rather brittle, had flared dangerously at that; and though he had managed to keep it under control, the fire had smouldered for some hours.

Later in the day he had found that a prescription of his, purposely weak because of the patient's heart condition, had been increased by the attendant in charge, because the druggist had suggested that the larger dose was the usual one.

These irritations, to a larger degree than physical weariness, pressed down on his spirit, and drained all the joy and satisfaction out of his life.

His eyes turned to a picture on the table at his side. A singularly sweet face smiled back at him out of the silver frame, strong, steady, and winsome, with just a hint of mischief in the frank eyes. Almost unconsciously his lips curved in an answering smile. Then a deeper gloom descended.

When Donald Ross first came to Prairiedale, his love for Audrey Gordon had been the supreme joy of his rather lonely life. But he had nothing to bring her but his ability to earn, and that seemed imperilled by the frequently recurring attacks of fever that were a heritage of the Egyptian campaign. He

had fought his fight alone. Then, without explanation, he had dropped out of Audrey Gordon's life.

His work helped him not to brood, but on nights like this his loneliness overwhelmed him.

He turned from the little picture in its silver frame to a copy of Hoffman's "Christ," hanging directly before him. He dropped his chin on his hand and gazed at it. The quiet eyes looked steadily back at him. The suffering, the high resolve, the self-renunciation spoke to him as they never had before.

A light struck across his face.

"Why," he murmured, "You—you—were a general practitioner too. And you stuck it through."

He rose and gazed at the face hungrily, then flung up his head as one who hears

All day as she went about her work, she pondered her problem. If she could only arrange for them to meet again, here—in his own home.

Gradually a daring plan took form in her mind, and that night as she bent over a sheet of note-paper, the light of battle shone in her eyes.

She wrote:

"Audrey, I'm not as young as I once was, and of late I'm failing fast. I feel that it's not long I am for this world. You were always a good child, and like a real daughter to me, and the longing comes on me to see you again before I die. You'll come, won't you, Audrey, dear?"

She paused, and leaned back in her chair as she read what she had written. "That'll fetch her." And her mouth set



Audrey slipped off the couch, and came and knelt and buried her face in the other's lap

and answers a challenge. His eyes were alight.

"It may be ten years, or twenty, or five," he said, "but I'll see it through. I'll give my life to this town—not grudgingly either—and I'll ask for nothing but the chance to do it."

MRS. O'DONNELL let the letter fall to her capacious lap and stared grimly at the opposite wall. It was a long gossip account of persons and events in her old home town in the East. She read the offending paragraph again:

"They say Audrey Gordon is engaged to a lawyer from Montreal. He comes to see her often enough. If Donald Ross jilted her after he went West it will be all for the best anyway. She'll be a rich man's wife, and we're all glad for her."

The reader's eyes flashed indignantly. "Jilted her, did he? And him wearing his heart out for her all the time?"

Mrs. O'Donnell, though a life-long friend of Audrey's, had never known what caused the estrangement between the doctor and his former fiancée. But she felt that the barrier between them could not be insurmountable.

in grim satisfaction, then relaxed in a broad and impish grin. "The saints forgive me for the lie—and me as spry as ever I was."

She bent once more to her task, then paused again and bit the end of her pen. "The Doctor is working too hard, and doesn't take right care of himself, and if some one doesn't look after him, he won't last long. However, there's many a girl in Prairiedale would take on the job. I'm thinking, though so far he hasn't looked at any of them. Well, I'll be expecting you, Audrey, dear, right away. I know you won't refuse an old friend who won't be a trouble to anyone very long.

Your loving friend,
Rachel O'Donnell."

She folded the letter, sealed and stamped it. As she went into her bedroom to pin on her hat, she sternly faced her reflection in the mirror.

"Maybe it's an old fool you are," she remarked judiciously. "But—with a sudden fire—for the sake of the girl you were forty years ago, you're going to do it. Folks need managing sometimes."

She went out and mailed the letter.

AUDREY GORDON rose from her chair with that letter in her hand as the door opened to admit Richard Graham.

"Your mother told me I'd find you here," he explained after his greeting. "I thought maybe you would come for a spin with me this afternoon."

"Why, Rich, I don't believe I can. I've just got a letter from an old friend in the West. She's frightfully ill, and wants me to go to her at once. So I'll be busy until I can get away."

"The West!" ejaculated Graham. "How long will you be there?"

"Oh, not long, I expect. It's quite up in the air yet, for I only just got the letter."

Rich Graham sat down on a low stool in front of the fire. Well-groomed, suave, complacent as was his usual self, now there was evident an under-current of nervousness. He poked the fire for a few minutes in silence.

"By the way, Audrey, are you going to give me an answer to that question of mine before you go? That is, are you going to say 'Yes'?" he added quickly.

The girl laughed lightly, but her eyes were serious. "I couldn't say 'Yes' to-night, Rich," she temporized. "I don't know if I can ever say it. But I promise you one thing: when I get back from the West, I will answer you definitely 'Yes' or 'No'. Is that fair?"

He looked up at her, long and intently. Her soft hair was like an amber halo about her face, and her blue eyes looked frankly and honestly back at him. He drew a long breath and rose.

"I'll have to be satisfied with that," he said quietly. "And I'll live in hope. You will let me know when you leave?"

"Oh, of course," she assented.

"Then I had better be off, and leave you to your work."

"Oh, you'll stay for tea," she cried. "Mother will be so disappointed."

"And you?" was his quick rejoinder.

"Oh, I'm a hospitable soul," she laughed, "and delight in company. I remember when mother and I were alone so much after father died, I used sometimes to lay an extra place for tea, just in the hope that someone would drop in."

"Poor little lonesome girl." His eyes were tender on her face, and caressed like a touch.

She changed the subject.

That night Audrey sighed as she took down her hair.

"Why can't I love him?" she asked. "He'd do so beautifully, and mother would be so happy. And he does care for me. But instead of that I can't forget a certain brown-eyed, long-legged doctor man somewhere out on the prairies."

His image rose before her—Donald with his steady brown eyes, his frank young smile, and all the gay and gallant air of him. Could she imagine that Donald broken and tired, ill and working doggedly?

"But he'd be game," she insisted to herself. "He'd be game to the end."

She dropped her head on her arms. "Don, Don," she whispered, "if our dream had only lasted. But you have forgotten, so why should I break my heart? Idiot!" she sniffed disgustedly.

But before she slept that night her pillow was wet with tears.

AUDREY was conscious of a growing sense of excitement as she neared her destination. No sooner had she reached the level prairie lands than she felt vaguely a subtle change of atmosphere. There was a sense of bigness, of wide spaces sweet with prairie wind, and warm with much sunshine. She revelled in the good black earth of the summer fallow, in the faint haze on the distant bluffs, and the rolling grain fields that stretched away in unlimited distance under the warm spring sun.

The air was like wine. It thrilled her. Her fellow passengers seemed alive with the same kind of keen enthusiasm, and were as genial as their western sunshine.

This was the West, she told herself with a leap of her heart.

Then, of a sudden, the train slowed to a stop. She was at Prairiedale.

She hurried to the exit, wondering whom Mrs. O'Donnell would send to meet her. But there on the platform was the gray-clad figure and the round smiling face of Mrs. O'Donnell herself, and she rushed into arms that were surprisingly strong for an invalid.

"Aunt Rachel," cried the girl, holding the other off at arms length, "aren't you sick? I expected you would be in bed, but you look as well as ever you did. And why in the world—Aunt Rachel, tell me what made you do it."

Mrs. O'Donnell's eyes twinkled, but she answered accusingly, "Are you disappointed at a body for recovering? But I'll tell you, my child. It's heavy on my conscience it is, and I'll make a clean breast of it to you at once. Come away home with me."

"I haven't the least idea what you're up to," Audrey answered as she picked up her bag. "But I am here, and I put myself in your hands."

Once in her comfortable sitting-room, Mrs. O'Donnell busied herself with making tea for her guest, while Audrey removed the signs of travel in the guest room. She ate heartily of the warm, buttered biscuits and honey, and drank gratefully the fragrant tea. She admired the window box of hyacinths that filled the room with color and fragrance; made friends with Trilby, the cat; and helped Mrs. O'Donnell put away the dishes. Then she sat down on the couch by the window, curled her feet under her, and took Trilby on her lap.

"Now, Auntie, fess up. Reveal your dark secret. I am prepared for the worst."

Rachel O'Donnell leaned forward in her chair, and touched the girl's knee.

"I'll not be denying it, Audrey—me so fat and healthy looking. It would be no use. I'll not deny that it was a black lie I told you to get you out here."

Audrey's eyes opened with amazement. "But—why? Why?"

"Why? Because I was a young fool once myself, and knew I could not get you here otherwise. It was because of the Doctor."

The girl stiffened, but Rachel went on hurriedly. "If you could see him when he comes in night after night, too done out to eat, almost, with his eyes so big and tired, and him that never will spare himself at all. It's fair pitiful. And it's wearing his heart out he is, for love of you, Audrey."

Audrey looked up startled, then her lip curled. "He takes a queer way to show it," she remarked coldly.

"A queer way," snapped Rachel, as her needles clicked. "The boy's been ill, and he's worked to death. It's a hard life he lives, and perhaps he would not ask a girl to share it, if she had been used to luxury."

"Did he tell you that?" demanded Audrey, her eyes stormy with questions.

"He did not, but I have eyes to see, and a mind to think, and I know it. So I brought you here to see if you could bring him to his senses. You used to love him, Audrey."

"Used to! Yes," Audrey's lip quivered and her eyes filled. Then she straightened. "But if you thought I would come out here and propose to him, you're wrong. I will leave before he comes back."

"You will not," Rachel's hand was heavy on the girl's knee. Then the pressure relaxed, and she sat gazing out of the window.

"I want to tell you a story, Audrey, I've never told a soul before."

"It was when I was twenty, and I would be dancing and laughing, and flirting with the boys—all of them. But one of them—the faded blue eyes grew tender—"one of them, I loved."

She paused in a mist of dreams, and sighed.

"What a thing it is to be young, and in love. But he—the boy I loved—was poor, and we could not plan to be married for a long time. And then—we quarrelled. And after a year or two I was to marry James O'Donnell."

"Oh, the misty morning it was on my wedding day. I looked down from my window and wished for the courage to

run away. But the dull gray mist sapped all the strength out of me. And so—I was married."

"He—the first one—died three years later. And then Jim died, and I'm a lonely old widow now. But there's never been a day when I didn't know that I had made a mistake. Never a day when I would not have given all for the love of the man I wanted—and missed."

She wiped her eyes openly, then went on. "So that is why, Audrey dear, I don't want you to make the same mistake. I know Donald loves you. I've seen it in his eyes. He keeps your picture close by his bedside. He's loving you, dearie. And—you don't mind old aunt Rachel saying it—you love him too. Don't let anything spoil it."

Audrey slipped off the couch, and came and knelt, and buried her face in the other's lap.

"Oh, Auntie dear, I do—I do. But I can't tell him so, can I?"

"No," and the other's eyes began to twinkle, "but you can act so he can't

door stood Audrey, her white frock outlining her against the night. He passed his hand over his brow, and looked again. His eyes sought Mrs. O'Donnell's in puzzled entreaty, then came back to the girl.

She came swiftly over to him.

"I know you're surprised to see me, but let me fix you up before you bother asking why."

He clutched her hand.

"Audrey! Audrey!" he murmured weakly. "How I've dreamed of seeing you. How I've—" he broke off as Mrs. O'Donnell came back into the room bearing basins and towels.

"Come away now," she urged. "You can see Audrey tomorrow, and we don't want any infection in that cut."

As he turned to go his eyes sought Audrey's with a strange appeal in them. Hunger, love, pain—all cried out to her, and her own warm heart answered his in her good-night.

Then she busied herself preparing lunch for the Good Samaritan who had



"Audrey," he murmured softly. "I love you, little sweetheart."

help telling you. Trust any woman. There's a good child, now. Come with me, and we'll pluck some pansies for the table."

MRS. O'DONNELL sat with Audrey on the porch in the long western twilight. The night was full of starshine and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will as he wheeled above them. To the girl it was all inexpressibly lovely, and inexpressibly lonely.

"The doctor shouldn't be late tonight. Perhaps that is his car now," and Aunt Rachel peered down the street.

The car came straight to the cottage. But a stranger was at the wheel, and lounging in the back seat was a tall figure—the doctor. They stopped at the door, and the stranger half lifted the other out, and helped him up the pathway to the house.

Donald smiled at Mrs. O'Donnell. "I'm all right," he assured her weakly. "Met a car on the hill road. The other chap had no lights and we collided. I've a twisted knee, and a cut on my shoulder that needs a bit of bandaging, that's all. Just help me off with this coat, please."

At the sound of a step behind him, he turned inquiringly, and there in the

driven the doctor in. As she hurried to and fro, her heart sang within her, in spite of her anxiety. He still loved her—she knew it. She had caught him off guard, and he could not deceive her again.

When Aunt Rachel came out of the doctor's room, she reported that the cut was a clean one and not serious, though it would disable his arm for a few days.

"But how the boy escaped being killed after a slide down that thirty foot embankment is beyond me." And she shook her gray head in dismay.

Meanwhile, Donald Ross—bathed and bandaged, and much more comfortable than he had been for some hours—lay in bewildered silence. His eyes sought those of the pictured Christ questioningly, and with the intimate gaze of a well-tried friend.

"It will be hard going," he confided softly to the quiet face, "to keep my head with her here. But, oh Christ! I do thank you for letting me have the joy of her for just a few days more. And when she goes—help me to carry on."

He sighed deeply, and sank into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

NEXT morning the Doctor insisted on making a call in the country, in spite of the vehement and disgusted objections of Mrs. O'Donnell. Finally she turned to her guest.

"Audrey, can you drive an Overland?" Audrey nodded.

"Then, for goodness sake, drive the Doctor out to that God-forsaken spot, and see that he behaves himself, and keeps that arm in the sling."

Both the Doctor and Audrey laughed a bit self-consciously. But so it was arranged.

Soon the car, under Audrey's sure touch, was speeding westward in the morning sunshine. For miles they skirted the very edge of the Qu'Appelle Valley, where fields and forests, and winding water lay spread before them in colorful panorama. The summer winds fanned Audrey's face and whipped her curls free. The sky was so blue and clean, the earth so green and gold, and the winds so fresh and sweet, that she laughed aloud for joy of it all.

Don smiled. "Happy?" he queried.

"Of course," she breathed, her eyes on the road ahead. "And you?"

"Yes," briefly. Then he sighed.

"Your tone implies a reservation," she remarked. "Are you ready to sink back any minute into a secret sorrow?"

"Oh, I'm not such a grouch as all that," he recovered himself lightly, and she bit her lip.

How could he sit there and pretend? She felt like shaking him. There was a long silence.

As they sped steadily along, Audrey's thoughts turned Ontario-wards, and to Rich Graham. She remembered suddenly his question—the one she had left unanswered. Then she lifted her chin and threw off the memory. No, she was sure of herself now. Her path lay along western trails, and with the man by her side.

She glanced furtively up at him. His profile was the same as that of the gay young soldier-lad she had known, but the face was older, stronger, thinner—more worth while, she decided. But the clustering, dark brown hair was the same; the same, too, the wide open, frank brown eyes, the sensitive mouth, and the uncompromising chin.

He startled her by speaking. "Turn to the right here," he said.

Their road took them over the lip of the valley, and down by precipitous descents to its flat floor. They stopped at a little shack, close to the winding Qu'Appelle.

"I may be an hour here," the Doctor informed Audrey. "Perhaps you could run the car on a hundred yards or so. Just over the bridge there's a clump of fine old elms—real trees, you'll call them—and you could rest in the shade." He smiled at her as he limped slowly up the path.

Audrey found the elms, and took refuge under their great branches. It was cool there, and restful after the glare of the sunlight. She curled up on the seat, rested her chin on her arms, and prepared to consider her troubles.

But the winds murmured through the great leafy branches, hidden waters rippled softly, and her long drive through the keen air had made her sleepy. So when the doctor came down the path, full of compunction for his long delay, he found her cheek pillowed on her arm, and her breathing soft and rhythmical.

He stood gazing at her. How soft and pink the curve of her cheek was—like a child's. Her bronze-gold curls, loosened and damp, clung to her white forehead. How near to him she was! And how he loved her! He would always love her. Could he let her go?

His wistful eyes never left her face. "Audrey, Audrey," he murmured softly. "I love you, little sweetheart. I love you." He bent, and ever so lightly he kissed her flushed cheek.

The long lashes fluttered open, and she sighed.

"I thought you'd never say it," she remarked sleepily, and an arm crept around his neck. "Kiss me again, Don." And she snuggled her face into the curve of his shoulder.

"But Audrey," protested Don, some minutes later, "do you realize that you

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MOTHER FISHER'S DAUGHTER

BY ENID GRIFFIS

IF on Tuesday, May 1st, in the year 1923, anyone had told Mother Fisher that the little six-roomed house nestling so cozily in the grove of greening poplar trees just off the main highway, between Sendon and Edmonton, was shabby, inside and out, and that the fences surrounding their quarter-section looked positively disreputable, and that they needed a new gate at the entrance to their spacious farmyard, Mother Fisher would have drawn herself up to her full height of 5 ft. 5½ in., would have drawn her greying brows together in a stormy brown, would have looked over the tops of her gold-rimmed spectacles with her snapping black eyes, and if looks could have killed, Mother Fisher would have killed the person who dared offer such criticism deader than Pharaoh.

On Saturday, May 5th, Mother Fisher—an older and a wiser Mother Fisher—knew all these things to be true—knew as certainly as she knew that there wasn't another man like Father Fisher, in Canada, and that Leila, her only child, was the finest, sweetest, smartest girl in the whole of North America.

The new glasses were responsible for the change—they, and the trip to Edmonton. But then, if Mother Fisher hadn't complained that the print in the Weekly Sendon Sentinel looked all "sort of hazy like," when she went to read it any more, and if Father Fisher hadn't heard her and insisted that she take a run up to the city and get her eyes tested, there mightn't have been a trip after all.

Mother Fisher was glad of the trip. A trip to the city meant exciting shopping tours, meant being able to lie in bed of a morning, meant freedom from the everlasting getting of meals and going of dishes, and from the eternal milking of cows and the scouring of milk pans. Not that she objected very strenuously to performing these homely duties, but it was nice to get away from them for a few days once in a while just the same. And this particular trip upon which she embarked on Wednesday, May 2nd, was to mean all of the above-mentioned things—plus. For Leila was in Edmonton. In spite of hard years, in spite of hail, grasshoppers, late springs and early frosts, the Fishers had managed to lay aside a sum, sufficient by dint of careful management to look after Leila's education; and now Leila was attending University as her parents had planned she should, when that young woman was still sleeping in a padded clothes basket, doubling up pink fists and howling her baby head off to signify her disapproval of the world and things in general.

Leila had been away from home seven months when Mother Fisher made the trip. Seven months may be an unbelievably short space of time, or it may be an interminable period, depending upon circumstances. In this case it had been long enough to breed in the mother's eyes a vague wistfulness, to turn the soft grey hair which waved back from the high brow a trifle whiter, and to give her finely-featured face a certain hungry look. Mother Fisher's one dread was of the time when, College finished, her only daughter would turn to the myriad new interests awaiting her in a world as different from Sendon as day from night, turn to new friends, travel new roads, not one of which led back to the little farm-house nestled in the poplar grove. She voiced the dread to Father Fisher one long spring evening when the two were sitting on the little back porch enjoying the brief hour between chores and bed, but Father Fisher, knocking the ashes out of a cold pipe preparatory to lighting up, laughed reassuringly.

"Cheer up, Mother, she ain't dead yet," he said jokingly. "Besides, she's got three years in College before she'll be thinkin' much of anything. We'll have her that long, anyway." From that time Mother Fisher had kept hidden the things which haunted her, had striven to crush it down, to drive it from her consciousness as being a weakness in which a sensible woman of fifty years had no right to indulge.

Almost, she succeeded in the excitement of preparing for the trip to the city and the anticipation of seeing her daughter again. Certainly her eyes looked less wistful and she hummed little snatches of song as she busied herself about the baking and scouring and cleaning which must be done before she could leave Father and the hired man to shift for themselves.

Those first few days of her stay in Edmonton were as heavenly manna to the soul of Mrs. Fisher. She took a small room with bath at a quiet, respectable little hotel three blocks from the station, and from this point she sallied forth each morning after breakfast to shop. Mrs. Fisher's portion of the shopping consisted in the purchase of two work shirts for Father, five yards of print for herself and some silk stockings as a special gift for Leila; but, in addition to this, there was ecru crochet cotton, No. 20, to buy for Mrs. Samwell. There were some corsets to exchange for Mrs. Lindsay, who had been up to the city the week before and had bought a pair one size too small. There were pillow cases

and after another hour Leila would hurry back to the Hall to cram for the forthcoming exams, and Mrs. Fisher, to whom 10 o'clock was an ungodly hour, would retire, and in spite of early-rising habits formed during twenty-five years of farm-life, sleep for nine solid hours.

On the last afternoon of her stay in Edmonton, Naida's mother invited the two to have tea with her and Naida. It was a perfect May day, and as Mrs. Fisher and Leila walked the brief distance from the car line to the imposing house on 106th St., Mother Fisher sniffed the air, which was fragrant with the perfumes of spring, and feasted her eyes on the greening hedges, the smooth green lawns and the trimly laid out garden plots which marked the places they passed. She was wearing her new glasses for the first time, and every foot of the way seemed paved with new interest and wonders. Colors were brighter, objects stood out with amazing distinctness, and for the first time in years Mother was really seeing.

Probably this was the reason that the Nelson house, just newly "done over"



It was Naida's bedroom—to be exact—which capped the climax

to take to Cauldwell's Emporium to be hemstitched for Mrs. Snell, and there was a blouse to choose for Mrs. Hought—a navy blue one, not too expensive, size 40 or 44 (it was so long since Mrs. Hought had had a new blouse that she was a little vague as to her correct size). And so Mother Fisher managed to keep fairly busy during the mornings.

After lunch, which was partaken of at a homey little delicatessen on Jasper Avenue, Mrs. Fisher would return to the quiet little hotel and rest until Leila, lectures over for the day, would burst in upon her, sometimes alone, sometimes dragging Naida Nelson, her chum, but always bright of cheek and eye, always full of chatter about her work, the girls, "exams," and the myriad things which only a college fresher can find to talk about. Mother Fisher, hands folded over her best black silk dress, would rock in the cheap rocking chair which formed part of the furniture in the clean little hotel bedroom, and would listen, smiling contentedly—happy to have Leila with her for an hour or so, looking ahead to the time when she would have her thus for two or three months. Mother Fisher was living for summer holidays. She and Leila always had dinner together,

that spring, impressed Mother Fisher as being the most beautiful place she had seen since she was a girl at home down East. The oriental rugs, the silk hangings, the velour-upholstered furniture and the beautifully-finished walls, appealed to her as being the last word in the art of interior decoration. But it was the bedrooms—Naida's bedroom—to be exact—which capped the climax. Mrs. Nelson showed her upstairs after tea, while the girls, picking out suitable records for the mellow-toned gramophone and kicking up the rugs, proceeded to try out one of the latest dance steps.

When Mrs. Nelson opened the door of Naida's room, disclosing the dainty boudoir—a picture in white, rose and gold—Mother Fisher gasped. It reminded her of marshmallow cream—fluffy, exquisitely tinted, almost too good to be real. And then, by some trick of the mind, the room faded before her eyes, and she was looking at another room—a little stuffy room up under the eaves of an old farm-house—a room with bare walls, cheap enamel bed with sagging springs and a bumpy mattress, old-fashioned lace curtains and a patchwork quilt which matched nothing—Leila's room!

"Don't you think it's rather pretty?" Mother Fisher came back with a start. "It—it's just grand!" she exclaimed in awed tones. And then again: "It's—just—grand!"

When they were leaving, Mother Fisher, still a trifle dazed, thanked her hostess for her hospitality and turning to Naida said: "You'll have to come out and see us this summer. Leila would love to have you—"

"Yes, if I'm home," interjected Leila, hesitatingly, "I'd love to have you."

Mrs. Fisher's heart missed a beat. "If you're home?" The fear leaped into her eyes and after a second, died out again. Mother Fisher understood. Leila didn't want Naida to visit her. She didn't want her to see the shabby little farm-house with its shabby furniture and its old-fashioned decorations. Leila was ashamed of her home. Mother Fisher flushed painfully and a mist swam before her eyes. Yet even while she experienced the first sharp sting of shame she was conscious of defending Leila's attitude, conscious of making allowances for her ambitious little daughter, conscious of thinking to herself that it was no wonder girls left the farm when they finished college. And while this was transpiring in her mind she was smiling at Naida and saying "Why, of course Leila will be at home. Come just whenever you like and stay as long as you possibly can. It's really very nice out home in the summer," she hastened to add. "You'd be surprised."

Mother and daughter were silent during the trip back to the Hotel. It was half-past six o'clock when they arrived, and Mother's train left at 7.05, so there was little time for conversation even had there been the inclination to talk, which there wasn't. At the station Leila kissed her mother with unaccustomed graveness. "Bye, Mummy," she said, rubbing her soft cheek against her mother's for a second in the childish way she had, "I'll be home a week from Wednesday—if nothing happens." The clanging of the gong partially drowned her words. "Wednesday?" queried Mother Fisher from the steps of the moving train. Leila nodded and with a final wave for the little woman on the rear end of the first class coach, turned and hurried from the station.

A week from Wednesday! That gave Mother exactly eleven days in which to accomplish a task which, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken her two months. But incentive is everything, and at the end of the tenth day Mother herself scarcely knew her own house. First of all, it had been painted on the outside—a nice soft shade of green, with touches of brown. Father had bought a new gate for the entrance to the yard, and things about the premises looked uncannily neat and trim. Inside, even greater wonders had been worked. The kitchen walls had been repainted. There was new wall-paper in the dining-room, and both kitchen and dining-room boasted an expanse of shining new linoleum. And Leila's room! Leila's room was a masterpiece. There was a new bed—not a cheap white enamel one, but a shiny brass one, which Father Fisher declared was "mighty stylish-looking." There were the finest of pillowslips on the bed, and a white spread, and the downiest quilt imaginable covered with silk to match the dainty side curtains on the little windows under the eaves and to bring out the soft rose tints in the new rug which covered the rough, painted floor. There was a shiny new dresser too, and on the dresser was a complete set of toilet articles in ivory, with the initial "L" done in rose on the backs of all the larger pieces. The strain on the Fisher emergency fund (represented by Mother Fisher's butter and egg money, saved for years) was tremendous, but the results were highly satisfactory, and not a cent of the expenditure was begrudged.

Wednesday night saw Father Fisher, freshly shaved, and wearing his best suit, driving Mother Fisher, clean as a pin, and wearing her best black silk,

Continued on page 15



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

TENDRILS

By Ethel Kirk Grayson

THEN everything is clear to you, Ninette? The house and the land and the horses are all yours, you know. The papers have been drawn up and signed, and Pierre will not allow any one to cheat you. Were there only Jacques, it might be different. He is less dependable. But with Pierre—Oh, you will be quite safe and happy with him!"

John Mainwaring, having concluded an unusually lengthy speech, paused, with just a shade of anxiety, to observe the effect of his words. It was early June, but intensely warm. The ranch-house, with its outlying buildings, made of pinkish stucco, and designed to remotely suggest early Mexican architecture, even among the foot-hills of Alberta, absorbed the brilliant, lemon-coloured sunshine with a placidity that was almost patriarchal. Neither cloud nor bird fretted the amazing robin's egg blue of the sky. Though the air teemed with invisible life, external things were languorous in the heat. Especially silent, and absolutely motionless, was the woman who sat within the doorway of the queer pinkish house. Her drooping figure, the faint betrayal of a vivacity now strangely hushed, the soft duskiness of her hair, and the small, exquisitely shaped hands and feet, were distinctly French. Age, however, had placed its own peculiar emphasis upon one or two characteristics borrowed from the Indian blood in her veins. The unfaltering quietude of her bearing was not among the least of these, and yet it had a more poetic quality than that of mere stoicism.

Mainwaring, the typical Englishman of his class, tall, bronzed, and loosely-knit, studied her intently for a moment, and then, as if he would have glossed with dogged, persistent kindness, his inner sense of embarrassment and vague misgiving, "You do understand, Ninette?" he repeated. "You will always have a home—always. Everything has been made secure."

Her hand moved in a slight gesture; it seemed to betoken dismissal, though possibly it stood for affirmation. Mainwaring glad to accept the latter interpretation, said with forced cheerfulness, "We have had many happy days together, Ninette, since the good Father Fasquelle married us in the little church at Lac Rouge, but we are older now and I'm pining for my own country. You wouldn't be happy in England, Ninette. You would be lost—absolutely at sea. Can't you realize that it is much better this way? If you didn't have brothers—well, then, of course, everything might be different. I've kept the money from the sale of the M-Bar ranch for myself. I had to have something to live on. But you—surely you're not dissatisfied, Ninette? Don't you feel that I'm acting on the square?"

Then, for the first time, her dark eyes seemed to meet his with something of their old archness. "I am satisfied," she said slowly, "with the money and the land you give to me for my own. That is verily true word I speak. Yes!"

"Well, by George," exclaimed Mainwaring lightly, "you're a right decent sort, Ninette, and I'm no end grateful. You're the richest woman in this part of the country, now, and you can count me a good riddance into the bargain." So saying, he strode off, whistling, to presently begin the ascent of a hill. Ninette once more became perfectly motionless. From the top of the hill, whither the man had climbed in a few minutes, he saw her, impassive as a temple goddess, against that wall coloured like a dying rose. There were sleek-sided cattle in the distance, and where a narrow river threaded the coulee with its muddy amber, Jacques, her youngest brother, sat lazily fishing for pike. The Englishman surveyed him with good-natured contempt. The Piegan strain had always been dominant in Jacques des Jardin's nature—not so with Ninette, or with Pierre. When he had

married the woman, twenty years previously, she had been almost the exact counterpart of her father. She had inherited the dashing nonchalance of that worthy Hudson Bay factor, the charm and sprightliness of his French manners. It was only when she paddled in the moonlight, or crouched among the reeds to shoot the wild duck, or galloped far and wide over the plains on her little pony, that she called the grace, the stealth, and the fleetness of the Indian into full play. Her brother, Pierre, too, had much of the courtier about him, and not a little of the scholar. He had received careful training at the hands of Father Fasquelle, and he had repaid it amply. Jacques, on the contrary, had always definitely remained an outsider. His favourite pastimes were loafing and hunting; and he had been known to drink Florida Water in lieu of a more efficacious stimulant. Well! John Mainwaring stretched his arms luxuriously. He was free of it all, thank Heaven! He was done with adventure, and he was going home. Ninette had been a trifle moody, but not inconsolable. Thus it always was with those of a mixed race, no doubt. Of late years, too, she had seemed more primal, more simple. The resemblance to her father, the Hudson Bay factor, had been infinitely less marked. He need not reproach himself that he was returning to England, then, to live the calmly-ordered life of a country gentleman until the end of his days. He had given her the lion's share of his fortune, and he now felt himself inexpressibly averse of other things. What was that verse of Kipling's that had been haunting him?

Buy my English posies!
Kent and Surrey may—
Violets of the undercliff
Wet with channel spray;
Cowslips with a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Homesickness which had been quite foreign to his early years in the western country now suddenly engulfed him in a hot distressing wave. He yearned for the cool tranquillity of Hayden Hall, for the long low drawing-room with its perpetual scent of flowers, his cousin Clarice hovering about the tea-table, for her books and work basket, and her precious Wedgewood china, and for the great laburnum whose blossoms tapped against the windows of the battered schoolroom, like pendants of antique gold. How many years could have elapsed, he wondered, since he had climbed that sloping roof to carve his initials, and those of Clarice, on the third big gable? No matter—a truce to the ravages of time! Let it suffice that he was going home at last.

He would see London, in a film of gray, the pavements wet and shining, the air drenched with all that pungent fragrance of which Kipling had sung. And he would blot out from memory forever—yes, forever and a day—these sun-parched, sand-swept Alberta years, that slightly exotic ranch-house, that motionless woman against the pink wall, slowly reverting to an ancestral type. Age was encroaching upon him, and the past, rather than the future, loomed suddenly fair and enticing.

That evening, when he had partaken of the substantial supper, he threw himself on a couch, in a mood of dreaming. Dreams deepened into sleep, and with the approach of midnight a figure crept towards the prostrate form, shod as with velvet mosses, deft and unerring as a hunter's arrow. The moon peered through the narrow window with glittering eyes, drawing bluish gleams from the furtive knife. Then Pierre des Jardins gripped the seeking arm with relentless force, and there ensued, in the silence, a brief but savage struggle, and when the man had at length succeeded in wrenching the knife from the frantic woman, he lifted her bodily in his arms and



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—like Puffed Rice, is equally good with fruit of all kinds or with milk or ice cream. Children love both Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice at any meal, or between meals.

The peaches are the refreshing fruit you crave. The Puffed Rice adds a delicate nut-like flavor, that is irresistible. These puffed morsels add real nourishment to an already delicious dish. Combined with cream the dish is more delicious still.

Puffed Rice is exploded to eight times the normal size of the grains to make them more digestible. It is an ideal summer food, because it is always ready to serve and can be used in a variety of appetizing ways.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

PUFFED RICE—PUFFED WHEAT

Whole Grains — made delicious

The Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon and Peterborough

W 463

BLUE RIBBON TEA

If a vote were taken in Western Canada as to which is the best tea, BLUE RIBBON would win in a walk.

The BLUE RIBBON family comprises half the entire population of Western Canada. It is an enthusiastic family and adds many to its membership every day.

TENDRILS—Continued from page 8

carried her, noiselessly, out of the house into the freedom and darkness of the night. "Fool!" he hissed once between his teeth.

Ninette lay inert upon the threshold. Her face, in the uncertain light, seemed to have lost all trace of comeliness. Her black hair framed it like wings of metal.

"Ecoutez-moi, Ninette," Pierre des Jardins whispered fiercely "écoutez bien. You are crazee woman who would kill that man. Pour moi, I will not have it so. He is not bad man, John Mainwaring. He is good—he has a great generosity. He is tired, and lonely—depuis longtemps. He wants to see his own people, his own country. Eh, bien! You and I must not stop him, Ninette. Presently—he will return. Mak' sure of that. Think you he will be happy long with those English, his relatives? Oh, yes—I know this thing of what I speak. They will think him—Ah, yes—uncouth. Uncouth, and a verra great

vast possibilities of delight. He boarded the train at Calgary, enjoying to the utmost every moment of the journey to Winnipeg. The observation car, the luxury of new periodicals in leather folders, the beneficent porters, the immaculate waiters, the bewildering delicacies—how splendid to feel that he shared them again, and what an unconscionable wreck he had made of twenty years!

He lingered for a day in Winnipeg, and it was while he was strolling down Portage avenue, as happy as a child in a toy shop, that he suddenly paused beside a jeweller's window. A string of blue stones had drawn his attention, laughing, leaping in their white velvet case—challenging him, he thought.

"Sapphires set in platinum," said a clerk languidly.

Mainwaring took the proffered case in his hands, and touched the limpid blue stones with an almost frightened finger.



Rideau Lakes, Ontario

stranger. I tell you he mus' come back to us, Ninette. He does not know it, p'raps, but his life is here. Be patient, then my sister. I, Pierre des Jardins, I speak wan true word to you this night."

The woman offered no further resistance. The enforced dictum of many generations, quenching the incipient flame of emotion, compelled her to accept, and with no display of reluctance, the mandate of Pierre, her brother. The next day, uncannily apathetic, she bade John Mainwaring a dull, uninterested farewell. "Dashed inscrutable, these people!" he murmured with some perplexity, as his horse's hoofs summoned clouds of aromatic sage-dust, and the buildings behind him gradually dwindled into the uncompromising gray and buff of the bald hills and the blank stretches of prairie.

How gloriously free he felt! His contemplated return to the cities thrilled him with that same eagerness with which he had once sought out the waste places; and because he had frequented towns so little during these years, actual civilization, whether on a grand scale, or in minute particles, offered him a peculiar pleasure. Steel, that shining handmaiden of industry, stone and brick and mortar, plush and gilding and the grain of polished woods—these, too, had perhaps their own inherent romance, their

They were just the color of Clarice's eyes. And with that memory, "How much?" he asked, abruptly.

The clerk named the price, his manner bordering on respect. Mainwaring paid it, and by the action, and the clerk's now very visible admiration, he knew himself once more an inhabitant of the particular little world into which he had been born—no longer an alien. The white velvet case in his pocket, and the blue stones nestling therein, inspired an unwonted courage. He was a man of wealth and importance, he could afford to buy costly jewels. After all, it was only decent to take Clarice a present. She had always been his favourite cousin, even if he had somewhat systematically neglected to write to her. Pleasant, too, to think that she was spending her widowhood at Hayden Hall, her home as a young girl. Her husband, Major Nigel Desmond, had been killed in the war. Jolly nice chap, Desmond.

And with the added security the sapphires had imparted, he gave himself up to the princely leisure of the Cunard liner, to the rearing and foaming of those waves with which the necklace vied in colour, to vigorous tramps around the deck, to thoughtful hours in his deck-chair, to the sparkling mystery of the chance acquaintance.

Continued on page 10



When Film Is Combated

People love to show their teeth

Do you realize how many pretty teeth you see everywhere to-day? And how people smile to show them?

A new way of teeth cleaning has come into vogue. Leading dentists the world over are urging its adoption. Millions of people of some 50 nations use it every day.

Here is a ten-day test to show you what it does, if you don't know as yet.

Why teeth grow dingy

Teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it, so the tooth brush left much of it intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor film. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those thin coats dim the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why few escaped tooth troubles.

Germes breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That became alarmingly common.

Now help has come

Dental science studied how to combat that film. After long research, two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. To careful people the world over it is bringing a new dental era.

Other discoveries

Research also proved that certain food factors made certain peoples almost immune to tooth troubles. So Pepsodent was made to bring similar results.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent, with every use, supplies these powerful protections.

This delightful test

This ten-day test we offer will convince you and delight you. Make it for your sake and your family's sake. The benefits that millions get are due to you and yours. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Compare the results with old methods, then do what seems best. Cut out the coupon now.

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Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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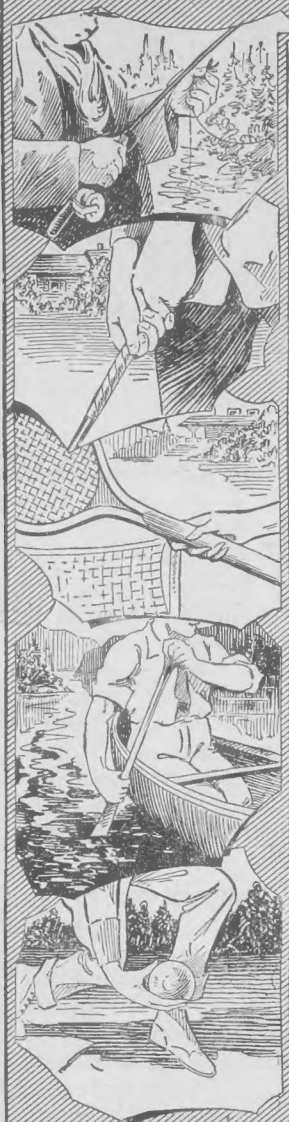
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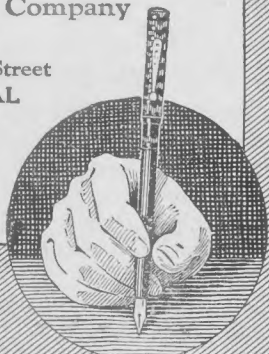
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TENDRILS—Continued from page 9

A little later, the well-remembered station at Dingham Firs, a waiting dog-cart, (he was so glad they had sent the dog-cart instead of a motor), hedges thick-set with flowers, and then—then—he had not known his heart could pound so audibly—the cool green court, just as it had always been, and Clarice, slender as ever, in a white dress and a garden hat. "But, no, no—" she had laughingly expostulated when he had grasped both hands, "It's Tennyson's Brook all over again, Cousin Jack, and you've taken me for mother. There she is now, though; doesn't she look the gladdest thing?"

He was confused, happy, apologetic. He might have known that Clarice would be older, matronly, delicately silvered, a little lined. Charming as ever, of course; and full of solicitude. He was almost unable to reply to her greeting. And yet, when he had partaken of tea and buttered toast and apricot jam, and exclaimed over the laburnum, and the dogs, and the war, and the flight of time, and of how he would have known Clarice anywhere, only he had been excited for a moment, it was to her daughter that he at length turned, shyly, and held out the white velvet case. "A token of affection from your erring relative, my child. They'll just about match your eyes, I fancy."

And she, with a little gasp, "Oh, Cousin Jack, how could you? Sapphires

and married an English girl. Sometimes, his cousin seemed a little displeased with him. Oh, he was taciturn, no doubt—and perhaps he had acted as if he were bored at the Rectory. He was sorry now that he had done so. These people so very obviously meant to be kind.

He took a run up to London, and the theatres and the crowds momentarily swept him off his feet. This must have been what he was really craving—this breath of city streets. The life of Hayden Hall was very pleasant, but it was woefully provincial. He hadn't fitted into it quite as well as he had expected. Everard Desmond, Clarice's brother-in-law, put him up for membership at the "Armorial." Mainwaring lounged there, and dined there, and read there; and finally, satiated, made his escape to the country again. He found the Hall, on the occasion of this second visit, frankly unbearable. He sought refuge in London once more. And there, on a particularly wet afternoon, he stood gazing out of the window of the Club, across roofs and the tops of 'buses, and a scanty, park-like enclosure, to where his imagination painted upon the sky the bare foot-hills of Alberta, and a house of pinkish stucco basking in the hot sun.

"Tell you what," said a rather nasal voice close at hand, "this chasin' all 'round the globe plays the very duce with a fellow. He widens the bounds of



View at Minaki, Ont.

—just fancy! You wonderful, wonderful dear! Do you really expect me to wear them? Why, I'll have to be followed about by a private detective!"

More laughter, more admiration of everything and everybody, more sheer delight in the reality of being home at last. Then—the chill of uncertainty, the difficulty of telling them the story of the last twenty years, always omitting Ninette and Pierre and Jacques. He had had no idea that it was going to be so hard. "Absolutely alone! Just as if you'd been disinherited and cut off with a shilling!" the younger Clarice rhapsodised. "Haven't you a picture of the ranch, Cousin Jack?"

He murmured an incoherent assent, racking his brains to remember whether he really had one without Ninette in the doorway, or Jacques fishing in the nearby creek. The next three weeks were occupied with meeting the neighboring families at lawn-parties and dinner-parties, boating and riding and playing tennis. It proved more of a strain than a pleasure. It was curious, he reflected, that nothing ever seemed really natural after that first afternoon. He must strike people as hopelessly dull—there were so few things he was able to talk about. He felt a gnawing bitterness, too, as he watched his relatives and their many friends whole-heartedly enjoying the sweetness and the zest of life. All this might have been his, too, he supposed—all this delight in having youth about one—colour, beauty, anticipation—had he only sensibly remained at home

Empire a bit—and then, presto! Home again to find that nine-tenths of his acquaintances have forgotten him altogether, and that his sister doesn't like his cravat, and insists on planting him at dinner next to a woman with bobbed hair and earrings like muffin-tins, and a mania for Strindberg. Who in thunder is Strindberg, anyway? I'm not up in the moderns, you know. Haven't gone beyond Kipling, in fact."

Mainwaring turned, at the sound of the words, to behold a partially earnest, wholly whimsical chap, with grayish hair and a ruddy complexion, talking in this animated fashion to a smiling companion. "Tell you what," he immediately resumed, "the associations of childhood and boyhood grip one tremendously. But, don't you know, Campbell, a man simply can't go away for the best part of his life, (I've spent nearly twenty-five years in Australia,) and find everything quite up to his fond imaginings when he returns. The basic roots of his existence, no doubt, are here; they cannot be transplanted. But—how shall I put it? From the years of his maturity, the years of profound living, tendrils have reached out, binding him far more securely than he ever realized to the land of his adoption. They're tiny, tenacious, semi-spiritual things; you can't get away from them." And idly drumming upon the table, the man from Australia suddenly repeated a verse from the poem that had haunted Mainwaring during those last Alberta days—

Continued on page 13

CARHARTT

"IN ALL THE WORLD NO

OVERALLS LIKE THESE"



TRADE MARK

Safest for Baby MENNEN BORATED TALCUM



That Which Abideth The Fire

By M. E. Colman

"**W**HEW! Fire weather, this." Jethro paused an instant from his digging to wipe his sweaty brow. Straightening his tired shoulders he sniffed anxiously. No taint of smoke yet, in the stifling, breathless air. He sighed his relief and turned to his digging again. Presently he threw down the spade, glanced at the sky and started heavily in the direction of the small frame building that was his and Martha's home.

Though the little farm had been hewn out of the forest there were no trees near the house, it stood in the middle of the clearing, exposed to every biting winter wind, every scorching summer ray. This district, like so many others in British Columbia had been "logged over." None of the noble primeval trees remained, only around and between their stumps had sprung up a scrubby "second growth" which made clearing a heart-breaking task.

As Jethro stood in the door-way of the little two-roomed cabin his bulk filled the door-way.

"Ain't dinner ready?"

A thin, bent woman in faded grey print lifted a tired face from the stove where she was bending over a smoking frying pan.

"No, it ain't. What's your hurry, anyway?"

"Well, its twelve o'clock, ain't it?" The man came in and peered at the alarm clock hanging on a nail by the mirror.

He sat down at the end of the table. Martha wiped the oil-cloth with a damp, grey rag, and proceeded to lay the cover with large, bone-handled knives, iron forks, tin spoons, heavy ironstone dishes chipped and discolored, a tin of condensed milk, and a saucer of melting butter from which she flicked the bodies of several defunct flies. She drew the enamel-ware tea-pot from its place at the back of the stove and added boiling water to its contents. Then she heaped two plates with large slices of fried ham and mounds of greasy potatoes from the frying pan, pouring the extra fat over all.

"C'm on," she said, and poured her husband's tea. He drank it, greedily, noisily, then reached for the tea-pot and filled his cup again. He dipped his spoon into the sugar basin, put the sugar in his cup, tasted the tea from the spoon and, not finding it to his taste, dipped again into the sugar basin.

"Jethro, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't put your spoon into the sugar after licking it."

"Why not? I take all I touch, don't I?"

"Don't do it, I tell you. It makes me feel sick."

"Oh, my table manners don't suit, eh? Is there anything about me that does suit you, eh?"

Martha looked at him critically.

"No, I don't know as there is."

"Don't know as there is, eh? Sorry you married me, eh?"

"Well, there ain't much to make me glad, is there?"

"Not much to make you glad, eh? What do you want? Don't I give you a home, and feed you, and clothe you?"

"A home! You call this a home? This shack without even a tree to shade it? Not one tree would you leave, even though I begged and prayed you to!"

"Still harpin' on that tree foolishness. When will you quit whinin' about it?"

"And why shouldn't I harp on it?"

If you had to work in here all day in this weather you'd do more than harp on it, I can tell you! You wouldn't stand having to carry water, winter and summer, great heavy pails of it, five hundred feet on an icy walk in winter, under the broiling sun in summer, through mud in spring and fall! You feed me and clothe me, do you? Yes, patched grey print in summer, and patched brown cloth in winter; salt ham and fried potatoes in summer, fried ham and frozen potatoes in winter."

Her voice was high and shrill. Jethro pounded the table with a huge grimy fist.

"Stop your eternal whining! Don't I wear patches too? Don't I eat the same food you do? Don't I slave from morning till night? And what do I get for it? Thanks? No! Whining, and nagging, and complaining, day in and day out."

"I suppose you think I don't work! Washing, and baking, and cleaning, and nothing to do with, not even a little cart to wheel the wood in. Oh, I wish—I wish—"

"Well, what do you wish? Out with it." Jethro's face had an ugly look. "This sort of thing has gone on long enough. Do you think a man likes to get nothing but sour looks, and nasty tempers when he comes in tired from his work?"

"And when do I get anything but hard words from you, Jethro Fraser? What do I wish, you ask? I'll tell you what I wish. I wish I had harkened to my father when he said, 'Don't you marry Jethro Fraser, my lass, he's a surley brute of a fellow.'"

Jethro rose from the table purple with anger. For a moment his rage choked him, he struggled for speech.

"He said that, did he? The old . . ."

And you wish you'd harkened to him, do you? Well, its never too late to mend. There's a lawyer at Nausca, he's an accomodating fellow, he'll dish out a divorce as soon as not. I'll go see him this afternoon."

Martha was standing now, facing him. Her voice was curiously metallic as she answered.

"Yes, the sooner the better."

An hour later Jethro was on the trail. He rode Peg, their only horse, and urging her into a trot disappeared in the direction of Nausca without so much as a backward look, or a word of farewell.

To the angry man the four hours of the ride to town sped rapidly. So full of bitter thoughts was his mind that he did not even notice the little breeze that sprang up at twilight, nor heed the slightly acrid smell that assailed his nostrils.

The business with the lawyer was soon done. To get a divorce was not as simple as he had thought, but it could be done, in time, and with that he had to be content. The evening he spent at the bar of the one hotel forgetting his grievances in copious draughts of illicit beer.

It was late when he retired to his room, and it seemed to him that he had just got into bed when he was awakened by hoarse shouts. The room was full of a strange glow, the air heavy with smoke.

"Fire! Fire!" The heart chilling cry rang terrifyingly on the air.

He sprang out of bed, dressed hurriedly and ran out of doors. The whole town was in an uproar, every inhabitant was out, man, woman and child, all looking like weird figures from some frantic nightmare in the lurid light of a great forest-fire.

"Martha!" was Jethro's first thought. "I got to get to her. The fire'll be all around her!"

He rushed to the stable and saddled Peg.

"Where are you going, Fraser?"

"Home. My wife is all alone, she can't get away."

"Man, man, you can't get there!" the hotel-keeper fairly screamed. "Don't you know the fire's all between here and your place? Your wife will have ridden to the nearest neighbour long before this."

"I've got to go, there's no horse for to ride, she can't get away, I tell you," Jethro repeated doggedly, swinging himself upon his horse.

A dozen hands pulled him off.

"It's suicide, man. You couldn't get a quarter of a mile from here."

A shrill whistle pierced the air; the constable was organizing the defense of the town against the flames.

Jethro gazing at the flames realized his impotence. The light twilight wind had grown to be a gale. As far as eye could see, the sky was lit with an un-

Continued on page 12



Where sunlight cannot purify—germs breed

NOTHING suits germs better than dark, moist, warm places. They thrive and multiply in the dark, musty closets; in the toilet bowl; in the wash basin and kitchen sink drains; in the refrigerator pipe; in all out-of-the-way corners—wherever the sun's purifying rays do not penetrate!

Many of those germs are of a dangerous type. They spread disease. Soap and water alone cannot destroy them. An effective disinfectant frequently used, is your only safeguard against their constant menace in your home.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is thoroughly effective. It is completely soluble with

water. There are no undissolved globules in "Lysol" Disinfectant solution—every single drop has 100 per cent. germ-killing power. That is why it is used in leading hospitals everywhere.

Because of its soapy nature, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects. Always put a little "Lysol" (two teaspoonfuls to one quart of water) into your pail of cleaning water. Then dip your broom or your brush or your cloth into this solution and you will be keeping your home not only clean, but safe and healthy.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

The ideal antiseptic for personal hygiene

(One-half teaspoonful
to one quart of water)

"Lysol" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It contains no free acid nor free alkali; in proper solution it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing.

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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3 ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use



THAT WHICH ABIDETH THE FIRE—Continued from page 11



"Health is the first good lent to man."
—HERRICK

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ENO is just a sparkling pleasant health drink that in a perfectly natural manner stimulates sluggish organs, clears away injurious residues, and invigorates and fortifies the entire system. Throughout the world for half a century Eno has been acknowledged the standard restorative for digestive ailments. Take just a dash of Eno in a glass of water every morning on rising.

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earthly light. The fire crackled and roared, the flames, like imps of hell, raced up the dead trunks of the few remaining tall trees; like fantastic monsters devoured the smaller "second growth." The air was full of ashes and flying cinders.

Every able-bodied man was enlisted in the fighting forces. Wildly plunging horses were harnessed to every available plough, and furrow after furrow was turned to make a wide belt around the town. Trees and brush beyond this belt were cut down, at the outermost edge of the safety belt desperate men beat out the sparks and smouldering turf of the back-fire with heavy wet sacks. Most desperate of these, most daring, most reckless of his life, was Jethro.

He had no wish to survive the night. The thought of his wife drove him to frenzy. He caught himself praying, hoarsely.

"Oh, God, let the smoke kill her first. In mercy let the smoke kill her first."

He was blinded by the scorching smoke, but clear before his eyes rose the picture of Martha as she had been when he first saw her, a slip of a girl in her father's garden, among the tulips in the early spring. She always loved flowers, and he had not been willing that she should have any, they took up too much time,

nurse, gave first-aid. But Jethro gulped scalding coffee, snatched another sack and was off, again and again.

She saved his life last winter. At the time when the roads were almost impassable from the freshly fallen snow he was ill with the 'flu. They had run short of provisions and medicines, and Martha had gone to town to get what was necessary. Peg was lame, and she had had to walk. The trip would have killed a less robust woman. As it was Martha had contracted rheumatism that day from which she suffered yet. And he let her carry all the water. Jethro groaned.

"Oh, God, in pity, let the smoke kill her first. In pity send Death to me, too."

The first pale hint of dawn was in the sky. The wind fell. The workers stopped exhausted. There was no more to do, but wait. A wide fire-guard ran all around the town, the houses nearest the bush had been emptied of all their contents and dynamited. There was nothing more to do.

The air was stifling; ashes and cinders covered everything. Families were huddled together by their homes, silent but for the occasional cry of a child, or the impassioned prayer of an aged woman. The cattle, mad with fear, stamped and fought in the barns. Some of them escaped and ran to their death in the



On Robinson's Pool, Nipigon River, Ont.

he had said, and space that could be used to better advantage for growing potatoes.

A flaming branch fell on his back. Mechanically he threw himself down and rolled on the ground to put out the fire. He was thinking of the time their baby was born. How glorified she had been then! How bright her eyes, how sweet her voice! How she had planned for that baby. It wasn't two weeks old before she had every detail of its life arranged for. Then the long, wet Spring . . . the cold that had seemed nothing at first . . . the terrible night when he had gone for the doctor, too late . . . the dreadful day when they hid it away in a tiny grave. There had been no more children.

Jethro arrived at the end of his beat. A woman handed him a cup of scalding coffee, he drank it thirstily, snatched up a fresh sack and was off again.

There was the time when Martha, by dint of long and patient effort had saved enough money to take her home, back East, for a visit to her mother. Then the horse had died, and because the work of the farm must go on, the money had been used to buy another horse. Her mother died the following winter, and Martha had not seen her. Jethro remembered that never once had Martha reproached him, though perhaps a little more care on his part might have prevented the accident that cost them the horse.

Jethro lost all sense of time. Back and forth he went, beating out the flames. Other men gave out and were taken to the emergency hospital where the postmaster's wife, who had been a trained

fiery furnace. Shy, wild things from the woods fled terror-stricken through the town. Parents clasped their children to their breasts, and looked at each other, a dreadful resolve shaping in their minds.

"Surely it was the smoke. It must have been the smoke!" Jethro gasped, clinging despairingly to sanity.

The wind rose again, but there was a chill in it. Some one shouted shrilly, hysterically, "Rain! I felt a drop of rain!"

A breathless hush fell upon the fire-beleaguered folk. One drop, another, yes, thank God! Rain!

The flames hissed and leaped higher, clearer, more devilishly defiant. But the sky became more and more overcast, the rain fell down in blessed torrents. The fire, feeding on comparatively slender "second growth" fought, cowered, fell defeated into charred and blackened death.

In an hour the danger to Nausica was over, but though the rain fell steadily all that day, and all the next night, it was not until the morning of the third day that it was possible to attempt to reach the site of Jethro's home.

Jethro, silent, wild-eyed, was on the verge of insanity. His lips moved ceaselessly, without sound. His hands and head were swathed in bandages. He had not slept. When the doctor attempted to give him an opiate, hoping to prevent him from joining in the terrible search, he fought savagely, and would not give in.

Only the twisted metal of the farm implements enabled the searchers to recognize what had been the Frasers' home. A heavy, sickening odor hung on

THAT WHICH ABIDETH THE FIRE—Continued from page 12

the air. The doctor kept close to Jethro as he searched the ruins feverishly. What would happen when he found what he must find? His lips moved without pause. Once the doctor caught a hoarse whisper: "Oh, God, it was the smoke, surely it was the smoke, in pity . . . in pity . . ."

The searchers had covered all the ground. They had found nothing. Jethro and the doctor were by the swamp where Jethro had been digging . . . was it a hundred years ago?

"Come, Fraser, don't you see its no use?"

But Jethro was on his knees tearing frantically at a heavy, charred plank that lay on the ground. Wilting hands helped him. The plank covered a deep

post-hole. There was something huddled at the bottom. A faint moan reached the rescuers' ears.

Jethro flung himself upon the ground, reached down, and, with seemingly superhuman strength lifted his wife out of the damp hole. Still holding her he staggered to his feet.

His eyes devoured the still, white face. "Martha! Martha!"

Who shall describe the agony of a strong man's soul poured out in one despairing cry?

Martha, my wife!"

Languidly the pale lids opened, a ghost of a smile lay in their depths, the lips moved, and Jethro's ears alone caught the faintly breathed answer.

"My husband."

TENDRILS—Continued from page 10

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—

They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—

Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

He returned to Hayden Hall that night in an extremely thoughtful mood. The ladies were out, he was told, dining with the Moss-Belversons. He now remembered that he had been invited to dine with them, too, but inwardly registering a vow of thankfulness that he had been spared the very marked attention of Miss Peggy Yvonne Moss-Belverson, he decided to await their return in the library. The Australian chap had sized up the situation perfectly. One's life had its basic root, naturally, amid one's earliest associations. But, with the lapse of years, that same life might become as a vine rambling hither and thither, attaching itself by subtle and delicate devices in sundry and unexpected places. "Tiny, tenacious, semi-spiritual—" the tendrils that had fastened about his wayward heart, and now sent his fancies, across miles of intervening space, to Ninette. In the moment that he acknowledged their existence, and their power, a soft rustle attracted him. "Cousin Jack!" said a voice. As if she had flowered from shadow, the young Clarice stood framed in the heavily carved, black walnut doorway.

"Hello!" he returned a trifle awkwardly, "I didn't expect you. Heard you were dining out."

"So I was, but I managed to get away early. Mother's staying on, though, and quite frightfully annoyed with you, Cousin Jack. Did you forget that you promised to come home in time to go with us?"

At the indifference in his, "Yes, forgot entirely. Sorry, I'm sure." She ceased unbuttoning her glove and looked at him with wide eyes and parted lips, the embodiment of mild dismay.

"Of course, if our friends bore you—"

"They do, inexpressibly." And as if he found a certain cruel enjoyment in arousing her discomfiture he continued presently, "I'm beginning to detest conventions. I've lived among other things too long. I don't fit in here, and I refuse to have my idiosyncrasies harped on. I—"

"I don't think," said his young cousin very coldly, "that anyone has ever harped on them, Cousin Jack. We've only tried to give you an awfully good time, and we're terribly sorry that we've failed. After this frank expression of your opinion, you cannot expect me to go on wearing this." She unclasped the sapphire necklace and held it out to him, and Mainwaring, consumed by an absurd anger, accepted the precious bauble, only to fling it fiercely upon the floor. Then, her horrified exclamation having partially restored his calm, "Forgive me, child," he said in a contrite tone, "I acted like a blundering fool. Must have fancied I was Cleopatra drinking pearls."

He picked it up again and offered it to her. "I've twisted it, rather, and there may be a stone missing. It can

be searched for later. Meanwhile—take it and wear it. I didn't mean the harsh things I said of you—far from it, but I spoke the truth when I told you I didn't fit in. I only wish I did! I came back craving a remembered softness and elegance, and now I realize that it is no longer for me. I love this atmosphere, but it refuses to absorb me again. I made myself a voluntary outcast, Clarice, and it seems that such I must remain. This beautiful routine—all these gentle happenings—they get on my nerves somehow. Don't think me a perfect boor. The ogre of the fairy tale, perhaps, with yourself the princess—"

"Cousin Jack," she cried with stormy feeling, "you shall not go back to the West. I'll see that you are not bothered in the least. I know that in a little time you'll become quite accustomed to us. You are not as young as you used to be. You might get terribly ill out there, and no one in the world to care whether you lived or not."

Her words brought back, with painful vividness, that time when he had indeed lain seriously ill, and the untiring ministrations of Ninette had warded off fatal consequences. "Child, child," he said suddenly, "I am not so friendless as you think. I am only, I fear, an arrant coward—a wretched ingrate."

She surveyed him—puzzled. She put out her hands as if to detain or protect him. "No, no," he demurred, "it is impossible to make you understand—rest assured, though, that I shall be happier than you imagine."

About six weeks later he landed in Quebec. His heart was trilling a chanson:

Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed;
Robin down the logging-road whistles,
"Come to me!"

Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-raih.

Take the flower, and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

On the way to the pinkish house in the foot-hills he was reminiscent, tender. A sob arose in his throat at sight of it. The grass was yellowing at autumn, the creek long since dry. Ninette paused in her task of stringing peppers to gaze in wonderment at his approach. Had he been nearer, he would have noted that for one moment she seemed wholly transformed. She grew young, graceful, vibrant. Then, the fire slowly died from her eyes. She became almost immediately that silent woman who had leaned against the wall the day of his departure. "You are back already?" were her only words of greeting. Yet John Mainwaring felt strangely satisfied.

Later, Pierre said to his sister, "Well, Ninette, you believe now that I have spoken the truth? Ah, bah, that you should ever have been afraid of losing him! It was good that he should see that England of his again. He will stay here, now, toujours—and he will be so much the more content."



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ANOTHER FISHING SCHOONER GONE TO HER FATE ON SABLE ISLAND

The Wreck of the Mareschal Foch

By Bonnycastle Dale

Pictures by H. B. Taylor

THIS is the summertime, and the white, sandy Island shows to great advantage. The great liners use a passenger ship lane that comes perilously near to the awful sunken bars that extend from each end like great arms, fifteen miles long, from off a fifteen mile long sandbar that is called Sable Island. These sands are swept out of the Bay of Fundy, off the shores of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to form "the Banks," underwater sandbanks on which the cod and the pollock, the halibut and the cusk love to feed; there are from 20 to 100 fathoms of water over these fishing banks. One alone, Sable Island, comes to the surface. In places its banks are 150 feet high. On

passenger boats surround it like a girdle; only one rusty wreck shows upon the surface. All of the late wrecks, the *Esperantox* and *Puritan*, those swift, cutter-like fishing schooners have disappeared into their sandy beds or have been torn into myriad fragments by the fury of the gales which sweep this most exposed spot.

Now descends upon this most dangerous menace to navigation what they call "a wooly one," a fog so thick that the wheelman is not visible from the cuddy,

drivers, the cotton mill and sail cloth makers and shapers, the caulkers and shipwrights, the riggers and supply men are through. With her crew of 22, her two nests of dories, her wee auxiliary engine and now even her wireless—so year after year, in summer time and in winter's ice and snow these "bankers" put forth. They fear not wind or sea, rock or derelict; it is the fog that dismays them. Take the case of the *Mareschal Foch*, last October. She was two days beating out of Halifax for "The Banks." Days of heavy seas and strong winds and thick, encircling fogs. The Captain could only go by time allowance. He knew he was somewhere near the dreaded Island, but how near? The night was dark as pitch, the clammy fog dripping from every spar and rope end. The watch was on deck, the crew fast asleep below when **BUMP!!! CRASH!!! BUMP!!!**—the fatal Bar was beneath them.

All goes well on a ship so long as she touches nothing. The instant these men awoke in their bunks and felt that horrid grinding, they knew where they were. No other place within a hundred miles save the main shore or the islands of the Gulf could give that dreaded sound, and this was a dragging, bumping, rushing noise as the mighty seas drove the devoted craft into her sandy grave. Like one man they rushed for that

hands save their lives. Instantly they attacked the nested dories, led by their active captain who saw that there was not the slightest chance of saving the schooner. The sands never relax their hold and the Gloucester boat was doomed to be a total wreck, and that right speedily. So into the raging seas went six big dories and into them piled the men in hot haste in just whatever clothing they happened to have on. (I remember a sailor telling of always wearing his best suit to bed, "For I don't want to wake up and plunge naked into them seas."). Instantly the boats were separated as hardly the first faint hint of light came from the east, this hour of 4 a.m., in October. One dory put its crew into another so that only five boats held men—four or five to a boat. The other four headed into the seas and made shore on Sable Island in daylight, but where was that fifth dory.

The wireless broadcasted its sorrows, and the "Stanley," Government boat, left Halifax to search for the lost men. The coastguardsmen patrolled the long double fifteen mile beat more carefully than ever, and launched their lifeboats in hope of saving the lives of these five castaways. Night fell without news of them. The last rays of light saw them careening main shorewards before a heavy wind, saw these five men bailing for dear life as the dory staggered up and down the heavy seas—as heavy as when the *Foch* struck, but these were not the confused seas that filled her instantly, these were long high windchop capped seas with valleys in them like those in



Wreck of the schooner, Mareschal Foch

it live 50 coastguardsmen, French Canadians from Quebec, who often spend their whole lives on this desolate sandbar.

On the Western Bar whales often come ashore and die and scent the air with perfume—not from Araby. In the season the heavy grasses flourish on the sand dunes and wet flats and the lagoons are filled with water plants and mosses, and blueberries and strawberries ripen. There is one single rose bush in the Governor's garden. Cranberry marshes bear that tart wholesome fruit. Birds nest and grow there; terns, in greatest numbers, who attack you when you go near their nests and even drive the Sable Island ponies off. There are two Lights, many life boat stations; the Marconi wireless with its operators, to one of whom we are indebted for the pictures of the wreck of the *Mareschal Foch*. Seals, both Ribbon and Harp, bask on the sands and many a trick the men play upon them, running down and intercepting a seal that drowsily allows a man to get between it and the sea, and it flops down on great flexible flippers and grunts and sighs and blows out its deep displeasure. Even the huge "Hooded" seal comes ashore. The "Horse-nose" the men call the beast with long snout. I know we are always afraid to go near one of these most inquisitive beasts when we are in the canoe. They have a way of investigating this long green shell-like thing that is hair-raising in the extreme, and when they dive and slap the water with their tails they send up enough to swamp the frail craft. In the Spring the "white-coats," the baby seals the Newfoundlanders chase and load their steamers with, in a lucky season, little chunky babies, are seen here. They are blind for 9 days like a house kitten; weight 10 to 15 lbs. and the mothers shed tears when they see the little ones killed with the big sticks the hunters use. It is indeed a touchingsight to see a mother seal lift her baby with her lips and teeth to bear it off the shore and when once in the water the poor faithful beast tries to hold it up by touching its nose, gently bumping it up, and teaching it to swim.

This great sandbar island is wearing away on the North side and is building up on the outer or South side, showing the very strong action of the fierce tides that encircle it. All about its shores lie the hidden wrecks of the past, hundreds of barques, clippers, full riggers, terns, fishing schooners, freighters and

a scant hundred feet off. Our trim, staunch little fishing schooners are built all about us here on the "South Shore," by the descendants of the men who built the Clipper ships of the seventies, which yet hold the records for sailing ships across to the "old country." These fishing schooners are built of the native spruce planks, keel and rib of oak "sticks" of stout Nova Scotia growth, gleaming cloths spun in Yarmouth, stout Manila lines and are manned by true-hearted Nova Scotia "Blue-noses," the best fishermen on this continent. Almost all the United States fishing fleet, yes, and the yachting fleet too, is manned and captained by Nova Scotians. So, when the U.S. holds too big a stick over us, as the Dingley tariff (made, designed and put in force against us by the men "who won the war" south of us), why they have to get out men over there to catch their fish and sail their yachts—more power to the sailors and fishermen from Nova Scotia who know naught of the cry of secession—that is but a rope to haul politicians into notice.

The yards of Shelburne and Lunenburg are steadily turning out trim racing yachtlike fishing schooners that run just over a hundred feet in length and whose stout spars bear a crowd of cloth that a yachtsman might envy. She is a valuable thing when all the lumbermen and river



Wreck of the Mareschal Foch drawn close to Sable Island Beach

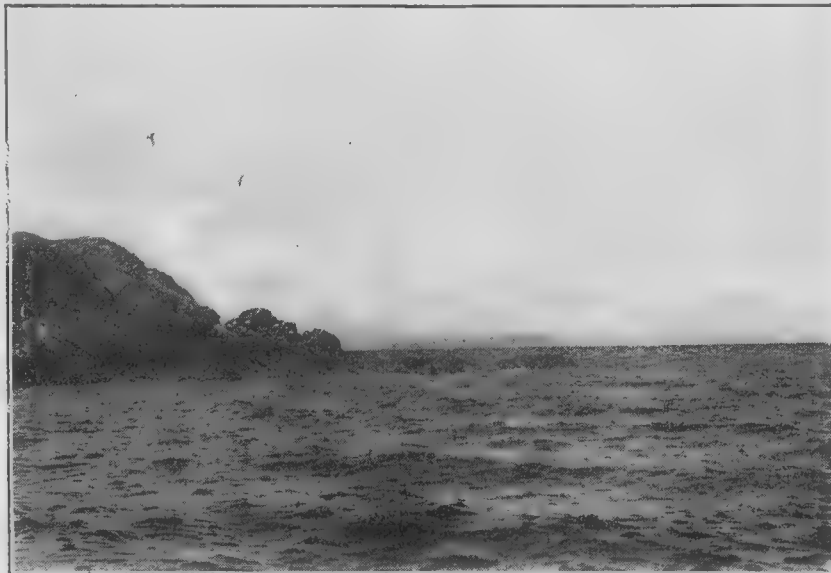
narrow hatchway and poured forth, upon the deck, a torrent of dark figures on a darker night—living men fighting for their very lives. The windcoop was sailing, rushing in from both rails and the bow, a very storm of flying salt wrack—not a thing bore they in their

mountain ranges—it was coast up a liquid green, white marble-veined-hill into the shrieking white broken water on top, and then squirm and wriggle through the windchop and drive down the great troughs, where the rag of a sail they carried hung windless in the depths. Not a drop to drink although the ocean was all about them; these fishermen were too wise to taste a drop or lick a gunwale. The cook, who now steered, did grab, on his awful rush, two loaves of bread. These were divided and eaten Wednesday, and a bit more during the long cold wet hours of that night. Thursday dawned on a rough sea, landless as far as the eye could reach. The wind set fair, however, and Nova Scotia's mainland lay somewhere ahead. If only they could bail fast enough and keep her from broaching to and filling!

It was in the afternoon, one man was at the long oar they were steering with, others were bailing, one was asleep from exhaustion and soaking clothes—as they rushed up the slope of a sea one man called out:

"What's that!"

"Land!" howled another as on the top of the next sea they saw a dim long greyish line. At times their hearts went faint when spray and chop hid the misty thing that spelled home and life and fires and food to these wet, tired men. Down many troughs and up many slopes



The rocky home of the sea-gulls

they sped before the line broke up into irregular points and spears, which spells trees to the mariner. Then, only then, they recognized just how faint and hungry and cold they were, but it was no time to speculate on dry land. The Atlantic was behind them driving them on with all the might of a thirty mile gale (just half a gale to a sailor). The dory yawed most dangerously at times as the man at the oar weakened. The spurting seas on the tops almost filled the wee 16 foot boat at times and the men worked with a fury of determination that has so often torn the drowning seaman from the grasp of Old Ocean. Now the heights were looming into sight; there was whiter water than ever ahead—breakers, many lines of them. "There is a good little angel that sits up aloft and looks after the woes of poor Jack." That same little angel must have been very busy that late October afternoon when the sun was sinking in the west and all the reefs in the breakers glared forth its reflected light like so many shore fires burning and made it all the more difficult to snatch a passage through the spume and surf. They rode in like heroes charging; never a rock did they touch even if they did ship a few more seas; but what was one more after a thousand? Now the keel grates on the pebbles and the men splash and stagger ashore. Safe once more on God's good firm earth—and when one of the men was asked by a sympathizing lady:

"You'll surely not go to sea again?"
 "No! not this fall. Well, not for a month, maybe."

MOTHER FISHER'S DAUGHTER

Continued from page 6

to town to meet the 11.05 train. Mother had taken a last look about the house before departing to see that everything was right, and had slipped back after having got as far as the car to close the door of her, and Father's, bedroom. The butter and egg money had run out before they got around to their own little room, and Mother had suddenly remembered catching a glimpse as she passed their door, of patchy walls, dilapidated furniture and a patch-work quilt over the foot of the old, chipped enamel bed. The contrast to the rest of the house was startling, and so Mother Fisher closed the door, so that Leila might not see and ask questions.

They reached the station a full half-hour before train time, and while Father strolled up town to gossip at the pool hall for a quarter of an hour or so, Mother sat in the battered little car and watched for the first sign of the train.

It was she who saw the first nebulous glow in the west which announced its distant approach, and who saw the glow turn to a glare as it drew nearer, and who finally heard the faint "chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck" of the engine as it rushed along over the prairie, now hidden by a clump of trees, now swinging out into the open and always, always, drawing nearer and nearer to Sendon.

At last, with a creaking of brakes and a grinding of wheels, it came to a standstill beside the weather-beaten station. Mother and Father Fisher hurried to the last coach and stood looking up to the little platform where the few passengers for Sendon were claiming their baggage preparatory to leaving the train. Funny, they couldn't see Leila. Perhaps she had fallen asleep and hadn't heard the station called. Father Fisher leaped to steps of the coach even while the conductor's "All aboard" was warning the stragglers on the platform that time was up. The train had started to move when he jumped off the rear end of the train.

"She's not on, Mother," he announced, a puzzled note in his voice. "Funny she didn't wire or something."

Mother did her best to hide her disappointment. "I s'pose she didn't get packed in time, or something. She'll be down tomorrow night, sure." But even as she said it, a shadow seemed to drift across her heart, and her words sounded strangely hollow.

They turned and retraced their steps to the car. Under the light of one of the station lamps Simon Bencke, their nearest neighbor, recognized, and hailed them.

"Hi, there—jest a minute!" he bawled. "Guess you folks'll jest about kill me when I tell ye what I done, but—" He fumbled about in the pocket of a greasy coat and extracted a soiled

envelope. "Happened to be in town yesterday and thought I'd pick up yer mail fer ye, and doggone it, ef I didn't fergit t' stop in with it when I went back home. Hope it ain't nothin' important." He handed the letter over with a few more mumbled apologies and disappeared up the street.

It was from Leila. They took it out to the car with them, and in the feeble glare thrown from the lamps of the little runabout, they read it.

It said: "Dear Mother and Dad—Please don't be too disappointed when I tell you that I won't be home on Wednesday. The fact of the matter is I have a 'job.' I know what you'll say, darlings, about me not needing to work, and all that, but really it isn't right for me to go on the way I am. There are lots of things you can spend your money on besides things for me, and I'm young and strong and besides I'd really like to do something to help pay my way through college; ever so many of the girls are doing it, and I'd feel such a lazy little wretch if I didn't snatch at whatever came in my way. And Mother and Dad dear, it's the loveliest job! Society Editor on the Morning Leader! Fancy that now! The girl who has had the place all year has taken ill and they've

given her three months leave of absence. The Editor of the paper is a friend of Professor Keith, who teaches us journalism, you know, and he phoned up night before last asking Professor Keith to send him the likeliest pupil he had and the old darling picked me. Isn't it wonderful? He says its too good an opportunity to miss, and if I make good, Mother and Dad, there's no telling what it may lead to. If I found I could do it and could drop into something permanent I might not even bother to finish college. I'm thrilled! The only thing that makes me sad is that I won't be able to slip out to see you before I start work. I commence to-morrow, you know. I might possibly get time to run out before college opens in the fall for a day or two, but if I don't you will have to come up to see me here, won't you, Mother and Dad? Please don't be cross, and write to me soon, soon, because I still get awfully lonesome to see you and hear from you. Lovingly, Leila."

They stood there for several seconds, holding the white sheet between them, neither speaking. Finally Father Fisher dropped his corner of the letter, shuffled uneasily, and cleared his throat once or twice.

"She'll be back," he declared somewhat

blusteringly, as he stooped to crank the old runabout. "She'll never make good at newspaper work. What does our Leila know about being a society editor? She'll be home inside of two weeks—bet a dime!" It was a desperate attempt to cheer Mother Fisher, who stood fingering the letter, wordless, motionless.

"Well, let's get away home," he suggested, after another brief interval.

Mother Fisher stirred. "Alright, Dad," she acquiesced, and her voice was clear and firm, almost cheerful. "I wish you'd turn off that engine for just about fifteen minutes though. I'd kind of like to step into the depot and drop a line to Leila to tell her how glad we are she'd got such a good job—and I believe while I'm about it I'll just drop a line to the 'Morning Leader' and order them to send us their paper for a couple of months. Think of my girl—writing for a paper—already!"

Father Fisher stared at her. Then he reached in and turned off the switch, and when his wife had disappeared around the corner of the building he muttered to himself, as many a man has muttered before him, "Well, if these women don't beat all! Never know what they're going to do next!"

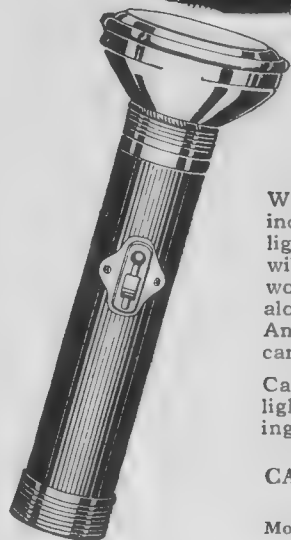
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TWO OF A KIND

By Marion Wathen Fox

IT'S wonderful the things people can do without!" remarked Amy Raines brightly, to her aunt. She was thinking of the contents of her cousin Lillian's letter which she held in her hand as she spoke.

"Yes, and it's just as wonderful the things people can't do without," answered her aunt. "What's Lillian been getting now? The last letter I had it was nothing but electric range, said she didn't know how she managed to live so long without one."

"Well, this time it's a mop; some new kind of a mop. She says it's wonderful, that she wouldn't dream of keeping house without it now."

"Silly child! I declare it's downright sinful the way she does worship just things! And the very first chance I get I'll tell her so, too. But did she say anything about answering my letter?"

"She said she'd write next week."

Next week came, and with it Lillian's letter to her aunt. Amy saw it when she went to get her own mail out of the box at the cross-roads, the box shared by several near-by families; so, as soon as the morning's work was done up she hurried to her aunt's to hear the latest news from her city cousin.

"Well, you've just saved me a trip over," greeted the aunt. "I've had a letter from Lillian and she says she's coming up next week and you're to write and let her know if you can have her. If you can't she can come here. We'll be glad to have her even if we haven't got any of them new-fangled things she says she can't live without."

"Come! Of course she can come! You know how dead lonesome I am since Maud married and went West! But—it's strange how she comes to be wanting to leave all her beautiful things, so soon. Don't see however she can tear herself away from them."

Then Aunt Lizzie laughed—laughed so hard she had to clean her glasses afterwards. "Oh, don't worry, it's wanting more things that's sending her away. There's something more she's decided she can't live without. She says she told George she simply couldn't live in the house any longer unless it was all repapered and painted, so she wants to come up here while the decorators are doing it over. I'm right down glad I'm going to have a chance to give her a piece of my mind and you may believe I'll do it, too—tell her she's making a god out of—just things. As bad, every bit, as the Israelites were when they worshipped the golden calf."

Lillian came. The very evening after her arrival Aunt Lizzie went to see her and invited the two girls over to spend the next afternoon.

Amy's eyes twinkled when the invitation was given.

"The 'lecture' will be due to-morrow!" she chuckled to herself. "Well, Lillian deserves it and I hope it will do her good, for she's certainly tied up to her 'things' as Aunt Lizzie always terms it—reminds me of what the Bible says about 'Ephraim is joined to his idols.'"

Next day the visit was made. After tea the three women were enjoying a chat in the comfortable old-fashioned parlour.

"My! How I do love this room, it's so cosy and substantial looking," remarked Lillian.

"But, it's old fashioned. Most of the furniture I've had ever since I began housekeeping. You see we don't have any new-fashioned electric ranges of fancy mops. And this paint's been on here ever since the house was built and the paper's been on ever since the year before Jim was born. And he's twenty past. Just seems to me I couldn't live in the house if that paper and paint were gone."

"She's coming to the lecture," thought Amy.

"How's the electric range working?" questioned the hostess.

"Oh, fine. Did Amy tell you I was getting the house painted and papered? I think it will be lovely. I just told George it had to be done. I couldn't live with that old-fashioned stuff any longer."

"Tut, child, there's nothing that we can't get along without in the way of things."

Here Lillian moved to a seat on the big lounge.

"How I do love this big, old-fashioned lounge. It's so big and hospitable looking—one can get so much solid comfort out of an affair of this kind," she said, enthusiastically.

"I was just saying to David the other day it was worth a dozen of those spindly legged affairs they have now-a-days," responded her aunt. "Now, Amy's got one in the parlor at their house that I always want to spread my pocket handkerchief on before I sit down in case I soil it. And I don't know's she's noticed it—but I never sit on it without first giving it a little push over against the wall so as to kind of prop it up in case anything should happen. When cousin Jake was here last from the city hadn't he the nerve to ask me if I'd sell ours. As though I could keep house without this old parlor lounge!"

"But, after all—and I do love that old centre table—what I like best about this room is those brass andirons, and you do keep them so shiny and lovely," gushed Lillian.

At this her hostess fairly beamed her approval.

"Well, I must say I get a lot of satisfaction out of those andirons, to tell you the down-right truth there've been times when I've been away from home that first thing when I came back I went in to see if them andirons were safe and I've caught myself at times just settin' down in one of them chairs admiring them. I've never missed a week for over twenty years now giving them a rub over, except that time when I had a felon on my thumb—you remember, Amy? But speaking about the centre-table—there was one time when our Jim came home from town he was bound to get me one of the small new-fashioned ones but I said if he did he could set it back there in the corner and tie a bow of ribbon around it, that I wanted a table to hold things—it just seemed as though I couldn't get along without that table."

And so the conversation went on and somehow Aunt Lizzie forgot all about her intended lecture. At last it came time for the girls to go home and on the way Lillian remarked to Amy.

"Aunt Lizzie is a fine woman and I do love her, but it's too bad she's so wedded to—things. It kind of spoils her to my mind—to see a strong-minded woman like her setting such store by things of wood, brass and the like—saying she can't live without them and all that. It's downright idol-worship, that's what it is, and if I get a chance when I'm here I believe I'll tell her so."

"I would if I were you," answered Amy. But it was too dark for Lillian to notice the twinkle in Amy's eyes as she said it. "You'll have a good chance when she comes over on Friday," she added. She had not forgotten though that almost Aunt Lizzie's last words to herself that evening were: "I must watch for an opportunity to get my lecture to Lillian in on Friday."

So, on Friday, the "lectures" were both due. It was Amy who made the introduction to both easy.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie, I must show you the mop Lillian brought me—like hers, and it is so convenient!" was one of her very first remarks. Aunt Lizzie admired and praised the mop, but even as she did so was thinking "this is a good chance to get in a word of advice to Lillian," so she tied on to her admiration of the mop, this:

THERE'S no doubt that most of these new-fangled things are a great benefit—but it's surprising what one can get along without and still be happy; after all, thank God, our happiness isn't dependent on mere—things."

And as she said it she looked through her glasses penetratingly at Lillian, thinking as she did so, "She's taking it in all right for she looks very thoughtful-like."

Lillian certainly was thinking seriously. But this was her thought:

TWO OF A KIND

Continued from page 16

"Now's my opportunity to say a helpful word to Aunt Lizzie on her idol worship!"

So she responded to her aunt's words with considerable feeling—"Yes—'things' are very well in their way, but we have to be careful that bits of wood and brass and the like do not become our idols."

"The child's taking it all right!" was Aunt Lizzie's inward comment, "so I'd better make the most of my opportunity." She kept on, "True, my child."

"Sometimes we feel like saying we can't live without a thing, but that's a downright sin—a thing's a thing. Now if it was a person it would be different. Folks should be set a heap of store more by than things, and—"

She was getting warmed up to her lecture but she had used up all her strong points at the outset and had to pause for fresh inspiration. The pause was Lillian's opportunity. She had been thinking as her aunt was speaking.

"How easy the way is opening up for me! Seems as though I just had to give Aunt Lizzie this lecture," so she hurried to say, "I suppose it's natural for people to get to feeling that the things they've lived along with day after day are kind of like friends to them. But if one isn't careful first thing they know they'll be making gods of those old fashioned things—just because they are old fashioned."

"Well, now—doesn't that beat all—how the way's opening up to my lecture," thought Aunt Lizzie as Lillian "handed out" her last admonition. So she added, "It's all very well to keep up with the times, but we have to beware that we don't get to worshipping new-fashioned things."

"I guess we'll have to go to tea now," interrupted Amy.

Before Aunt Lizzie went home that night she had the opportunity of having just a minute alone with Amy. In it she said, "Well, how did you like my lecture? I rubbed it in to the poor thing pretty well, didn't I? And she took it too, I could tell she was thinking seriously. It will be many a long day before she forgets it, mark my words!"

And on the way home every now and then Lillian would chuckle aloud. At last Amy said:

"What's the fun?"

"Oh, I was thinking of Aunt Lizzie—Didn't it beat all how she took my lecture? Took it right home to herself at once. I'm kind of sorry I rubbed it in quite so hard. But she evidently don't hold any grudge against me for giving it to her. I was afraid she might. But she didn't, for she kissed me when she left, to thank me I suppose, and said, 'Never mind, I guess it will be different from this on—I'm real glad we had the talk, I know it's done a lot of good.'"

LOVE & MRS. O'DONNELL

Continued from page 17

are engaged to a poverty-stricken country doctor?"

"I do," remarked Audrey. "I ought to, having had a bad time pulling it off. But—Don, dear, do be careful. Auntie said you weren't to take that arm out of the sling."

"Auntie be hanged," was the reckless answer. "But no—bless her! She made all this possible didn't she?"

That night the doctor paused long before the picture of the Christ. His eyes were deep with emotion.

"Comrade," he murmured huskily, "you've seen me down the hard road; stand by through the happy years to come."

And the quiet eyes smiled back their promise.

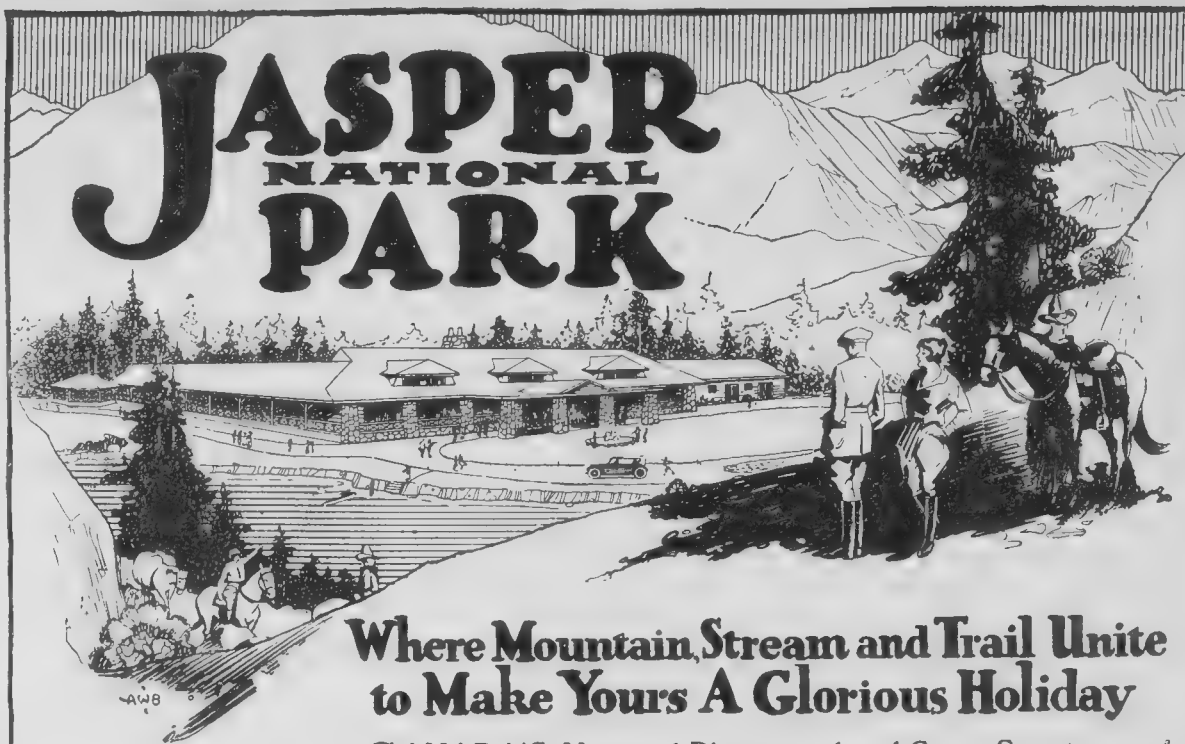
The Wrong Diagnosis

"How are you today, Sandy?" asked the landlord of his Scotch tenant.

"Vurra weel, sir, vurra weel," replied Sandy, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, you must not complain, Sandy. You are getting old, like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir?" exclaimed Sandy. "Auld age has nothin' to do wi't. Here's my ither leg just as auld an' it's soond and soople yet."



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Store-keeping and Horse-racing at Waterton Lakes in 1875

By Kootenai Brown

IT will not be remembered by many persons now in Alberta that there was a store at Waterton Lakes in what is now Waterton Lakes Park in the South-west corner of the province as early as 1875. I had two homesteads. The first one was a squatter's right and the second was filed on in the regular way many years later. In the store I had a partner, Fred Kanouse, a well-known character in the early days around Macleod and Pincher Creek. Fred and I had a stock valued at \$4,000.00 and our customers were Indians, mostly Kootenai, Nez Percés, and Flathead Indians from the Flathead Reservation in Montana. Customs regulations didn't bother us then, we didn't know where the International line was. The Kootenai Indians were friendly with the Blackfeet, but beyond good humored joking they chanced to meet in our store there was not much intermingling. If one could get a chance to steal the other's horses there was no hesitation in doing it. No other tribe of Indians that I know of really liked the Blackfeet.

Well, we started this store in a little building on the Lower Waterton Lake and our supplies were all hauled in from Fort Macleod by the I. G. Baker bull teams. This was in 1875 and '76. At that time there were no stores nearer than Macleod. Ours was started before that at Blackfoot Crossing, and we had all the trade of the three bands from the Flathead reservation and the Blackfeet living nearer to Waterton Lakes than Macleod. There was no place else to buy. The Kootenais would bring furs out of the Mountains and we would trade them dry goods and provisions. We never kept whiskey for sale, although quite a lot of it was consumed on the premises. To sell it to Indians was too risky a proposition, though it would have yielded immense profits. Our customers were all Indians and to let

them get whiskey might mean a carousal in which they might burn up or carry away our stock.

Indians are naturally great gamblers and are very anxious to take part in all games of chance. Someone taught the Flatheads and Kootenais to play poker and this became one of their great pastimes. It took a card shark to beat them. Kanouse was an expert poker player, so he attended to that part of the business. I was a foot racer and a good shot and in competitions on the track and with the rifle I could beat them. We had two good horses and in horse racing we also got the best of them. In fact, we beat them at every turn.

Horse racing has a great charm for Indians and the bands that traded with us had some fast horses. They took good care of them and even blanketed them as owners of racing stock do today. Our racers were "Honest John," a long distance runner, and "Sleepy" a fast quarter mile. The Indians spent a lot of money trying to get horses that would beat them, but they never succeeded. Still we never had any difficulty getting a race, even though the Indians always lost.

I remember one very interesting race, not on account of the race so much as because of the big stakes we put up. We had just sold the Kootenais \$500 worth of goods for furs they had delivered. They asked for a race and we asked what stakes. They had no furs and no money but they had the goods they had bought. So they took these goods—saddles, bridles, lass ropes, blankets, dress lengths, the squaws had bought for gaudy gowns,—all brand new goods out of the store and piled them up in front of the store. Then they rounded up forty head of Indian ponies valued at about \$20 apiece and wanted to know what we would put up. Fred Kanouse had \$500 in greenbacks

and he told them he would put this against their pile of goods and horses, and the race was on.

Kanouse rode "Honest John" and they had two or three horses in the field. Of course, "Honest John" won easily and we carried the goods in and put them on the shelves. The bucks took the loss quite philosophically, but the squaws put up a howl. They said to their lords and masters: "You are fools. You let these white dogs swindle you. It will soon be winter, and we have no clothes, blankets or anything else." There were only three white men of us, Kanouse, Old Charlie Miller and, myself, and there must have been seventy full blooded Indians. So we had to go slow. Kanouse suggested giving every squaw a blanket, which we did, and every buck a knife or plug of tobacco or some small trinket he might ask for. We also gave back the poorest of the horses we won, for some of the poor beggars were on foot and would have to double-deck or walk back to the Flathead country. But we kept the best of them and all the saddles, bridles and other goods. Every man, woman, and child got some little present and away they went to their stamping ground. That race took place on a level mile of clear ground along the river between the Middle and Lower Lakes. There was not a hole or anything in it and we pulled off many a race there. When the Indians began trading on their own side of the line business went bad and I sold out to Kanouse for \$250. He continued in business a year after I left him, when he moved to Macleod and took his stock with him. When I sold my interest in the business I built a log cabin on what was known when a survey was made as Section 31, Township 1, Range 29, west of the fourth meridian. This was my first homestead on which I squatted in 1877.

Official Announcement

just issued by the Insurance Department at Ottawa shows that the ordinary business issued by the Great-West Life Assurance Company in Canada for the year 1922 was \$48,977,132, being greater than that issued by any other Company and over eight millions in excess of the largest amount issued by any other Canadian Company.

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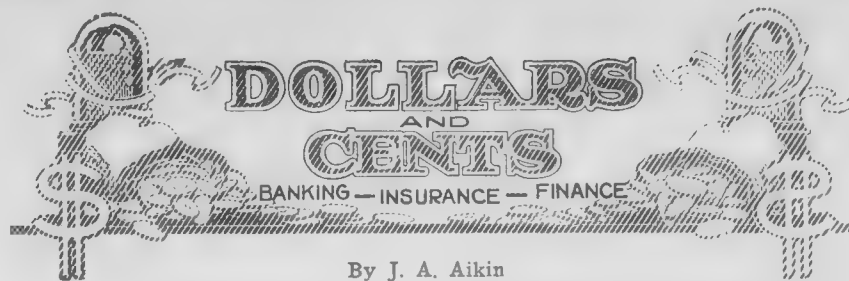
PROPERLY farmed, almost any agricultural district in Canada should produce a good living for a farmer in all but exceptionally bad seasons.

The lean year is bound to come—the wise farmer who has put money in the bank during good seasons can face a crop failure when the man who hasn't saved would go under.

Your interests and ours are mutual and the Manager will always be ready to discuss with you, in confidence, your financial problems.

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By J. A. Aikin

ANY event which is related to the reorganization of Europe and the permanent settlement of affairs over there awakens interest. The success of the Austrian loan, made possible by the sympathetic co-operation of investors abroad and the evidence of satisfactory security, means that one country will be given a new start toward economic independence. The principle, interest and redemption payments are guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, Denmark and Holland.

Provision is made that each of these countries shall deposit with the National Bank of Switzerland its own bonds of like tenor and currency, in the name of its trustees, in cover of its guarantee in respect to the issue.

The total amount of the loan will enable Austria to realize 630 million Austrian gold crowns, about \$126,000,000, which will put the government in control of the situation in that country. Austria undertook to raise the sum of \$13,000,000 and pledged itself to a policy of economy. As indication of how the loan was received, it may be stated that only ten per cent. of the London applicants received bonds, while in New York where \$25,000,000 was offered \$100,000,000 was subscribed. The event is a triumph for the League of Nations which has been instrumental in doing great things for Austria.

U. S. Crops and Buying Power

The word is given out from Washington that the 1923 crop of wheat will be 817 million bushels, and that oats and barley will be heavy. Figures are being placed before the American business world which show the potential cash value of these four crops, as forecast by the Government, at \$1,562,000,000. This is 29.9 per cent. above the potential value of the 1913 crops at the same time of the year, but lower than in any year since 1916.

But the cash value of the crops, as forecast now, is not all that must be considered in estimating the purchasing power which they may be expected to bring to the farmer. The cost of goods which the farmer must buy—the purchasing power of the dollar—must also be taken into account. This price level is indicated by the latest (May) index number for all commodities of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is 156 per cent. of the 1913 average.

If the potential cash value of the crops be divided by this index number, it appears that their purchasing power this year will be \$1,001,000,000, or 82 per cent. of the purchasing power of the same crops in 1913 at the time of the June estimate.

These figures and statement of position are important and, apart from their value as a basis for business plans in the United States, go to show the Canadian farmer that some of the main factors in U. S. conditions are much like those in Canada.

The prospect is for another 400 million bushels Canadian wheat crop, and at prevailing market options, wheat will be worth not more than \$1 per bushel. Allowing 50 million bushels for seed and local gisting, there will be 350 million bushels for marketing. Threshing and freight may be allowed 25 cents per bushel, which means the net value of the crop will be approximately \$250,000,000 in buying power. As compared with the 1913 buying power, the 1923 crop will not be worth more than \$200,000,000. Farmers and business people have somewhat definite figures to go on and it is quite evident that while there will be much money in circulation, all who have it will require to exercise business discretion in the use of the money.

Canadian Wheat and Flour Exports

It is interesting to note that while Great Britain imports 70 per cent. of wheat consumed and sold, only eight per cent. of the flour handled is imported and 92 per cent. home production. British returns show that for 1920-21 imports of wheat amounted to 4,049,000 tons while home-produced wheat was 1,515,000 tons. For the same year Great Britain imported 314,000 tons of flour and produced 3,794 tons at home. In 1921-2 the figures show that wheat imports were 4,401,000 tons and flour 361,000 tons, while home produced wheat amounted to 2,027,000 tons and 4,141,000 tons of flour.

The place of Canada in the British flour market improved in 1922, for the returns show that Canada provided 49 per cent. of the total imports of flour into the United Kingdom, as against 34 per cent. from the United States and 13 per cent. from Australia. Canada also supplied one fifth of the 635,000 tons of imported barley and 166,000 tons of oats, against 148,000 from the United States that year.

The returns for imports of both wheat and wheat flour in hundred weights show the total imports in the United Kingdom for the years 1910-14 averaged 119,048,000 cwts., at which time Canada provided an average of 25,972,000 cwts.; for the period 1915-19 total British imports averaged 103,816,000, during which time regular British export trade was cut off, but Canada provided a yearly average of 25,003,000 cwts.; in 1920 British imports of wheat and flour jumped to 125,953,000 cwts., of which Canada supplied only 13,410,000 cwts.; in 1921 Canada provided 22,736,000 out of total imports of 102,248,000 cwts., and in 1922 Canada sold Britain 32,072,000 cwts. out of total imports of wheat and flour of 115,098,000 cwts. Whether Canada will be able to hold its place and keep up the increased pace of the last year in the face of Russian competition and higher total world yield is a question upon which much depends for the prosperity of the Canadian farmer and miller.

Canada has been making headway in the West Indies with flour exports, especially in Jamaica. The figures for the past three years show that while Jamaica imported 250,385 bags of 196 lbs. in 1921, Canada supplied 61,891, or 25 per cent.; in 1922 out of 279,202 bags imported Canada supplied 115,446, or 41 per cent. while for the first three months of 1923 out of 75,927 bags of flour imported into Jamaica, Canada provided 47,268, or 62 per cent.

The customs preference of one shilling per bag in favor of Canada doubtless is a factor helping in Jamaica. But the chief factor is reported to be the change over to larger bakeries in the Island colony, and in response to the improved taste the Canadian flour is equal to the demand and found to give better baking results than its competitors.

The Rural Credits Problem

The fact that nothing was done during the last session of the Federal Parliament to find a solution for the rural credits problem, beyond the hearing of evidence and opinions, is not to be taken as ending the matter. There was no general agreement on the part of the opposition in the House as to what and how it should be done. The banks take the view that they are not to be held responsible for working out the solution, if any problem exists. And it is taken as final that Parliament has not the power to compel the banks or any other institution or individual to extend credit in any form not mutually agreeable. The proponents of rural credits have the opportunity to work up the evidence sub-

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SECOND YOUTH AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)—All rights reserved by the author

CATO, a famous Roman Censor, who rose to all the honors of the State, was universally deemed so strict in his morals that Virgil makes him one of the judges of hell. He repented only three things in his life: to have gone by sea when he could go by land; to have passed a day in idleness; to have told a secret to his wife.

Had he lived in our time, he would have added, and not to have had the benefit of a life assurance policy.....

"What are some of the benefits of life assurance?" you ask.

There are many but, here and now, we have only space to mention one.

Life assurance is the method whereby we substitute certainty for uncertainty. One of the curses of our modern life is the dread of future poverty. We fear that we may have to compromise our independence of character in our old age

by becoming dependents. This very fear, in itself, becomes almost a disease.

And we do well to fear this for nine out of every ten men who reach the age of sixty are dependent upon the bounty of others, having lost their earnings in poor investments, or having failed to save anything at all.

It is here, with the provident, that life assurance comes to the rescue. It prolongs their days by relieving them of anxiety. It was something like this Charles Lamb had in mind when he said that a competency in old age was the equivalent of second youth.

Not only does life assurance mean a competence in old age, but when drawn upon for our use, on the monthly or yearly payment plan, even relieves us of the anxiety and trouble of investing our own capital.

Our estate becomes panic proof, fool proof, fire proof. It is different to all

other estates in that it is not subject to cyclones, burglars, taxes, improvements, repairs, or legal fees. Even our long-suffering and well-deserving creditors cannot touch it, anymore than they can touch a soldier's pension.

That is to say, our creditors cannot draw on it unless we have been borrowing money from the Assurance Company, or from a bank, having given our policy as security.

Some of us do this, but those of us who are wise folk, and bold in strength, clear off the loan when the financial stress in the home or business is relieved, in order that we may provide against that otherwise bitter day when our earning capacity will have come to an end.

For my part, when anyone tells me that he does not believe in life assurance, I know then and there, that he is not a person to be reasoned with: he is just a problem to be solved.

THE HECTOR CELEBRATION—By M. Mac Tavish

A WISE nation preserves its records, decorates the graves of its illustrious dead, repairs the great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

—Joseph Howe.

True to its traditions, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, will this week, July 15-21, loom in the limelight, when within its precincts, will be celebrated the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the ship "Hector," with its company of Scottish pioneers.

On September 15, 1773, this courageous body of people landed on the

"Hector" people came from the North of Scotland, and their great-great grandchildren of to-day, exemplify in their personalities, the staunch, sturdy sterling and erst-while stubborn characteristics of their forefathers' native environment.

There is little danger that Pictou County, probably the most Scotch Presbyterian community in Canada, will forget its past.

Local history has done much to preserve to the future generations the annals of the past. Pictou people are clannish and loyal. They are proud of the past but they are likewise proud of the present. Nothing delights them so much as to welcome their wander-

be pageants, community singing, picnics and re-unions of families and friends. It is well that Pictou can boast of a particularly beautiful harbor which will make a fine natural setting for the pageant depicting the arrival of the ship "Hector" and the landing of the passengers, which will take place on the seventeenth.

A suitable monument has been erected to the pioneers, and this will be unveiled by His Excellency, Governor-General Byng of Vimy, who will be present. The Kilties will be there for the 78th Highland Regiment will be reviewed by His Excellency, and the ship of the North American Squadron of the British Fleet and Canadian Defence ships, from the harbor, will thunder their salutes.

Gaelic, the mother tongue will upon this occasion be un-loosened and many of the older folk will remember when there were two services in the church, one in English and one in Gaelic.

Pictou County has always put "first things first." Religion and Education have been the combined watch-words of the century that has passed.

Fish and oatmeal have apparently been a good builder of brain and brawn; this menu, with close adherence to the memorizing of the Shorter Catechism, much study of the three R's, coupled with rigid application of the "hickory-stick," has produced a "finished product," which has in less than a hundred years, as shown by Rev. J. P. MacPhail in his book "Pictouians at Home and Abroad," contributed to the enrichment of Canada and of the world at large, nearly three hundred ministers, one hundred and ninety physicians, sixty-three lawyers, forty professors, fifteen men and eleven women missionaries, eight college presidents, four judges, two governors, two premiers, and a chief justice for the province, as well as a host of journalists, politicians and business men of note to say nothing of the legions of school teachers who ply their vocation in the schools of our land both East and West.

"Lest We Forget" needs to be applied to our ever-changing, diversified, shifting of ideal, impatient, high-pressure Western conditions, but the calm, easy-going, meditative, lover of tradition, religious son or daughter of Pictou County knows that come what may "They Shall Not Forget."

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 18

mitted in advance of next session and then submit their plan. If it can be shown that increased production is associated with the alleged need for rural credits it may be possible to persuade the federal and provincial governments to lend some aid to the proposal, but it all depends upon the strength of the case presented and the manner in which it is brought before Parliament and the country.

Our advertisement last month was on "Fathers of Confederation"

Mothers of Conservation

are those who carry on the daily details of the children's training. They have that genius which is "an infinite capacity for taking pains"—The guiding principles of many a great man's life are those he learned at his mother's knee,

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If she can teach him to give careful consideration to his future; to undertake responsibility with understanding, and carry it on with consistency, she has given him an inestimable treasure of character.

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Highland settlers arriving at Pictou, Nova Scotia, from the Hector, 1773

shores of what was then an unbroken forest, and proceeded to wrest homes from the wilds. Scotchmen, it is true were in Canada before this time, but to the "Hector" expedition belongs the credit of opening up that far reaching trend of Scottish immigration which has in large measure supplied the iron so necessary in the building of a blue-blooded Canadian population.

The "Hector" people were made of the hero stuff. They were prepared to overcome obstacles. Scotland was then in a state of extreme financial and industrial depression.

The emigrants, of necessity, would be those who were most fit, physically and otherwise. Independence, then as ever, was one of the out-standing characteristics of the Scot.

These early settlers likewise possessed the thrift, and "the pride," emblematic of their race, and the history of this country has demonstrated that they and likewise their descendants possessed the "governing character." The

ing sons and daughters back to their native soil and shore.

Indeed there is existing among the people of Pictou County, a solidarity, which would be hard to find in any other part of Canada, and most especially is this applicable to those who some time in their career have been students of the far-famed Pictou Academy.

Measured by our materialistic Western viewpoint Pictou County may not have progressed financially and otherwise materially progressed, to suit our ideas of expansion, but even in this we will admit that they are "holding their own."

It is fitting in the nature of events and in the light of history that Pictou County should be the scene of commemorative services which are being held. True to religious practices the celebration started on Sunday, July 15, with memorial services held in all of the churches in Pictou County. These being conducted by visiting clergymen. During the week following there will



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About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

THERE are a good many reasons why winter rye should be included in the crop programme of the Western farm. The increasing interest in cattle by the erstwhile grain-growing farmers of the prairies, has today brought the question of forage and pasture crops right into the centre of the stage, and in this regard fall rye is of considerable value as it supplies good green pasturage in the fall when the cattle are usually hunting among the stubble for the promiscuous green growths that appear here and there. Then again, in the spring, after a routine of more or less dry forage the cattle will relish this earliest of green pasturage. If it is sown early in the fall, say in August, the crop may be safely pastured in the fall, and, provided the top soil is dry, spring pasturing will not cause injury.

As it ripens before other cereals, it can be harvested without encroaching on the time required for the proper handling of the general grain crops. Another great advantage is that it makes its growth early in May or June and is developed before the arrival of summer droughts, and its rapid and early growth chokes out many weeds. On account of this crop ripening between the middle of July and the end of the first week in August, it is valuable in combatting wild oats, and also its early ripening means that it

POULTRY NOTES

Importance of Feeds

The kind of feed a hen consumes is largely responsible for the egg production, though it must not be assumed that this point only, being emphasized will save the situation if the bird is of poor breeding and housed in insanitary quarters.

In order to lay well, a fowl requires more than grain; animal, vegetable and mineral feeds are essential. Hens running at large in the summer season are able, to a great extent, to obtain the necessary animal feeds in the form of insects, but when winter sets in and this supply is necessarily shut off, substitutes in the form of meat scraps, buttermilk, etc. should be supplied if the egg production is expected to be kept up to the mark. Fish scraps have been used but there is always the liability of tainted eggs from this form of feeding. The kind of meat given to the fowl should be that from healthy animals; the hens should not be treated as carrion crows that will clean up offal of all kinds while we expect them to produce eggs fit for human food.

Green cut bone is valuable for egg production, it is greatly relished by the fowl, and has the advantage of furnishing mineral matter. It should be fed while absolutely fresh, and with moderation.



A half dozen kids on the farm of George Nelson Bailey, Ashcroft, B. C.

will escape, or at least is not subject to, damage from early frosts.

Rye has been much used on light and sandy soil and good yields have been secured, where other cereals would have found the soil too poor to maintain good growth.

As rye makes much of its growth during April and May, a time when there is usually little precipitation, it is important to summer fallow the previous year, so as to conserve all the moisture possible. Rye should not be given continuously on the same field, as this practice is favorable to the development of ergot, but with a proper rotation there is little danger from this disease.

It is advised that home grown seed be used, as imported seed will often winter kill. The seed should be sown with an ordinary grain drill, at the rate of one bushel to a bushel and a quarter per acre, when sown on well-prepared summer fallow. This amount will be sown if the drill is set to sow the same in wheat. Late seeding or too thick seeding should be avoided. Heavy seeding is apt to result in stunting the crop before the usual June rains arrive. Parties sowing rye for the first time should experiment with various rates of seeding, as the amounts suitable for various districts may vary somewhat.

Rye will be ready to cut, under normal conditions, by the first week in August of the year following that in which it was sown. It is cut with a grain binder and care must be taken to have the grain thoroughly dry when it is threshed.

In Manitoba, yields from thirty to forty bushels per acre have been obtained, though the average is about thirty three bushels, taking three hundred and eleven days to mature.

In addition to the above feeds, the importance of green feeds must not be overlooked, and as is the same with human beings, it is necessary for the upkeep of good health.

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ROUGH ON RATS

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DIE IN THE HOUSE

aches and pains

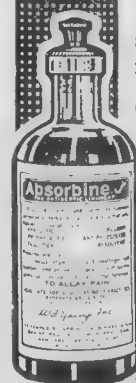
Pain is Nature's signal that something is wrong, and unless it is quickly righted it may easily become serious.

If the aches are in the joints and muscles Absorbine, Jr. will allay the pain quickly, and restore the tissue to its former healthy condition.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

ABOUT THE FARM—Continued from page 20

Horses and Tractors for the Farm

This much discussed controversy can still bear a little more light thrown upon it and, where sentiment and bias are absent, it becomes interesting.

There are many farmers today who would feel lost without their general purpose truck, and for quick deliveries to town, it is indeed a valuable time saver. If such a truck is driven by one man all the time, and who is a good mechanic, so much the better, but at the present time one might risk the statement that horsemen are more numerous on the farms than mechanics or at least automobile mechanics. The farm truck, or tractor, will draw to a certain capacity and beyond that there is no coaxing available to get the extra effort that must be put forth, while in the case of a horse, stupendous efforts may be obtained at times when the need is great for getting out of a difficult place. In regard to rapid depreciation, the horse remains when his more rapid rival is scrapped but with a tractor on the farm to bear the brunt of the most toilsome tasks we have a most useful ally to the horse and under such conditions the life of usefulness on the part of the horse must necessarily be prolonged.

In regard to idle hours, the tractor certainly has a long advantage over the horse, for while the horse is figuratively "eating his head off" the depreciation and upkeep of the tractor, provided that it is under cover, is practically nil.

In long hauls with exceedingly heavy loads, the truck is king of the road, but in places on the farm where there is considerable manoeuvring to be done, the flexibility of the horse gives him the greater advantage. Then again, where there are frequent stops to be made, the work is done more satisfactorily with horses, rather than with an idly running motor with the recurring "getting into low" with its accompanying burning up of fuel and the heating of the engine.

Where there are such chores as grinding feed, sawing wood, etc., the tractor can be swung into position and will render excellent service with steady speed from daylight to dark if necessary.

It has been said by the advocates of the horse, that "you cannot raise young tractors on the farm" and they go to show that the use of good mares will keep up the supply of horse power perpetually. This is indeed a good point in their favor but in due justice to the other side of the controversy it may be stated that the raising of foals on the farm is attended with, at times, a good deal of inconvenience and expense. There is the uncertainty of obtaining a good horse from which to breed, and the arrival of the foal may be at an inopportune season and until he or she is of working age there is no earning power and the foal is subject to all the ills horseflesh is heir to.

When it comes to the question of fuel, the horse certainly has a long advantage over his mechanical rival, for the feed required for his maintenance may be grown in the vicinity of the barn in which he is sheltered and in a good many places there may be ample pasture providing numerous economical feeds.

The tractor, on the other hand, consumes fuel which is at the mercy of the vicissitudes of the market, and at the rate that motor cars are being manufactured and sold does not indicate that the price of motor fuels will be lower in the future.

The horse, in his capacity as farm motor, gives very little anxiety in regard to the care of parts, as he is self regulating in fuel supply, lubrication, etc. while the tractor or truck may come to a standstill for a considerable period owing to one of the many possible causes of engine trouble such as too little water, too little oil, etc. The driver of a team is relieved of these anxieties; if his team is normally healthy he may reasonably expect them to perform a day's work in the field or on the road in a faithful manner, for he cares not a jot whether fan belts are slipping, or whether the "mixture" is too rich or too lean.

Canada Confident of the Future



CANADA is endeavoring to regain her after-the-war stride in the midst of many difficulties, — debt, deflation and depression being some of them.

Quack remedies and academic theories beset her path on every side. Some suggest that our debt worries can best be eased by going further into debt. Others preach blue ruin, decry their own country and indulge in mischievous propaganda generally, while still others look for a new social order or some miraculous sign to indicate a better coming day—all this in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that just as there was no royal road to win the war, there is now no royal road to pay for it or regain our former buoyancy, vigor and confidence.

Some are leaving Canada hoping to escape taxation, only to find there is no escape anywhere. In seeking for easy remedies too many of us overlook the fact that the greatest remedy is honest, hard work faithfully and intelligently performed, accompanied by old-fashioned thrift.

It takes time, it takes patience, it takes grit. But every Canadian knows in his heart that Canada is coming through all right.

Our Experience Proves It

Look back over the path Canada has trod. The French Colonists, cut

off from civilization by 3,000 miles of sea, faced a continent—a wilderness—without the aid of even a blazed trail. They had to fight savages, frosts, scurvy, loneliness and starvation.

The United Empire Loyalists subdued an unbroken forest in one generation, growing their first wheat amid the stumps and snags of the new clearing.

The Selkirk settlers came to Manitoba when the prairie was a buffalo pasture, and grew wheat where none had grown before and where those who knew the country best at that time said wheat never would grow. To-day the Canadian prairies grow the finest wheat in the world.

In proportion to population Canada stands to-day among the wealthiest nations in the world, with average savings on deposit per family of \$800. Canada's foreign trade per head of population stands amongst the highest of the commercial nations, being \$192 per capita in 1922-23, as compared with \$135 in 1913-14, the "peak" year before the war.

New Opportunities for Canada

In Canada, although prices in the world markets fell below war level, our farmers reaped last autumn the largest grain crop in Canadian history, and Canada became the world's largest exporter of wheat, thus in large measure making up for lower prices.

Last year, Great Britain, after an agitation extending over thirty years, removed the embargo on Canadian cattle, and a profitable and practically unlimited trade is opening up for Canadian stockers and feeders.

"The 20th Century belongs to Canada"—if Canadians keep faith.

The next article will suggest practical opportunities for profit making on our Canadian farms.

Have Faith in Canada

Authorized for publication by the

Dominion Department of Agriculture

W. R. MOTHERWELL, Minister. Dr. J. H. GRISDALE, Deputy Minister.

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For the farmer of small acreage and limited means, it would appear that the horse should be the sole means of motive power on the farm, though this does not exclude the light car for trips to town, while, where the acreage is large, a tractor would certainly take the most strenuous tasks off the shoulders of the horses but as to making the latter an obsolete means of farm power, that would be a very rash statement to make.

Try a Trench Silo this Fall

The above is the cheapest form of silo, the only cost being that of labor. In past years the cost of building silos has been the obstacle that has prevented a good many farmers from making silage for winter feed. However, in recent years some very successful experiments have been conducted with trench silos,

and it has been found that the silage came through the winter in each case in good condition. Of course, as far as convenience is concerned, the old style silo, built close up to the barn is to be preferred but when one takes into consideration the extremely economical advantage of the trench silo, it is well worth the little additional labor in handling the silage.

A trench, say thirty feet by twelve by eight will give accommodation for about forty five tons of silage. In choosing the location, convenience to the barn, drainage, and shelter from drifting snow should be taken into consideration. It may be excavated by means of ordinary scrapers and the task is then finished. After the trench silo is filled, some heavy implements should be placed in the centre

to help it settle, and it is also very important to see that the silage is well tramped during the process of filling. The implements should be removed in two or three days and a straw covering, fairly thick, put on, then all is ready for the winter, except perhaps the making of a convenient box on runners by means of which the silage may be drawn from the trench to the barn.

The scraping out of the trench makes a good task for the days when wet weather interferes with the routine work.

Hard to Tell

After the pupils had repeated their verse for the morning: "Overcome evil with good," the thoughtful boy of the class raised his hand and asked:

"Why did evil come over with good?"

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Choosing a Vocation

WE HAVE received from the publishers, Allyn & Bacon, Boston, a copy of a recently published book, "Community Civics," written by R. O. Hughes, of the Peabody High School, Pittsburgh, primarily for use in the high schools of the United States, but the matters dealt with are of such importance and are treated in such an interesting fashion, as to warrant the suggestion that anyone interested in the welfare of a community could, with benefit, read this work.

Among the matters treated are "The Life Together," "Rights of Citizens," "Importance of Community Planning," "Prevention of Disease," "Home Owning," "Arbitration," "What is a Good Tax?", "Natural Resources," "Juvenile Courts," "The Farmer as a Business Man," "Choosing a Vocation," "Welfare Work," "Socialism," "The Method of Progress."

From one of these sections, "Choosing a Vocation," we quote with some completeness, believing that the paragraphs will prove of special interest to young men:

"It is not safe to speak too positively about the duty of choosing a vocation before one gets through school. Many a boy has felt that he would like nothing better than to drive a dump-cart or to call off the trains as the fellow with the callopie voice does it in a big railway station. Even in the high school, many a pupil finds that his entire ambition for life changes during the progress of his course.

"Yet men and women who have thought deeply on this problem of 'vocational guidance' are convinced that even though a pupil may experience changes in the direction of his ambitions, he will lose nothing by having had his course aimed at some definite goal. It may at least save him from drifting along in a haphazard way and getting through at last without having learned to do any particular thing well.

"In judging any occupation you must look at it from two distinct viewpoints: what has it to offer in qualities that interest you? and what qualifications have you to meet the necessities of the occupation?

"You have the right, for example, to ask such questions as these:

"Is the occupation an honorable one and do those who engage in it have the respect of the community?

"Is health or life endangered by any part of the work which I shall be called upon to do?

"What money compensation does it offer?

"What chance for advancement does it hold, if I make good in it?

"Can I continue to find enjoyment in it after the freshness of early enthusiasm has been wiped away?

"The saloon business could hardly say 'Yes' to the first of the questions. A powder mill could not meet with the second requirement. A mail carrier can never hope to speak enthusiastically about the third. The messenger boy and similar 'blind alley' occupations can offer nothing for the fourth. A reporter's berth on a newspaper or the endless demands on a physician's time may force one to say 'No' to the last. Yet all of these can offer some inducements that others can not. With such a wide field to choose from as a boy now has before him, the choice of a life vocation is not an easy thing or one to be made hastily.

"On the other hand we can imagine the vocation asking these questions of you as you consider entering its portals:

"Are you physically strong?

"Do you have endurance, even though you lack muscle power, or are you deficient in both?

"Do you think quickly or slowly?

"Are you accurate and orderly, careful of details, or are you careless of these qualities, thinking on broad lines or through general impressions?

"Do you prefer work indoors or out?

"Are you original in your own thinking and have you the power to lead others, or do you prefer to have someone tell you what to do?

"Do you always want to 'play it safe' or are you willing to take a chance?

"Are you looking for a big salary, or will you accept the love and appreciation of others as a partial equivalent?

"Are you hard to get acquainted with and lacking in emotion, or do you make friends easily and speak freely with others?

"Are you looking for a 'soft thing' or are you willing to work hard?

"The vocation has as much right to expect you to answer these questions honestly as you have to inquire what it has for you. The thing which you must do is to take careful account of your personal capital and see what you can put in to any work. Then you can approach the vocations which have made some appeal to you and try to determine which one, for you, has most to offer."

What is Life?

I AM of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and, as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it whatsoever I can. I want to be thoroughly

used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.—George Bernard Shaw.

Reasons for Optimism

IT IS not often that statistics are quoted on this page, but the following from Industrial Progress, published by the C.P.R., should show that Canada is the place for young men:

Canada has 5 per cent. of the world's population.

She produces:

- 90 per cent. of its cobalt.
- 88 per cent. of its asbestos.
- 85 per cent. of its nickel.
- 32 per cent. of its pulpwood.
- 20 per cent. of its lumber.
- 20 per cent. of its cured fish.
- 18 per cent. of its oats.
- 15 per cent. of its potatoes.
- 12 per cent. of its silver.
- 11½ per cent. of its wheat.
- 11 per cent. of its barley.
- 4 per cent. of its gold.
- 4 per cent. of its copper.

A Set of Sayings

HAPPY is he who is with the happy.

It is wrong to borrow what we cannot repay.

Pick a wife by your ear as much as by your eye.

Do not think you can make people lovely if you cannot make them happy.

It is well to think well, but better to do well.

It is more easy to laud poverty than to bear it.

Sleep without supping and wake without owing.

Never leap into a deep river to avoid a shallow puddle.

He that laughs at his own joke spoils the sport of it.

That pilgrim is base who speaks ill of his staff.

He who accuses too many accuses himself.

A person knows no more to any purpose than he practises.

If you pursue good with labor, the labor passes away; if you pursue evil with pleasure, the pleasure passes away.

Men are not Machines

IN ANY plant in which industrial peace is to obtain the workers must be treated as men, not as machines nor as menials.

"Wage workers are actuated by the same motives and instinctive reactions as are other human beings. Each man and each woman aspires to be a 'real' person.

"To treat an employee contemptuously or to recognize him only by an impersonal number stings the normal man like salt rubbed in an open sore. Such treatment prepares the soil for a crop of unrest and inefficiency.

"Teamwork wins in the business world as well as elsewhere. The real industrial leader is a leader of his employees. If he is not, someone else will be."—Frank T. Carlton, in Administration.

Sunrise to Sundown

NEVER be ashamed of honest industry, writes Dr. Stall, or run away from hard work. Be industrious. Without it, you cannot be permanently happy or healthy.

Industry confers a good appetite, good digestion, sound sleep, and tends to perfect health. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Labor, even in man's fallen state, is more a blessing than a curse. Industry will secure profit, peace and plenty. God gives, but we must do the getting.

God gives gold, silver, copper, and all the metals, but man must dig for them. God gives rye, and wheat, and corn, but we must plow and sow and reap. Weeds will grow of themselves, but corn and potatoes must be planted; and the same law holds good in every realm of activity.

There is no acquisition or growth until indifference and idleness are vanquished. Industry strengthens character and credit, secures the approval of conscience and the respect of others. An industrious young man will, in a surprisingly short period, outstrip the man who may, in the beginning, be known as a genius.

The man who is at it early and late is sure to outstrip the man who abides in his sense of natural endowment, and expects good fortune to crown his efforts. By early rising and active energy some men accomplish more before breakfast than others accomplish between breakfast and bedtime.

Choose Your Words

GREAT men are very often remembered by some short sentence which they uttered in a moment of inspiration, never thinking that the words would be remembered beyond the moment which witnessed their birth.

Disraeli: "The day will come when you will hear me."

Napolcon: "There shall be no Alps."

Cæsar: "The die is cast."

Webster: "Union and liberty, now and forever; one and inseparable."

Lincoln: "With malice toward none and charity for all."

Garrison: "I will not excuse, I will not equivocate."

Nelson: "England expects every man to do his duty."

St. Paul: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Each one of these sentences is short, crisp and ringing. They have lived in the memory and imagination of humanity. They teach us to know the weight of a word and the value of a sentence.—Dr. J. L. Gordon.

Supply and Demand

IN THE modern arrangements of society," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, ask for bread and receive a stone; for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognize.

The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary.

We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of Nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury, and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected; and yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the sixth narrative of his life that has been given to the world!"

Choosing Your Work

FOR those who wish to analyze the possibilities of certain kinds of work, R. O. Hughes suggests the following method:

Make up a list of twenty-five occupations and then fill out a table that will show the extent to which each one presents or demands the following qualities:

- Social position
- Healthfulness
- Salary
- Advancement
- Security
- Interest
- Ease
- Physical strength
- Accuracy
- Originality
- Adaptability
- Preparation

Be sure that you understand the meaning of each of these expressions and then classify your own qualities with reference to each of the seven last points.

Then compare your personal classification with the list of occupations and see how many of them you think you are fitted for or would care to engage in. In grading the different points you can use the words "High," "Moderate," or "Low."

What is Wealth?

THE idea expressed by this word "wealth" has changed considerably from its original meaning. If the term be traced to its Anglo-Saxon meaning it is found to indicate the state of being well, in the same way as the word "health" means the state of being "hail." Again "dearth" was the state of being dear. In the Book of Common Prayer the word appears in "Grant him in health and wealth, long to live..." Here the word "wealth" has reference not to affluence, but to a state of well-being. From its close connection with "weal" or the state of being well, it occurred to men that it was impossible to be particularly well without something to eat, something to wear and somewhere to sleep. Hence the word "wealth" was applied to those things by which man is kept alive.—James Stephenson.

How Many Of Us Are Well Posted?

Canadians often complain that Americans are oblivious to happenings in Canada. The complaint, perhaps is justified; but how many Canadians are familiar with happenings in Newfoundland? They have just had an election in the Ancient Colony. By all accounts it was a strenuous, spectacular fight, with clear-cut, important issues. How many of us know what the standing of the Newfoundland parties were in the last parliament, what were their names and who were their leaders? We venture to say very few.—Victoria Colonist.

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

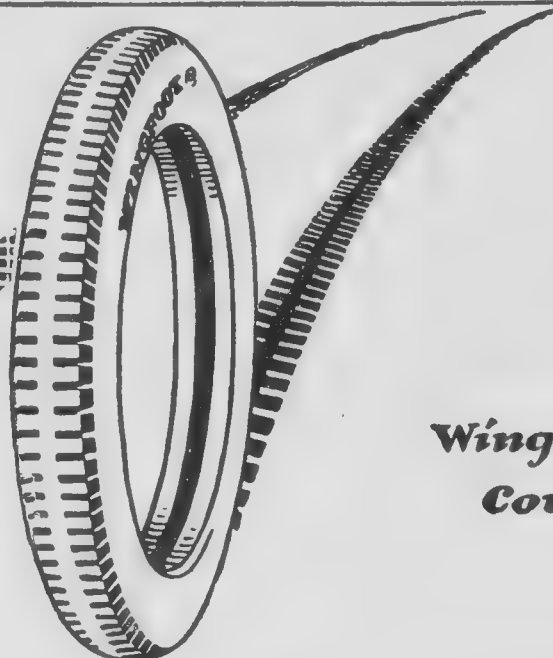


IF all dealers sold a few Goodyear tires, not one of them could afford to study your tire needs, give tire service, or carry a complete stock of sizes and types. This sign will guide you to the Goodyear Selected Dealer near you. He has what you want in size, quality and price.

**All-Weather
Cord**



**Wingfoot
Cord**



Goodyear means Good Wear

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Where the Rule Didn't Work

"One dollar, please," said the dentist. "But," protested the patient, "your sign reads: 'Painless extracting free, and now you want a dollar.'"

"Certainly," replied the dentist. "You remember that you yelled a bit, so this does not apply in your case. I do painless extraction free, just as I advertise, but yours evidently was not painless and so I make a charge for it. One dollar, please."

It Wouldn't Do

The leading lawyer of a great railroad company introduced the president of the road to a well-known clergyman.

"Doctor," said the lawyer jocosely after the introduction, "I thought it might be possible for you to give Mr.—a pass to heaven."

"Oh, no, was the instant reply of the minister. "That wouldn't do, you know. It would be a shame to separate him from his counsel."

Her Rates

A scrubwoman applied to a lady for a job.

"What do you charge a day?" asked the mistress.

"Well, mum," was the reply, "a dollar and a quarter if I eats meself, and a dollar if you eats me."

The Kinds He Knew

One of the questions in an examination on the subject of stock raising was: "Name four different kinds of sheep."

An aspiring youth gave this for the answer: "Black sheep, white sheep Mary's little lamb and the hydraulic ram."

Disheartened

"And why did you reform and become a poor but honest mechanic, when you were the most skilled safe-opener in the world?" we asked the former cracksmen. "I tried to open a window in a railroad coach one day," was the reply, "and my failure took all the heart out of me."

He Could Take His Choice

What did you learn at business college?" asked the boss of the fair young applicant for a position as stenographer.

"I learned many things," she answered. "One is that good spelling is essential to a stenographer."

"Good," said the boss with a chuckle. "And now let us hear you spell 'essential.'"

For just the fraction the fair one hesitated.

"There are three ways of spelling it," she returned; "which one do you prefer?" She got the job.

It Said So

One day recently an elderly farmer drove into town and hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here!" yelled a policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch! Why not?" shouted the farmer. "Why have you got that sign up then, 'Fine for hitching?'"

That Helped Some

"Ma," asked Johnny, "is the ink that papa writes with indelible?"

"No, it isn't," answered his mother. "Why?"

Johnny breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad it isn't," he said, "for I just spilled it all over the carpet."

Hard Lines Indeed

"Me brother is a cook in the navy, Oi'd have yez to know," said the housemaid proudly.

"Oh, moi," said the cook sympathetically, "ain't that turrible? It must be awful t' be a cook where yez can't quit whin yez fale loike it."

It Works Every Time

"How do you get rid of your stale bread?" asked one woman of another.

"I simply hide it from my children," said the second housewife.

"What happens then?" "They find it and eat up every morsel."

The Confusion of Thought and Speech

ONE of the greatest needs of the world is the need of clear thinking. There never was a time when there was so much discussion of social and economic and political problems, so much arguing about social and economic and political theories and systems. There never was a time when there were so many books written and published about the betterment of the conditions of human life and work, and such a vast amount of articles printed in newspapers and magazines and reviews about all these questions that are vital to the welfare of us all and to the improvement of the present and the shaping of a better future for those who are to come after us in this world, and so many speeches, of varying degrees of earnestness and value made about all this. And one of the chief reasons why the world does not go forward at a better rate of progress towards better things is that the confused and inaccurate words we use are serious obstacles to clear thinking. (The Philosopher must admit right here that the sentence he has just written may be pointed to as an instance of failure to think clearly—that is to say, he should have written that it is confused thinking which makes us use words inaccurately—or to put it another way, our thinking is responsible for our use of words, instead of the words being responsible for confused thinking). For example, what do we mean when we say "the public?" It is clear enough what we mean, of course, when we use that expression to signify the Canadian people. But it is often used in speaking and writing about the problems presented by "capital" and "labor." What does it mean when a writer or speaker dwells on the rights or wrongs of "the public" as distinguished from "capital" and "labor?" Is there an atom of either "capital" or "labor" that is not included in "the public?" To consider one or two other examples, what do we mean when we say "democracy?" Does that word mean absolutely and accurately the same thing to every speaker or writer who uses it? As a matter of fact, absolutely clear thinking and speaking is more than is to be expected from human beings. They could become possible only as the result of perfect understanding. And perfect understanding is beyond the human mind to compass.

On Reading the London Times

IT IS interesting to take up any issue of the London Times and devote an hour to reading it and contrasting it with the newspapers of this country and the United States. In this connection it must be admitted that the newspapers of this country and the United States have many features in common, including the humorous features, and especially the pages of comic pictures and the comic "strips" which are so conspicuous a feature of every issue of every newspaper every day in every city and town of every Province of this country and every State of the country to the south—the same "strips" of comic pictures of Mutt and Jeff and Mr. Jiggs and his wife Maggie and all the rest, the last picture in the strip showing somebody being hit on the head with a brick, or Maggie's rolling pin, or some other projectile, and vanishing head first shoes last, with lines drawn from the shoes to indicate how rapidly he is going heels over head out of the last picture. There was a wise man once who said that he cared not who made the laws of a country, if he might make the songs; if he lived nowadays, he would recognize the fact that the place of importance once held by songs is held now by the comic pictures in the newspapers. Is there a child on this side of the Atlantic who does not eagerly scan the comic "strips" every day? On the other side of the Atlantic there are newspapers which make a feature of comic pictures. In fact, these newspaper comic features, like the moving pictures, are becoming standardized on both sides of the Atlantic. But to return to the London Times. That paper contains nothing comic. Even its sporting news is highly dignified. There is none of the baseball jargon and "dope" about prizefighters and other matter of that sort which fills so many columns of the newspapers of this country and the States. But any copy of the London Times is full of human interest. It has the news of the world each day presented clearly and intelligibly. In its personal columns it has things of absorbing interest. And the last page of every issue of the London Times for several years now has contained advertisements of estates for sale. For example, in the issue now before The Philosopher, there is offered for sale a pleasant country residence known as Wyckham Park. The house is "seated in a deer park of 270 acres," has "twenty-four bedrooms and two baths," and there are "three lodge houses," and also "twenty-three mixed farms, four residences, fifty-six country cottages and several hundred acres of woodland" on the estate. There are in every issue of the London Times many advertisements to philosophize over.

The British and United States Systems

POLITICAL thinkers in the United States are finding food for thought in the remarkable fact that of all the self-governing nations that have resulted from the Great War not one has fashioned its constitution after the constitution of the United States. Every one of them has decided upon parliamentary government, instead of congressional government. In not one of these countries have the statesmen and national assemblies which have shaped their constitutions had sufficient admiration for the political system of the United States to adopt it as a model. The elastic, flexible and responsive British system of responsible

The Philosopher

parliamentary government is everywhere preferred to the rigid system of the United States. Even the nations which have not monarchical systems prefer the British system, as having proved itself, under the long testing of generations, to be the best system of democratic self-government that has ever been established and tested. There is no nation which has a more truly democratic form of government than Great Britain, though Great Britain has a monarch. The monarch reigns, but parliament rules. "The constitution of the United States was not devised to be an instrument of democracy," writes Frank I. Cobb, the able managing editor of the New York World, "for the excellent reason that the men who framed it did not believe in democracy, which was to them a synonym for mob rule." They made a system of checks and balances. The executive power is in the President. The legislative power is in Congress. The judicial power is in the courts. But the executive has no control over Congress or the courts, Congress has no control over the executive and the courts, and the courts have no control over the executive or Congress. The principle of democracy is nullified in the constitution of the Senate, which is made up of two Senators from each State; so that the 77,000 citizens of Nevada have an equal representation in the Senate with the 10,000,000 citizens of New York. Moreover only one-third of the Senators are elected every two years. British parliamentary government is not perfect; nothing human is perfect. But it is a system which makes the shifting of responsibility impossible. Whereas at Washington responsibility can be shifted from the executive head to Congress and back, and from the House to the Senate and back. The British grows to fit the times. The United States system was framed towards the end of the eighteenth century, to fit that time, since when all the conditions of life have changed immensely.

The Money in the World

HOW much money is there in the world? The London Economist estimates the total stock of gold for financial use at (to give the sum in dollars, and in round figures) \$8,245,926,000. Of silver there is \$2,275,133,000. Of paper money the production has been so prodigious on the continent of Europe that it is impossible to estimate accurately what the total amount is. According to the United States Statistical Abstract, the total amount of paper money in circulation in the world in 1921 was \$63,489,907,000, exclusive of 790,000,000,000 paper rubles in Russia. The increase of Russian and German paper money since then, to mention no other countries in which the Government printing presses have been kept busy turning out money, has been colossal. But taking the best available information, the New York Times arrives at the conclusion that the amount of the different kinds of money in the world (which has a population of 1,595,544,000) is sufficient, if it were divided up among all the people in the world, to provide the following amounts for each person: gold money, \$5.16; silver money, \$1.43; other metal money, 19 cents; paper money, \$39.79. That is to say, a total of \$46.57 for every man, woman and child now living on earth. Of the total amount of gold in the world no definite estimate can be made. In the East there are untold quantities of gold hoarded—especially in India. The London Economist relates that recently an Englishman in Egypt sold some large holdings of land to natives, and in the final negotiations, having in mind the fluctuations of exchange, he stipulated that gold should be the basis of payment. On the day of payment, neither cheques nor drafts were tendered to him, but actual gold coins in little bags which were brought to him on the backs of little donkeys—British sovereigns, florins such as have not been minted for centuries, United States coins, pieces of eight and guineas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, drawn from such hiding places as one reads of in the Arabian Nights. In times of stress the invisible and hidden gold counts. During the Great War much old jewelry was melted down, and the resulting addition to the aggregate world supply available for monetary purposes is estimated to have been \$100,000,000.

Seeing and Hearing

ONE of the many mysteries of human life has been the fact that people who walk in their sleep avoid objects when they walk in a lighted room, with their eyes closed. That they do so is known to everybody who has any knowledge of sleep-walkers. Two French scientists, Jules Romain and Dr. Farigoule, have been making investigations into this mystery. They find that there seems to be some reason for thinking that there are minute corpuscles in the skin, especially in the skin of the nose, which are sensitive to light and possess in some cases a certain power of sight in a rudimentary way. This is an amazing idea—so much so that it is difficult at first hearing of it to regard it otherwise than as incredible. But it seems to be established that the farther down an animal is in

the scale of animal, the more developed these corpuscles, or cells, in the skin are found to be. We live in an age of marvellous increases of knowledge, it is true, but this idea of seeing without eyes is really too much to take in. The thought is preposterous—but is it right to say it is incredible? We read of experiments in hearing with the hands. One scientist writes: "We do not see wholly with the eyes; we see partly with the mind." That is true, of course. It explains why we so often see what we want to see, or rather, expect to see, than what is actually there for us to see. The same thing applies to hearing. But it is hard to realize how we could either see without the actual apparatus of our eyes, or hear without the no less wonderful apparatus for hearing which we also possess within our heads. Nevertheless who can undertake to prophesy what developments of our human powers the future may bring? We human beings are wonderful creatures, and our knowledge about ourselves and our possibilities is only in its beginnings.

The Origin of the Jack

A READER of the Western Home Monthly has written a letter to The Philosopher in which he asks a question about the Union Jack. "I know that it is the combination of the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick," he writes, "but why is it called a Jack?" In order to answer that question, it is necessary to go back more than a thousand years, long before the Norman Conquest of England; to the time when knights fought with spears and maces, or war clubs, and swords, and when gunpowder was a thing unknown in warfare. In those days a surcoat, or jacket, of chainmail was part of the equipment of every knight. The French word for such a jacket was "jacque." When William the Conqueror crossed over to England, he had his archers uniformed in leather jacques. Later on jackets of leather became the regular dress of English soldiers. More than seven hundred years ago Richard I, known in history as the Lion Heart, joined the Third Crusade at the head of an army which sailed from England in a fleet of "two hundred and fifty tall shippes and three score galliots" (as an old chronicle tells), and won a great sea-fight over the Saracens near Beyrut and the grotto of St. George, who was acclaimed as the national saint of England. In his honor the red cross of St. George was painted on the front and the back of the jacque of every English soldier. When an English ship was carrying soldiers, it became the custom to hoist one of these jacques on a spear or staff. This was the origin of the use of the word Jack as the name of the flag, showing the nationality of a ship. It was from this that the small staff at a ship's stern, which carries the flag showing its nationality, got its name of jack-staff. The English Jack, as time went on, became more and more famous as the sign of English sea-power. It was the flag under which Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh (who founded the colony of Virginia), Sir Richard Grenville and other admirals famed in song and story, Froisher, Hawkins, Howard and the rest, sailed on their voyages of adventure and fought the Spaniards in the time of Elizabeth. It was the flag which Cabot planted on the coast of Newfoundland, and the flag under which the Pilgrim Fathers established the colony of Massachusetts. When the United Kingdom was formed it became the Union Jack.

The Lost Ten Tribes

SPECULATIONS about the lost ten tribes of Israel and what became of them are not new. Innumerable books have been written on the subject, and some of them are interesting and afford information about some curious things, even if they fail to be convincing in what they set out to prove. One of the most recent writers on this subject says that "if the lost tribes perished, then a great deal of space in the Bible has been wasted on their early history as part of the kingdom of Israel," and he asks: "If Jacob's prophetic estimate of his descendants' qualities is to go for naught, why has it been offered and why is it continued to be offered to millions and millions of Bible readers?" It is related in the Bible how the Israelites misbehaved, neglected orders, went astray with idolatries and suffered from bad associates and weak kings, and how the kingdom of Israel split and ten tribes got lost from the rest, while the tribes of Judah and Benjamin kept on for a while longer as an organized kingdom. The lost ten tribes vanished from the record, but that they continued to exist was believed for many centuries, so that two epistles in the New Testament are addressed to the dispersed part of Israel. Many books have been written which begin with the legend that the Prophet Jeremiah went to Ireland in the year 721 B.C., taking with him two princesses who were his granddaughters, and settled at Tara. Other ingenious writers undertake to make it appear that other outstanding men of some of the lost tribes made their way to England. So the Saxons are said to be Isaac's sons, and the word British, we read, is made up of two Hebrew words, Brith, which means covenant and Ish, which means man, and means, therefore, man of the Covenant. There is a story that when the Prophet Jeremiah went to Ireland he took with him the stone which centuries later was taken to Scotland and centuries after that was brought to Westminster Abbey by Edward I, and is now under the seat of the ancient chair in which every British monarch sits when he is crowned. Other writers include the Normans and the Celts generally, and especially the Welsh, among the lost tribes of the Chosen People, whom they believe to be destined for special service to mankind.



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LITTLE MISS ANNA BELL

By Anne C. Naude

WHEN Miss Anna Bell got up that morning, she was just as happy as Pippa. Not that she had ever heard of Pippa, or was likely to. Also, unlike Pippa, she was not going to have a holiday; she was just going to work, but it was to be at Miss Crocker's boarding house. You see she sewed for the boarders, who although they did not always like one another, did like her. They could not help it any more than they could help calling her Anna. Even the old-time men boarders liked her, but these men were nearly all bachelors and had no dress-making bills to pay. And these gentlemen knew nothing about gowns. Why should they? Gowns are just a part of life, to take for granted like houses or grass, and to be noticed, if at all, chiefly at meals, where food was most important. Also Miss Anna was more than her gowns. They felt this quite dimly, to be sure, and if you had said encouragingly that this was the way with all real artists, they would have stirred in their chairs, and looked away from you uneasily, perhaps in the direction of the bread. They would want something at the moment that was plain—and surely the bread would be a much plainer matter to take in than your meaning. So you would allow yourself to be helped to bread, but it would certainly taste of rebuke.

However, Miss Anna, at this point, would have asked you to pass her the plate, because she preferred crusts. You were so glad that one was left for her that you soon forgot your rebuke. It was the promptness that you liked in her voice and you also liked a kind of gladness, an almost laugh underneath that was really just pure grace of the spirit, if you had depth enough to sense it. Its effect on you was like a morning joy. There was always more of that effect after she had been trembling in to see her landlord. Each new apology made her tremble, quite irrespective of past reliefs.

There was one person at the table who was a guardian of crusts. But he did not like them. He said he was crusty enough. The first time he said this Miss Anna hastened to pass him the coffee cake. She did not take him literally. And when he spilled the syrup she told him he was worse than crusty.

This all happened quite a while ago. In fact, he was the only one who had not forgotten it. Now we must tell you who he was. Why, just Mr. Thos. Hardy of the firm of Chase and Brown. He was their head bookkeeper. Any other woman at the boarding house could have told you how he looked—except Miss Anna, but she only came to the house every now and then. Those were the only real times there were, he thought. But nobody knew what he thought—not even himself for a long time. Then it all dawned upon him; why he kept looking out for crusts, for instance, and was so unusually prompt at certain meals. Miss Crocker called him her ideal boarder. By the boarders he had been taken for granted. When they first came, they usually tried to puzzle him out, but more to find out what he thought of them than what he really was on the inside of his mind.

On the particular day Miss Anna got up so happy, as we told you at the beginning, there was to be a huge parade down town. All the boarders were going but Mr. Hardy. At the last minute he heard Miss Anna say that she could not go either, for Mrs. Cooley's dress had to be finished.

After everyone had gone Mr. Hardy walked up to the sewing room on the second floor. Here Mrs. Cooley's gown was at that moment puckering Miss Anna's mouth to match its own amazing puckers.

He knocked at the door with a decision that almost made Miss Anna swallow a pin. But when she said "Come in" in the pin-blurred voice, and saw who it was, she looked quite helpless. She did not

say a word. He stood just inside the room. Then he said, gently:

"Please take that pin out of your mouth."

She obeyed at once. Then she returned her eyes to his. He did not remember the color at that moment. He walked over toward her, and sat down near by.

"Miss Anna," he began, "were you ever in love?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a shade of strange tremor in the promptness of her voice. "I've been in love all my life."

"With any particular person?"

She did not answer this; she began to tremble. He saw this in her lips her little hands quite workworn, the quicken-

she could. She was such a happy little soul, all brightness, joyousness itself. She could not help crying. Here he was—her only lover—here he was at last but she was not to have him—it was too much riches and she was poor. Why, it was terrible, it could not be true at all; God would not leave her so.

Of course. He couldn't. That is what he meant by having that tall, dark man there at that moment—a kind of temporary proxy you see. So the tall, dark man just picked up the hand with the thimble on it, all cracked from stitches and put it carefully around his neck. Then he lifted up her head and laid it on his shoulder, where it was convenient to wipe off all tears.

They all became serious at once.

The next day, the head bookkeeper at Chase and Brown's asked for his summer vacation.

"Right away?" asked his chief. "It's rather cool for picnics in January."

"Yes," replied Hardy. "Next week I am going to be married."

"Ho, Ho," exclaimed the head of the firm. "I guess that means a raise in your salary. Well, good luck."

The boarders had never been so fond of one another. They had paid for the pretty little wedding dress. Everyone had given her something. No one could do enough for Miss Anna. Miss Crocker made all the arrangements in her most perfect manner—all but one—who should give the bride away. So when the minister came to that part there was a silence, till Miss Crocker, with an unexpected quaver in her voice, gave the expected response.

It was all over too soon, all for the better, all for the worse, and the chief sent them off in his big limousine.

Okanagan Apples

By Gertrude C. Jensen

I am from the Okanagan,
From the land of apples red,
Where the tempting balls of wonder
Hang up high above the head.
Field by field of bonny orchards,
Trees all standing row on row,
Arms, rich laden down with treasures,
MacIntosh, Delicious, Snow,
Nodding proudly from their perches,
Hiding 'neath the verdant green
Where the bold sun longing gazes,
Till they blush beneath its sheen.

Day by day I watch with wonder,
Richer, brighter colors blend
In their round cheeks smooth as satin,
While their branches lower bend;
And beneath each tree a carpet
Decks its feet with colors rare,
When the wind plays in the orchard,
Mischievous, spreads them there.

Apples! Apples! Red and yellow,
Till my senses reel around,
Clustering on the boughs above me,
Lying blushing, on the ground.
There a sweet aroma hovers
On the sultry August air;
There the sun smiles on a valley
Clad in wealth, exceeding fair.

Through the purple haze of Summer
Mother Nature works away—
Moulding, shaping, painting ever,
Like a potter with his clay.
When the perfect task is finished,
Lo!—the harvest-king appears
On the scene in pomp and splendor
In his many coloured gear.

Hark! List to the khaki-pickers
As they swarm beneath the trees
Where the luscious fruit is hanging,
Dangling in the Autumn breeze.
Up above the skies are laughing
At the splendor of the scene:
'Twas an Artist's hand that placed
These ornaments upon the green.
Scores of boxes topping over,
Then the loaded caravans
Bear away their precious burdens,
Nature's gifts, from God to man.

This is what life means to me: a place where a Father above deals differently unto His children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on His throne lines every cloud with gold.

—W. T. Grenfell.



Cameron Falls, Nipigon River—Courtesy Canadian National Rwy.

ing breath. So he helped her out by saying, more gently:

"I love someone. It is the first time. I am thirty-five years old."

"Why did you never love before? How could you live without it?" She suddenly burst out at him.

Now it was his turn to be quiet. She picked up her sewing, but she could not stitch. She laid it down. She looked at him and then thought it her turn to help him out:

"Do you think I could fit into your life? I am so—so—not anybody. Besides you have never been to see me."

"I do not know where you live."

"In Appleby Block," she told him.

"I will come now, if I may. Will you decide about fitting into my life then?"

Her eyes fell once again. "Oh, I could not marry. I have so many people I have promised to help—Mrs. Muir's little boy who is lame; Mrs. Eaton, the old lady who cannot walk. And my weeks are all promised away into May. All the ladies want clothes for summer. I'm too poor. I haven't time to marry, you see."

Here Miss Anna began to cry.

Now Hardy had never seen her cry before. It never occurred to him that

Well, Miss Anna told all the boarders. She really had to, for she had to apologize to Mrs. Cooley for the unfinished garment. She did not tremble a bit this time. She even could have said: "Finish your own garment."

All the boarders laughed. They thought it was quite the jolliest thing and they all ate so much that Miss Crocker threatened to raise their prices. The dark man said all right for her, she could raise all she liked. He was going to change his boarding place anyway. But just then he caught Miss Anna's eyes. So did the rest of the boarders.

"Oh, no, you're not. I can't cook yet. I sew."

All the boarders laughed but Miss Crocker stepped in:

"Come, let's plan about the wedding. It will be here, of course."

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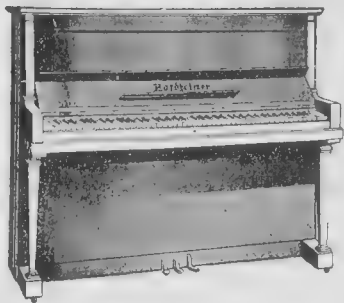
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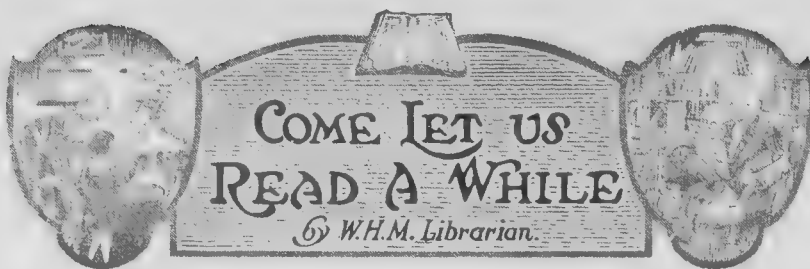
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COME LET US READ A WHILE

W.H.M. Librarian.

I AM writing this article in the month of July. Rather an uninteresting month for a book-chat because July in the world of books, is much like this month in the world of merchandise—remnants being cleared to make room for the new fall arrivals! For instance, I have on my desk quite a number of books. Had I been writing to you each week instead of each month, these books would have received attention before now. As it is I am impatient to clear my shelves in readiness for the influx of new books one always expects after the summer vacations.

First, I must tell you about a new and young poet, who has arisen in Canada, in Winnipeg. Francis Callaghan is his name; he is still a youth with the best of life before him and his first publication to his credit; a slender volume of verses entitled "The Reed and the Cross," well printed, well edited, has just been published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. There is a foreword by that brilliant book-reviewer and essayist, William Arthur Deacon, who is stirring up the literary conscience of Toronto in particular, and, in general, all those Canadians who make it their pleasant business to read his reviews in the Toronto Saturday Night.

Perhaps it is a little difficult for me to be just in my estimate of Francis Callaghan's work. Knowing him as well as I do, I am inclined to exaggerate both the virtues and faults of the poems in this little volume. I see in these verses the eager, sensitive, unusual mind of the youth with whom I have talked so often. I have heard him chant his poems from memory, in the manner of Vachel Lindsay, and now when I read them to myself, it is as if I were again confronted by the things that have pleased me and the things that have annoyed me in this gifted young man's mental calibre. What pleases one is his obvious lyric power, his musical ear, his rich imagination and his beautiful love of beauty. But just as I have often had a friendly quarrel with this young poet for his lack of ideas, so I now quarrel with some of his verses for their lack of substance. Callaghan so often takes a lilting rhythm for his horse and harnesses it to a cart made of paper; so light is the cart, the horse rushes like the wind. The poet finds the speed exhilarating, but the reader regrets the instability of the cart. However, there is enough of beauty and sincerity in these cadenced lines of his for all Canadians to be glad that he has put his songs on paper. Here and there are lines that rank with some of those written by our maturer and foremost poets. Listen to what this young writer feels about the mission of the true poet:

He is the violin of God, I know,
For through his heart all nature's
voices flow;

And God doth play the songs of tossing
seas,

And winds, and stars and dryad-haunted
trees

Upon His cosmic instrument, in tune
With winter's blasts or bluebell chimes
of June;

And great chords from space come
throbbing through

With sighs of dreaming flowers and
falling dew

That flutters from Diana's tawny hair,
When she comes dancing in the twilight
air,

Through fragrant woodlands where the
lilies sleep.

There are five other verses to this poem which surely proves that Callaghan has the makings of a great poet if he fulfills what Mr. Deacon in his Preface calls "His reasonable hope that the present offering will serve merely as prelude to mightier harmonies."

Here is a dainty little piece of verse, most appropriate to the season:

"Fresh-blown bluebells dazed with
dew!

Swaying their dainty heads

In misty emerald beds—

Dawn-born chimes from out the blue.

Far exiled here

To warn the rising sun to stars,

Who, when they hear,

Dismount their silver meteor cars.

And scamper from the sky in fear."

The Soul at War

The lumberjacks said that Acey Smith had something inside him burning him up and filling him with hellery. Acey Smith used to boast that he prayed neither to God nor devil; he was obsessed by the desire for revenge but when he gained his ends, he found that he had pawned his soul. This strong and thrilling story "The Timber Pirate" is written by Charles Christopher Jenkins, and is published by McClelland & Stewart of Toronto. No one beginning to read this story could fail to wish to know what happened in the end to the timber pirate, a man of splendid physique, tireless mental energy, and a spirit that expressed itself in the little devilish grin that played continually around his lips.

Music Beauty

Surely there must have been many like myself who from time to time were charmed and aroused to enthusiasm by rarely beautiful Oriental stories published in the Atlantic Monthly. These stories were written by one L. Adams Beck. I am ready to confess that I took the author to be a man, possibly a great traveller in the Orient. It was with surprise and distinct pleasure that I discovered L. Adams Beck to be not only a woman but a Canadian. It is a pleasure to find that the author is a woman because her work has a quality seldom found in writers of my wise and mighty sex! A still greater delight is the knowledge that we may claim this very gifted writer as a Canadian. I wish I knew more about the life and personality of L. Adams Beck; one thing of course, is clear, the Orient to her is an open book and her ear is upon the heart of this mysterious country so that each beat discloses to her some secret that flows through its dark, and to us, incomprehensible veins. "The Key of Dreams" (McClelland & Stewart) reached me some time ago but it was only last week that I began to read it. Seeing that it was written by L. Adams Beck, I was loath to start it until I had leisure to give it the attention I felt it would deserve. To say that this extraordinary novel is a love story of a man who seeks inspiration for his pen in the many-hued drama of the far Eastern India—is to say little. To add that it is the love story of a man who finds this inspiration in a woman who is herself the Key of all the dreams, stories and legends of the Orient's marvellous antiquity, is still not to say enough. There is something more than words in this story, there is a soul and a pervading sense of beauty that haunts one.

Blue Pete

Many will welcome "The Return of Blue Pete" by Luke Allan (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto). Blue Pete, the half-breed, is one of the best known characters in Canadian fiction. In this further adventure, we see Boy Mahon of the Royal Mounted, trailing Pete to his hiding place, and following not the conventional code of the police, but a code as broad as the ranges of the far North-west. For Pete was the truest friend and the cleverest woodsman of all that north country even though he was a horse thief. So we find in this gripping story, the laws of man on one side, the code on the other—between them Pete and his Mira.



Desperation

damns procrastination

Fire! Frantic calls for help—help which cannot possibly offset the headway gained by the flames during those first vital moments.

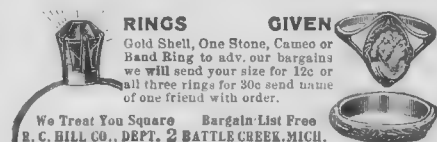
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Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water relieves nervous tension, brings peaceful rest. Refreshes and restores vitality to tired folks. All druggists.

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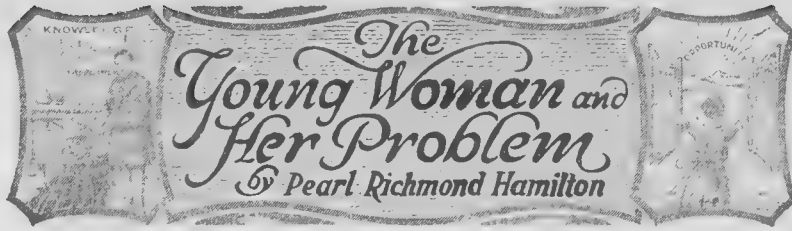
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Write for College Year Book.

E. R. DOXSEE, B.A., B.D. - Registrar
REGINA - - SASK.



Clinging Upward

THESE are clever intelligent girls possessing all the qualities of capable womanhood who have failed in their examinations this year and they are facing a critical problem. Last year several girls who failed to pass their examinations gave up their school work. Some have even written me of their discouragement. One girl who wrote to this department has been out of school a year and I am urging her take up her school work again. Of course there are girls who do not deserve to pass. But, on the other hand, there are girls who are bright intellectually, who have worked hard and have given up practically all social pleasures for their studies and then failed. For these girls failure to pass may mar their entire future. Teachers and examiners may be playing with the destiny of a human life when they fail a girl by two or three marks. This

stone to better achievement may mean more to her than an honor mark.

One girl remarked: "If I do not pass I did the best I could all year. No one can take what I learned this year from me. I did my best."

That is the way to consider the poor mark. It may not mean a failure in the life of the girl—it may mean her big possibility.

Instead of giving up the idea of an education as many girls do, let her set before her life high hope.

"A way of going after a thing until you get it, a determination, a spirit of assurance, that undeniable quality which promises achievement will reward any girl with fulfillment of her ambition."

It will weaken us to waste any time over the injustice of others toward us.

Injustice is always trying to poison us—the sooner we determine to allow no cancer of this kind to enter our minds shall we develop that health of



D. COOPER, C.A.,
Founder of the
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Leaving School?

Then it is time to think of a Business Course, for one of these days you will want to

Paddle Your Own Canoe

A thorough Business Course at a Business College of outstanding merit—a College employing only teachers who have specialized in commercial training over a period of years, with marked success, will enable you to "paddle your own canoe" with credit to yourself, your college, and your parents.

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Jones Locks on the Rideau Lakes, Ont.

is the type of a girl I have in mind and my earnest desire is to urge her to make that failure a stepping stone to something higher. You know the same experience makes some people and crushes others. Our best British educators from England who visited Canada this past year—Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Michael Sadler and Sir Baden-Powell deplored the system of examinations that exist. The test is not fair that ignores a year of splendid daily work. While a certain amount of emphasis on examinations is necessary to train one to meet the crises in life—yet the intellectual effort of every day's efforts develop a stronger armor for life's battles. A scheme of education that demands of a young girl hours and hours of drudgery to cram facts, and lacks the training that develops initiative, self reliance, self-confidence and pluck is certainly defective. It is the daily progress that counts in life's attainments. Therefore, the girls who failed this year, may be, ten years from now, enjoying a position superior to girls who passed with honors this year. It is not always girls with highest marks who are the most intelligent. A few impress us as the survival of the favorites. In all professions some are inferior. I believe there are fewer of such in the teaching profession than in any other. Most teachers are sincere, unselfish and have a keen sense of justice. The system itself handicaps them. The girl who failed will be disappointed but the determination to make the failure a stepping

intellect that will construct too powerfully to be destroyed.

I wish every girl owned a copy of the life of Helen Keller that she might learn in a similar way the everyday experiences of this deaf, dumb and blind girl as she surmounted every difficulty. One time when reading Dickens' Child's History of England, she came to the sentence "Still the spirit of the Britons was not broken." When asked what she thought that meant, she replied:

"I think it means that the brave Britons were not discouraged because the Romans won so many battles, and they wished all the more to drive them away."

One writer sent a manuscript to thirty-nine editors before it was accepted. I have before mentioned the experience of Louisa M. Alcott whose story was rejected with this advice to her father: "Tell Louisa she cannot write." "But I will," she exclaimed, "and he shall pay dear for my work yet!" The editor did. Achievement does not often develop in ease and prosperity. The flower grows best when the dirt is oftenest stirred about the roots.

High minded ambition and determination to win will place the girl who has failed in an enviable position ten years hence. Perhaps the one who failed her may look up to her and realize the value of a girl's destiny.

In an article entitled "What Would You Do for an Education?" The Dean

WINNIPEG, The Great Employment and Industrial centre of the Whole West,

offers exceptional opportunities to girls and young men who train for business positions. It pays to attend a strong reliable school in a large city where employment is plentiful. The Success Business College, Winnipeg, is a good school—its annual enrollment greatly exceeds the total combined yearly attendance of all other Business Colleges in Manitoba. Write for Free Prospectus.

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Headmaster, St. Andrews College,
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Western Canada's Opportunity School
Public and High School Courses. Book-keeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Piano, Violin, Organ, Voice, Expression.
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YOUNG WOMAN!

Become a Nurse Be Independent

To young women interested in the nursing profession, the Chicago Polyclinic School for Nurses of the Henrotin Hospital offers a two-year course. Graduates eligible for registration. Comfortable home with board, monthly allowance and laundry provided. Uniforms furnished. Write to Superintendent of Nurses for full details in care of HENROTIN HOSPITAL, 939 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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Through affiliated professional schools courses leading to the degrees of LL.B., B.S.A. and B.Sc. (H.Ec.).

For terms of admission, details of courses and other information, apply to

W. J. SPENCE, Registrar,
University of Manitoba, Winnipeg

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 28

of Women in the University of Wisconsin says in 1921-22, two hundred and fifty young women earned their way through. They mopped floors, waited on tables, ushered in theatres, taught in night schools, mended, ironed, read to the sick, decorated dinner-party tables, served as maids and nurses worked in restaurants and designed party dresses.

Building up mental and physical endurance makes a girl fit for the finest accomplishments—and "the teacher who creates a desire to learn in a girl does more than she who forces her to learn too much."

A Girl and Her Letters

"Mother, you promised me one time that you would let me read the love letters you and Daddy wrote. May I read them now?"

The beautiful girl of to-day's sixteen summers asked the question with an expression of unsatisfied longing for something different—something new. For a moment the mother hesitated. Then remembering that a promise to a child must never be broken and that the promise had been made four years previous, she went to the attic and took from a low steamer trunk two packages of letters.

"May I read them through to see if they are proper for you just now?" she asked as she held the sacred package that so inspired her childhood and formed the foundation of a happy marriage and home life.

Some there were that were much worn from reading, others recorded affairs of college life, a few ached with lonely longing for the lover she had not seen for two years. Then the happy promise of his coming to take her back as his bride—all were clean and pure and filled with every day hope and ambition for a progressive happy future.

As the mother handed each letter to her sixteen year old daughter any remark would have marred the atmosphere so intense was the feeling between mother and daughter.

Never in her short girlhood had the child said an impudent word to her father. Slowly it began to dawn on her

young mind that manly youth developed with the father she so dearly loved.

The standard of her choice must measure up as high as that of her father's boyhood.

Love letters that are beautiful as those she read become sacred as the years pass. Each one she tenderly placed in the envelope with an admiring glance at her mother who actually blushed at the tender memories of incidents of girlhood. She was in heart a sixteen year old girl again with her daughter. Mother, father and daughter all united more lovingly through the reading of those letters.

Just then the little sister appeared at the door and mother tied the package carefully and placed them in the trunk for another day when Little Sister is struggling between the strange days of childhood and womanhood when the mysterious call of love knocks at her heart.

My dear girl reader what kind of letters do you write? Are the pages inspiring and clean that they may be guiding stars to your future children?

Letters from Famous Women

Somehow the summer season fosters letter writing. Many girls are on vacations and must write letters to their home folk and friends. I trust none of our girls begin with "I am well and hope you are the same"—or other stereotyped stuff. Make your letters interesting, different—not the ordinary.

I have in my library three volumes of letters that Queen Victoria wrote. Letters delineate familiar biography. I wish every girl might have these letters in her library. They are not only glimpses of personality but fascinating history.

Then I have two volumes of letters of Mrs. Adams published in 1841. These reveal letter writing as a fine art. Students of human nature see in them the woman as she was not as she appeared. The workings of the heart are in the letters one writes. In the letters of Mrs. Adams to her husband we read an exact transcript of the woman of her age—examples of their patience, perseverance, fortitude, courage, humanity and tenderness.

Continued on page 31



Stationery for Vacation Days

BE sure you pack some French Organdie Writing Paper in with your vacation-time necessities—somehow it makes writing home more pleasurable does "FRENCH ORGANDIE" with its smooth writing surface over which the pen flows easily. The writing paper that proves quality the true test of value

French Organdie writing paper also in Tablet Form with Envelopes to match and Correspondence Cards. All good Drug Stores and Stationers sell it.

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BARBER-ELLIS
FRENCH ORGANDIE
"The Paper that's Good to Write Upon"

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



Now How Do You Suppose She Knew?

Could she read his mind? These first sweethearts are such mysteries! How did she learn he was so fussy about his hair, and that he secretly longed for military brushes? And please observe these brushes are

Keystone Genuine Ebony

too—the very finest she could buy. What remarkable bristles, long, stiff and gleaming white—keen to keep the most unruly hair in order. What a perfect birthday gift! Truly this sweetheart has discrimination.

Keystone Genuine Ebony and Keystone Solid French Ivory Brushes and Mirrors may be seen in Canada's leading Drug, Jewelry and Department Stores.

Stevens-Hepner Co., Limited
Port Elgin, Ontario

The West's - - Favorite Offer

THE FREE PRESS PRAIRIE FARMER

For One Year

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

For One Year

and
A STAMPED SIX-PIECE
LUNCHEON SET - - - for \$1.25

The Western Home Monthly and Free Press Prairie Farmer clubbing offer is easily the most popular in the West, and we anticipate that the number of readers who take advantage of the big bargain this year will exceed all former figures.

USE THIS COUPON

Date

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg.

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Luncheon Set.

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AGENTS WANTED

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. Price of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn, the article most in demand. Everybody is knitting. We supply sample card of twenty-four shades of the best two ply and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is specially adapted for use on knitting machines. We allow large profits and supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments. This helps make sales. Write for sample card and territory. Donald Manufacturing Company, Dept. 156, Toronto, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy-Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. **9-23**

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNow, 380 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. **9-23**

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash prices, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. **8-23**

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. **8-23**

FOR SALE

BETTER BREAD! USE HO-MAYDE BREAD Improver! It will give a finer, sweeter, larger loaf. Perfectly wholesome. Ask your grocer, or send 15 cents to Western Agents, C. and J. Jones, Lombard St., Winnipeg. **tf**

SILVER, PATCH AND RED FOXES—Write T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. **8-24**

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C. **tf**

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. **tf**

3c CANADA 1870—Scott's No. 34 catalogue at 15c each. Superb copies, 3 shades, 30c. With rare cancellations, 10c each. Same in collection of 100, \$7.50. Unpicked specimens per 100, \$3.75. Refund and postage paid if dissatisfied. Edward E. Goodchild, 116 Sherbrooke West, Montreal. All Canadian issues bought, sold or exchanged. **tf**

MISCELLANEOUS

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. **tf**

PATENT MEDICINES, drug sundries, prescriptions unobtainable elsewhere, procured from all parts of the world. Rutan Drug Store, 2579 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. **8-23**

PAINT AND VARNISH. Prepared in the west for westerners. It stands up. Buy direct from manufacturer and save middleman's profit. Prices and color cards supplied on request. C. J. Wyers, Brandon, Man. **8-23**

PEACH'S CURTAINS. Ideal Home Decorations. Catalogue Free. Curtains, Casements, Household Linens, Laces, Underwear, etc. Direct from The Looms, "The Weave that Wears." Prompt shipping facilities. Delivery guaranteed. S. Peach & Sons, 658, The Looms, Nottingham, England. **11-23**

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS—Save time, worry and money. Order our special complete baby outfit—44 pieces, best material—\$15.95 f.o.b. Winnipeg. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Mrs. McKenzie, 235 Donald St., Winnipeg. **10-23**

I WILL PAY YOU \$200 to \$400 each for silver black fox pups raised from my stock. Easy to raise, easy terms. Enclose stamp for particulars. Gerald F. Todd, St. Stephen, N. B. **8-23**

\$5.00 COUE book for 50c. Complete method. 100 large silk pieces, 50c. Big lot fancy cotton remnants \$1.00 postpaid. Catalog free. Novelities, St. Zacharie, Quebec. **11-23**

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. **tf**

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, N.Y. **8-23**

WANTED—Housekeeper for farm. Permanent position for one with capabilities. State age and wages expected. Wm. Perkin, Waterfield, Sask. **8-23**

WANTED—Women—Girls—Learn gown making at home. \$35.00 week. Many openings. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 529, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. **tf**

FRUIT

BERRIES ARE RIPE—Save money buying berries and other fruits direct from grower. Write for prices. Highland Farm, Box 286, Mission City, B. C. **8-23**

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 29

In the memoir of the letters her grandson says: "Perhaps there is no species of exercise, in early life, more productive of results useful to the mind, than that of writing letters. Over and above the mechanical facility of constructing sentences, which no teaching will afford so well, the interest with which the object is commonly pursued, gives an extraordinary impulse to the intellect. This is promoted, in a degree proportionate to the scarcity of temporary and local subjects for discussion. Where there is little gossip, the want of it must be supplied from books (or nature's fields). 'The flowers of literature spring up where the weeds of scandal take no root.'" Her grandson further refers to the value derived from the deepest wells of English literature which furnished his grandmother material aid for such power of expression through all her letters.

The following paragraph is taken from a letter written when she was seventeen, because it furnishes a standard of her mind and general character by which the improvement and full development of her powers as woman might be measured:

"And now let me ask you, my friend, whether you do not think that many of our disappointments and much of our unhappiness arise from our forming false notions of things and persons. We strangely impose upon ourselves; we create a fairyland of happiness. Fancy is fruitful and promises fair, but, we catch at a shadow, and when we find disappointment, we are vexed, not with ourselves, who are really the imposters, but with the poor innocent thing or person of whom we have formed such strange ideas."

A golden thread of fine philosophy runs through all her letters.

Then I pick up Charlotte Bronte's life by Mrs. Gaskell and I find in her letters a path to her heart. In fact the book is composed of her letters with the correspondence of others.

The life of George Elliot as related in her letters and journals edited by J. W. Cross is another volume of letters from a famous woman. The tone of her mind is in these letters.

Helen Keller in "The Story of My Life" gives us letters rich in the golden glory of discovery in experiences of her girlhood. Let me quote from one that our girl readers may note the value of the power of retaining the memory of beautiful language:

"The blue-bird with his azure plumes, the thrush clad all in brown, the robin jerking his spasmodic throat, the oriole drifting like a lake of fire, the jolly bobolink and his happy mate, the mocking bird imitating the notes of all, the red-bird with his one sweet thrill, and the busy little wren, are all making the trees in our front yard ring with their glad songs." She had read the poem "Spring" by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I have wandered off into the field of beautiful letters and I cannot leave without reading every one of Helen Keller's letters recorded in this book. What a privilege to read letters from a young woman who has read so much good English that her style is in some cases better than the original.

Is the act of letter writing a lost art today? Is the cost three cents too cheap to regard the value of a letter? There are pioneer women in Canada who remember when they paid a dollar for the delivery of a letter!

Suppose your letters should be published fifty years hence!

Women of Tomorrow

Camps of Girl Guides near lakes and trees this summer impress us with admiration of an organization that is training girls in all that develops the best woman of tomorrow.

Guiders, Rangers, Brown Owls, Guides and Brownies are happily learning loyalty, service and practical work together in groups away from home in camps where every power of resourcefulness is called into action.

Badges in the course training are awarded for the various goals.

First is the Tenderfoot Badge awarded for the following tests:

1. Loyalty to God and the King.
2. Must promise to help other people at all times.
3. She must obey the Guide law. This is the Guide law:
 1. A Guide's honor is to be trusted.
 2. A Guide's duty is to be useful and help others.
 3. A Guide is a friend to all.
 4. A Guide is a friend to animals.
 5. A Guide obeys orders without question.
 6. A Guide is courteous.
 7. A Guide is thrifty.
 8. A Guide is pure in thought, word and deed.

The tenderfoot has to know the composition of the Union Jack, and sounds for work in the woods.

The 2nd class badge is given for a more severe training—tests of intelligence in the alphabet of the Morse code, personal observation in nature study, handicraft, service such as rendering First Aid and knowledge of the laws of health. Lady Baden-Powell impresses on the Guides of the world lessons of honor such as Sir Baden-Powell trains the Boy Scouts to observe.

Two years ago a Boy Scout in Winnipeg worked at cleaning the yard for a woman. She sent him into the cellar for some old magazines warning him not to touch anything else there.

For a moment he looked at her in amazement then replied, courteously: "Madam, I'm a Scout."

Where Nature Talks

All girls who live in the country must realize that God's love and care are written all over the walls of nature. Under the trees where the robin parents are teaching their young to fly, where the little wrens daintily fly to the clothes line to pick a bit of wool from a pair of stockings, near a box of petunias that lure the fascinating dazzling humming bird for a sip of sweetness in the neck of the blossom, close to the squirrel that looks at me with a teasing eye, I read Divine protection and promise.

Jenny Lind, one of the world's sweetest singers, used to go into the woods to try to imitate the birds. There were people who said she had a voice like a bird.

He Praises Her!

ACCORDING to her husband, Kathleen Norris is unique. And he ought to know! She has, says Mr. Norris, remained unaffected by praise and success. This is how, Charles G. Norris, wrote about his wife a few weeks ago in the "Public Ledger."

"When I first met my wife, she was living a life not extremely different, in externals at least, from that of thousands of other young American women. That is, she had a newspaper position and she also had a somewhat enviable social position in San Francisco society, she was managing a houseful of orphaned sisters and brothers, she was busily involving herself in the ups and downs of several other persons' lives, and she was burning with the desire to be a writer.

"Now, fourteen years later, I do not find her much different. I believe her to be unique among the writers of America in that her profession and success have not altered her one whit. She is still managing a large family, only it is the children of her mother's children, in addition to our own son that engage her sympathy and love and attention now. She is still busy from morning till night with games, theatricals, with her garden, with the little kitchen which is her own special domain and which was built for her near the main ranch house, with letters, picnics with any sick baby or puppy that comes her way and she is still passionately eager to write a great book."

Which all goes to prove I think, that the really busy person engaged in serious work, can always find time to do a hundred and one things that the really leisured person has never time for.

Sport Hats You Can Make of Crepe Paper

IT is hard for feminine eyes to withstand the lure of a new and becoming hat.

With what sighs of regret we often gaze in the shop windows where fascinating hats of the newest styles and in a wealth of color are displayed. Even a single one of these wonderful hats is beyond our purse. The one or two we have must do us for the season.

Yet, as we walk along the street looking in the shop windows, our attention is attracted to another display of hats. We say, "Why, how funny; I thought

edge with a piece of wire. It is sewed in place with yarn which forms the trimming.

The Braided Hat

The braid for crepe paper hats is made of strips of paper cut across the grain through the entire fold.

To cut a strip of crepe paper straight when making folds or braid, slip the paper from the packet the required width, and using the edge of the packet as a guide, cut through the entire fold with

one end considerably longer than the other two. (Illus. No. 1).

The strips should be stretched and crushed together while they are being braided, if a soft braid is to be used. (Illus. No. 2).

Begin at the center of the crown when sewing the braid together if no foundation is to be used, sewing each row under the edge of the preceding one, just as is done with straw braid. (Illus. No. 3).

Use silkateen or other soft thread the same color as the paper used.

A buckram frame or a hat of the correct head size may be used to help shape the crown and to prevent drawing the braid while sewing. Care should be taken not to sew the braid to the foundation, so that it can be removed when the crown is completed.

Sport Hat Made Without a Foundation

Two folds of crepe paper will make the hat in the centre. The strips should be cut three inches wide and the braid made as described for "braid like coarse straw."

The hat is made without a foundation, but it is helpful in keeping the shape correct, if a foundation which may be removed when the crown is finished, is used while the braid is being sewed together.

The rows of braid on the section of the brim which turn up should be drawn slightly while they are being sewed.

The rosettes which make the trimming may be either crepe paper or satin ribbon. If paper is used, cut the strips four inches wide and turn the edges in just as if the strips were to be used for braid.

A Hat Made on a Buckram Foundation

If two colors are to be used, one fold of each color will be needed, but if the hat is to be a plain color one fold will be required.

Cover the top of the crown first, stretching the paper smoothly and sewing or pasting to the sides of the crown.

If the frame has a separate piece for the side, cover it with a double piece of crepe paper. Turn the edge down allow-



that this was a stationery store?" A second glance and we see a sign beside the hats. "No! it can never, never be possible these lovely hats are made of crepe paper!"

But they are, and we can make just such pretty ones ourselves. Now's the time for sport clothes—and hats of crepe paper are so colorful and inexpensive we can add a number to our sports ward robe.

All of those pictured are very easy to make and may be copied by anyone. The first is made over a buckram foundation which is covered with crepe paper. The paper is used just as if it were any cloth fabric and a spray of millinery flowers is used for the trimming. The other two hats are made without foundations. The crepe paper is cut in strips, braided and sewed together just as if it were straw.

A variety of effects can be obtained by folding the strips lengthwise before they are braided and folding each strand over carefully as the braid is being made or by stretching and crushing the paper as it is being braided.

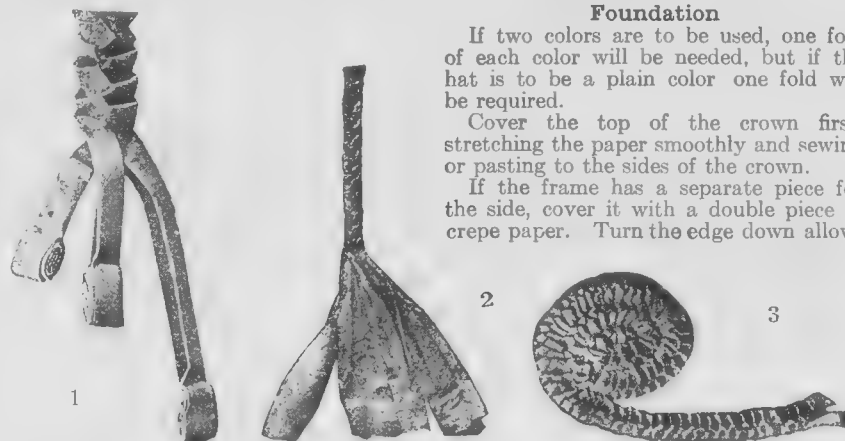
The cost of a crepe paper hat, particularly one which is made without a foundation, is very small indeed. The hat pictured in the center requires but two folds of crepe paper, so that the material will cost less than fifty cents. The use of satin ribbon, feathers or wool pompons in place of the paper bows would add a bit to the cost.

The large hat, although made without a foundation, is reinforced around the

sharp shears. Vary the width of the strips for a wider or narrower braid.

For a braid like coarse straw, fold strips of crepe paper lengthwise through the center, then fold again, so that no raw edges show.

Braid three strands together being careful not to stretch the strand nor



crush them as they are being braided, but fold each strand over carefully. (Illus. No. 1).

The ends of the strips may be joined with paste when it is necessary to piece them.

The strands will not tangle while they are being braided if the ends are rolled up part of the length and pinned, leaving

ing the paper to extend about half way down on the inside of the foundation.

Cut a strip of crepe paper about two inches more than twice the width of the brim. Double through the center lengthwise, place the crease over the edge of the brim and stretch around, pasting the ends together at the back. Trim as desired and sew a lining in place.

The Wave of Rose

By Hazel Howe

THE easiest way to kill an effect is to overdo it. A suggestion in any line is far more telling than constant repetition. It would appear, however, that the average person chooses the obvious way, and succeeds only in doing something that every person else has done, or barring that, runs to some wild extreme and finishes in making a "splash." Both of these have been done regarding the much hackneyed colour rose.

In the reign of Louis XV of France, Madame du Barry established a number of styles; to start with she was a milliner with a temperament, and during her varied and tragic career did much to form the general trend of taste for her court in other ways than in hats. One of her many diversions was Rose, in a degree of intensity which we have since come to know of as Rose du Barry; this colour or more properly tint, was very close to what we know as American Beauty Rose, or possibly towards a cerise. It was a clear vivid tint and had none of the muddy opaque quality of so much of the so-called rose used to-

day. There is not the slightest doubt but that Madame du Barry's rose bed curtains caused quite a twitter of excitement, and against the walnut pannelled walls of her bedchamber, the effect was probably very striking. The reader will of course realize that walnut pannelled walls are a thing of the past, and in fact, only fashionable in museums for purposes of exhibition; for it is most unlikely that even our most lavish spendthrifts will go in for French walnut walls after the style of Louis XV. So that in removing the walls we eliminate the chief asset to the use of Rose du Barry in large quantities, which is really the most charming of all Rose tints. Of course there is Rose and then Rose, just as there are many blues and many greens, and in our desire to tone down the brilliancy of this tint we have robbed it of its virility and made a botch of a perfectly good colour to use in small quantities. It is doubtful if there is any colour which will stand being used in so many places all at once as a great many women seem to consider quite proper in the case of Rose.

You can see it in carpets, on walls, in curtains, cushions, and lampshades, and were it the most exquisite shade in the world, such things would be much, much too much. Some people even go so far as to use it with gilt trimming which is really the height of impossibility as far as the use of colour is concerned. Some colours do not stand neutralizing, particularly where the medium used is white—such treatment will destroy the clarity of almost any colour, and the effect will be muddy and uninteresting. Rose is one of those colours which should be used only in its full intensity and in small quantities. If in order to use it in large quantities you try to tone it down you destroy its colour value, and kill it entirely as a decorative feature.

There are a number of colours which may be added to a room in which you are using rose—green for instance is perfect, and blue is the next choice, then you may use violet, (not mulberry) and also grey and black, so that there is no necessity for this entire overbalance of colour, to such a detriment of good taste and judgment.

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Hot Weather Desserts

At no other time of the year does the housewife find it so difficult to plan satisfactory menus, as during the hot days of summer. Nobody's appetite is so good as in cooler weather, which makes the family harder to please. The mother should not be expected to spend an unnecessary minute in the hot kitchen. One way to give her more time out of doors is to have simple desserts, those which do not take long to prepare, and those which may be made several hours before they are to be served. Frequently, enough may be made at one time to provide dessert for two days, variety being secured by using different garnishes, which may be cream, plain or whipped, nuts, meringue, jelly or cocoanut.

Fresh fruits should occupy a very large place in menu planning. Then there is an endless variety of gelatine desserts, and cereal puddings, made of rice, tapioca, sago or cornstarch.

If one finds it at all possible to put up a summer's supply of ice, frozen desserts are so thoroughly enjoyed that the home-maker feels repaid for any effort it has been to make them. The freezing can be done outside in a cool spot. But if it is necessary to buy ice each time the freezer is used, the cost is too great.

Gelatine desserts are the easiest of all to make. Nowadays it is granulated, so that we are spared the trouble of soaking it, and sometimes it is even flavored and sweetened. There was a time when anybody who wished gelatine had to make it herself, with much labor, from calves' feet. It had to be boiled and clarified, filtered, cooled and dried.

Gelatine should not be boiled as this lessens its stiffening property. Usually, one table spoon of gelatine will stiffen one pint of liquid. But if fruits, vegetables, nuts, etc., are to be molded in the jelly, it is wise to add a little more gelatine. In very hot weather, it is advisable to make the jelly somewhat stiffer.

Two gelatine desserts of a somewhat elaborate nature are Bavarian Creams and Spanish Creams.

Bavarian Cream has Whipped cream folded in it when beginning to stiffen. Gelatine or jelly powder may be used for this.

Spanish Cream has a custard foundation. Only gelatine may be used to stiffen it, as jelly powders have a small amount of acid added to them for flavor. This would curdle the milk which is used as liquid.

In making milk dessert with gelatine, care should be taken to select sparkling, not acidulated gelatine.

Raspberry Bavarian Cream

1½ c. raspberries 1½ tb. gelatine
1 c. red currants soaked in ½ c.
1 c. sugar water
2 c. cream

Scald the raspberries and currants together. Strain through a sieve. Stir in the gelatine soaked in cold water and the sugar. When beginning to thicken, fold in the stiffly whipped cream, pour into a mold which has been dipped in cold water, and set away to harden.

Lemon Jelly

1 envelope gelatine 2 c. boiling water
1 c. cold water ¾ c. sugar
½ c. lemon juice

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved; then add the lemon juice. Strain through

cheese cloth into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

Note—To color jellies, harmless vegetable colorings are now on the market, or fruit juices may be used.

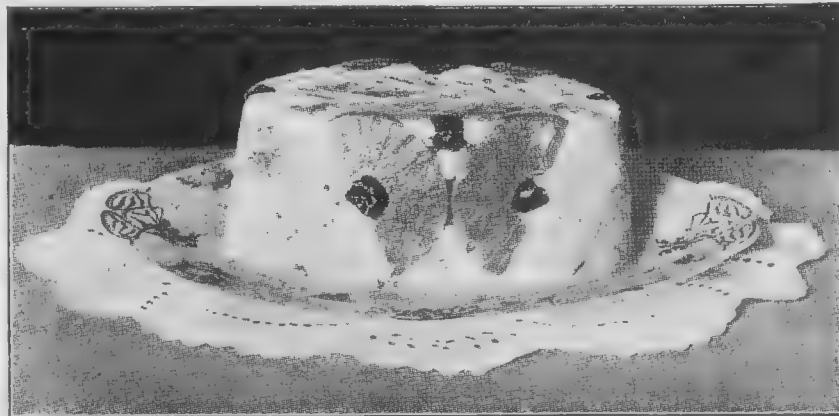
Orange Jelly

1 envelope gelatine 1 c. sugar
½ c. cold water 1 c. orange juice
2 c. boiling water 2 tb. lemon juice
Make same as Lemon Jelly.

Coffee Jelly

1 envelope gelatine ¾ c. sugar
½ c. cold water Juice of one lemon
3 c. clear strong ¼ c. sherry wine if
coffee desired)

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes and dissolve in the hot coffee; add the lemon juice and the sugar, stir until dissolved. When cool strain over the wine, if used, and turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Serve with whipped cream.



Pineapple Bavarian Cream.

Jellied Prunes

1 envelope gelatine 1 c. sugar
½ lb. prunes ¼ c. lemon juice
2½ c. cold water

Wash and soak prunes over night in two cups cold water, and cook in the same water until soft; remove prunes, stone and cut in quarters. To prune water add enough boiling water to make two cups. Soak gelatine in half cup cold water, dissolve in the hot liquid, add sugar and lemon juice, then strain into a mold. When cold add the prunes. Stir occasionally to prevent prunes from settling. Serve with sugar and cream.

Molded Pears

1 envelope gelatine 1 pint jar of canned
½ c. cold water pears
2 tb. lemon juice ¾ c. sugar (if neces-
sary)

Drain the pears from their syrup and cut in thirds. To syrup add enough boiling water to make 2½ cupfuls, and sugar. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil three minutes. Soak gelatine, and dissolve in hot syrup. Add the lemon juice and a few drops of pink color. When the mixture begins to stiffen mold in layers with pears between.

Raspberry Bavarian Cream II

Wash one box of raspberries and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve a package of Raspberry jelly powder in 1½ cups of boiling water and when cold and just beginning to thicken whip to consistency of whipped cream. Then

fold in the raspberries and juice. Set in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with fresh berries. Canned berries may be used instead of fresh berries, care being taken in estimating the amount of liquid.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Dissolve a package of lemon jelly powder in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and just beginning to thicken whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Reserve two or three slices of the pineapple for garnishing. Pour into mould and set in a cold place to harden. For garnishing, dip the half slices of pineapple into the liquid jelly and stick them against the sides of the mold. A few candied cherries may also be used as a garnish, putting the cherries and the pineapple in the mold, before putting in the jelly mixture.

Pear Whip

Dissolve one package of lemon jelly powder in one half pint of boiling water and one-half pint of juice (strained) from canned pears. When cool but not thick, whip with egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Then fold in 1 cup pears, halved and crushed with a fork. Beat one-half pint of whipping cream until thick, add 2 tablespoons sugar and fold lightly into the beaten jelly. Pile in glasses and garnish with chopped nuts.

Plain Spanish Cream

1 envelope gelatine ½ c. sugar (scant)
3 c. milk ¼ t. salt
Whites of three eggs 1 t. vanilla
Yolks of three eggs

Soak gelatine in one-half cup milk. Scald remaining milk, and pour slowly on the yolks of eggs well beaten. Add sugar and salt and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture thickens somewhat. Remove from stove, and add gelatine and whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Flavor, and turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Coffee Spanish Cream

Substitute 1 cup of strong coffee infusion for 1 cup of milk in the recipe for Plain Spanish Cream.

Chocolate Spanish Cream

Dissolve 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate in the hot milk in the recipe for Plain Spanish Cream.

Ginger Cream

1 envelope gelatine Few grains salt
¼ c. cold water 2 tb. ginger syrup
1 c. milk ¼ c. preserved gin-
Yolks of two eggs ger, cut in pieces
1 c. heavy cream

Soak gelatine in cold water, and add to custard made of milk, eggs, sugar and salt. Strain, chill in pan of ice water, add flavoring, and when mixture begins to thicken add cream, beaten until stiff.

Snow Pudding

½ envelope gelatine ¾ c. sugar
¼ c. cold water ¼ c. lemon juice
1 c. boiling water Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon, strain, and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

Moonshine

½ envelope gelatine ½ cup sugar
¼ c. cold water Whites of two eggs
1 c. banana pulp beaten stiff
2 tb. lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold.

Pineapple Sponge

½ envelope gelatine Few grains salt
Yolks of three eggs ½ c. grated canned
Grated rind of one pineapple
lemon ¾ c. cold water
2 tb. lemon juice ½ c. heavy cream
½ c. sugar Whites of three eggs

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar, and salt. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from range, and add gelatine (which has soaked in cold water five minutes) and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream, beaten until stiff, and whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

Maple Bavarian

1 envelope gelatine ½ c. hot water
1½ c. cold water Whites of two eggs
2 c. maple sugar 1 c. chopped nut
meats

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk, and flavoring.

Snow Pudding

Dissolve a package of lemon jelly powder in a pint of boiling water. When cold and just beginning to thicken whip with an egg-beater to consistency of whipped cream. Let stand till firm and then pile it by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses and serve with boiled custard.

Continued on page 34

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Announcements will appear from time to time in various local newspapers, giving details as to the times and places of the demonstrations. Watch for these announcements. Plan to attend the demonstrations in your locality. You will find them both interesting, instructive and very practical.

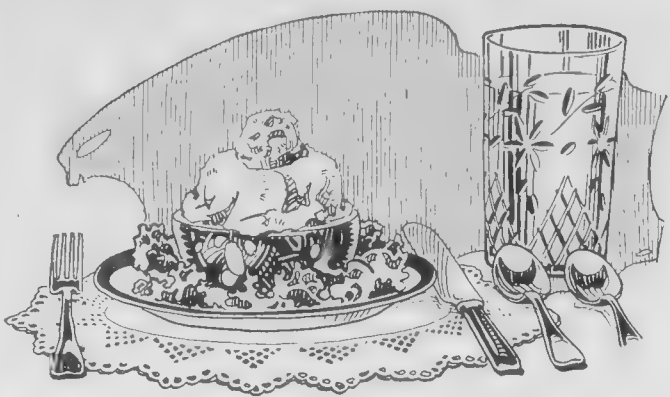


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COMBINATION SALAD.

By Miss Jean Garrow.

Winner of first prize in the Ingersoll Cream Cheese Recipe Contest.

6 Tomatoes (medium size)
1 Small Cucumber (cut in cubes)
1/3 Cup Chopped Nuts
1/4 Cup Ham (minced fine)
Salad Dressing to moisten
Pepper and Salt to taste
2/3 pkg. Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Select medium-sized, firm tomatoes, wash, remove skin, cut in half crosswise. Arrange each slice on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress and sprinkle with salt. Mix cucumber cubes, ham, nuts, cheese (half of quantity) and seasonings with enough salad dressing to moisten. Pile mixture on tomato half and top with a small ball of Ingersoll Cream Cheese, rolled in chopped nuts.

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Ingersoll Cream Cheese

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206

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 32

Prune Whip

Dissolve a package of lemon jelly powder in a pint of boiling water and set it aside until it begins to thicken. Then beat with an egg beater until it reaches the consistency of whipped cream. Stir in one cup of cooked and chopped prunes. Pile into individual glass dishes. This dessert is much improved if one cup of whipped cream is folded in with the prunes.

Apricot Whip

Cook one-half pound of dried apricots and sweeten. Drain the juice off, add enough water to make one pint, heat to boiling point and dissolve a package of orange jelly powder in it. When cool, set in ice or very cold water and whip with Dover egg-beater to consistency of thick whipped cream. Then add the drained apricots after they have been put through a colander. Serve either with custard or whipped cream.

Molded Peaches

Dissolve one package of orange jelly powder in one-half pint of boiling water; when cool add the peach juice with enough water to make a half pint. Line the bottom of individual cups with the jelly, let harden and on this arrange one-half peach, with the flat side up, and fill the cavity in the peach with chopped nuts; put enough of the cold jelly in to cover the peach. When ready to serve, unmould on plates, and garnish each with a circle of whipped cream.

Plain Bavarian Cream

1/2 envelope gelatine 1 c. scalded milk
1/4 c. cold water 1 t. vanilla
1 c. heavy cream 1/2 c. sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot milk, then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water, and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

Neapolitan Sponge

1/2 envelope gelatine 1 c. sugar
1/2 c. cold water 1 t. vanilla
1/2 c. boiling water 1 t. lemon extract
Whites of four eggs 1 1/2 sqs. chocolate

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add boiling water and place over tea kettle until dissolved. Cool, but do not chill. Stir sugar into dissolved gelatine. Beat the whites of eggs very light, and to the eggs add the gelatine and sugar, a few spoonfuls at a time, beating constantly. Divide quickly into three parts. To the first part add the pink color and flavor with vanilla or rose water; to the second part add melted chocolate and vanilla flavoring, and flavor the third part with lemon.

Mold in layers in square mold, adding nuts to the pink part and red cherries to the white. Chill, cut in slices to serve.

Charlotte Russe

1/2 envelope gelatine 1/4 c. cold water
1 1/4 c. milk 1/2 pt. heavy cream
2 eggs 3 tb. powdered sugar
2 tb. sugar 3/4 t. vanilla
Few grains salt Sponge cake

Scald milk and add gradually to yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, and mixed with sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens, then add gelatine, soaked in cold water. Add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Set pan in larger pan of ice water and stir, scraping from bottom and sides of pan, until mixture begins to thicken. Then add cream, beaten stiff, and mixed with sugar and vanilla. Use strips of sponge cake, or lady fingers, fill with mixture and chill. Garnish tops with four narrow strips of cake, radiating from centre, and garnish center with a cube of jelly, or, mould them in sherbet glasses with lady fingers leaving a small space between them. Garnish with red Maraschino cherries.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream

Make same as Plain Bavarian Cream, adding two squares of melted, unsweetened chocolate to the hot milk.

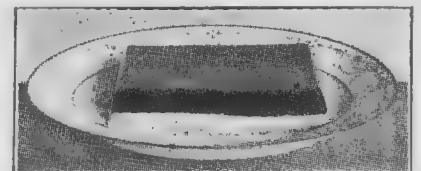
Coffee Bavarian Cream

Make same as Plain Bavarian Cream, substituting one-half cup strong boiled coffee in place of one-half cup of the milk, and add one tablespoonful lemon juice.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

1/2 envelope gelatine 1 tb. lemon juice
1/4 c. cold water 1/2 c. sugar
1 c. strawberry juice 1 1/2 c. heavy cream
and pulp beaten until stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.



Bavarian Cream with Coffee Jelly

Oriental Cream

1/2 envelope gelatine 1/2 pt. heavy cream
1/4 c. cold water 1/2 c. milk
1/4 c. scalded milk 1/2 c. cooked prunes
1/2 c. sugar cut in pieces
Whites of two eggs 1/2 c. Chopped figs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes, and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla), forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped pistachio nuts.

Preserving and Preserving Methods

The Open Kettle Method

Fruit for canning should be fresh and firm, of good quality and not too ripe. If over-ripe, some of the mould spores may survive the boiling, and fermentation will take place in a short time.

In canning fruit, allow one-third its weight in sugar and two and one-half to three cups of water to each pound of sugar. Boil sugar and water ten minutes to make a thin syrup. Then cook a small quantity of the fruit at a time in the syrup. By so doing, fruit may be kept whole and in perfect shape. Fill sterilized jars with fruit, and add enough boiling syrup to overflow jars. If there is not enough syrup, add boiling water, as jars must be filled to overflowing. Place a spoon in the jar between fruit and jar and move around gently to allow air bubbles to come to the top and escape. Put on rubbers immediately and screw on sterilized covers. Let stand until cold, screw covers again to be sure that jars are air-tight. When filling jars, have them placed on a cloth wrung out of hot water.

Sterilizing Jars

To sterilize the jars, wash and fill with cold water. Set in a large kettle on several layers of cloth, or a trivet for the purpose. Heat gradually to boiling-point, remove from water, empty, and fill while hot. Put covers in hot water and let stand five minutes. Dip rubber bands in hot water, but do not allow them to stand. Always use new rubbers each season as fruit is too costly and your labor too valuable to take any chances with rubbers that may not be reliable.

Canned Peaches

Place peaches in boiling water and leave them just long enough to loosen skins. Remove skins and cook fruit at once, so that it will not discolor. If peaches are small they may be left whole, but large peaches should be cut in halves, or smaller if desired.

Canned Pears

Wash fruit and pare. Cook whole with stems left on or remove stems, cut

Pour the boiling water on the leaves

Steep for five minutes

Pour the liquor off the leaves and allow to cool

Keep on ice until cold

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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 34

in halves or quarters and core. Follow directions for canning. A small piece of ginger root, a few slices of lemon rind, or a few cloves may be added to the syrup. Bartlett pears are best for preserving.

Canned Tomatoes

Wipe tomatoes, cover with boiling water and let stand until skins are loosened. Cut in pieces and cook until thoroughly scalded. Skim often during cooking. Follow directions for filling jars.

Damson Preserves

Wipe damsons with a piece of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water, and prick each plum in several places, with a large needle. Weigh the fruit, and make a syrup by boiling three-quarters their weight in sugar with water, allowing one cup to each pound of sugar. As soon as syrup reaches boiling-point, skim and add plums a few at a time, so that the fruit will keep its shape better in the cooking. Cook until soft. If possible, use two kettles, as this allows one to work more quickly, and syrup need not cook too long.

Canning by the Cold Pack Method

The Cold Pack Method is so named because the product is cool when packed into its container. Fruits and vegetables canned by the Cold Pack Method must be properly selected and prepared, then sterilize the necessary length of time in their containers.

1. First the fruit and vegetables must be carefully selected, using only fresh and perfect products. Wilted fruit or vegetables cannot be guaranteed to keep. Use imperfect fruit for jams.



2. Vegetables must be thoroughly cleaned, and then prepared in the same way as when cooked for the table. When the jar is opened, the contents are ready to use.

3. Blanching is the term used for the process of short cooking before the product is placed in container. To blanch the fruit or vegetables, place a quantity sufficient to fill one jar in a wire basket, or square yard of cheese-cloth with opposite corners tied, plunge into a large kettle of boiling water, and leave the length of time required in the time table for blanching. Minutes are counted from the time the water begins to boil after the product is put into it. Be sure that the water reaches all parts of the product. Blanch only a small quantity at a time, for if the kettle is filled with fruit, the water is chilled and the product is heated through and softened before boiling actually commences.

Blanching is sometimes done with steaming. In this case it is done with the steam from boiling water, but is not immersed. Scalding is another form of blanching, and in this method the minutes are counted from when the product is first plunged in, not waiting for the water to come to boiling point.

Blanching removes any particles of dirt that might have been left after washing, and also any strong flavor that might be undesirable in the cooked product.

4. Immediately after blanching, the product is plunged into cold water, lifting it up and down three times, and then drained. Never let the product soak. The "cold dip" as it is called, makes the skins easier to remove and helps to keep the product in shape.

5. The product is now packed in clean jars that have been first warmed by rinsing in hot water, and left to stand in the water until used. The product is packed firmly and closely, but take care not to crush. Place jars in sterilizer one at a time.

6. The jars are now filled to within a half an inch of the top with boiling liquid. For vegetables use boiling water, allowing one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. For tomatoes use tomato juice and no water. For fruits make a syrup of two parts water to three parts sugar. For sweet fruits, the syrup is boiled only long enough to dissolve the sugar, but for rich preserves the syrup is boiled until thick. For unsweetened fruits, use only water or fruit juice and no sugar. Any air space remaining at top of jar will be sterilized, and will make no trouble.

7. When the jars are packed, put on the rubbers. These must be elastic and fit tightly. Put on covers, and tighten only slightly. If covers are put on tight, there is no room left for expansion and the jars are liable to break.

8. Sterilizing is done by gently placing the jars in a large kettle or boiler of boiling water. Then add water to cover jars two inches over the top. Bring water to boiling point and keep boiling the length of time given on the time-table for sterilizing the product being canned. A rack in the bottom of kettle is necessary to keep the jars from resting on the bottom.

9. On removing from kettle, tighten the cover at once. Place jars upside down on a cloth allowing space between the jars. Keep protected from drafts, or the jars are liable to break. If any signs of fermentation are evident, loosen the covers and sterilize again for a short time.

TIMETABLES FOR COLD PACK

Product	Blanch	Size of Can	Time for Cooking
Beans.....	5 min.	Pint or quart	3 hours
Beets.....	6 min.	Quart	1½ hours
Carrots.....	5 min.	Quart	1½ hours
Corn.....	5-10 min.	Pint or quart	4 hours
Greens.....	10 min.	Quart	2 hours
Parsnips.....	5 min.	Quart	1½ hours
Peas.....	5 min.	Pint	3 hours
Pumpkin.....	5 min.	Quart	2 hours
Squash.....	5 min.	Quart	2 hours
Succotash (as for corn and beans)...		Pint or quart	3 hours
Sweet peppers.....	5-10 min.	Pint or quart	2 hours
Swiss Chard.....	10 min.	Quart	2 hours
Turnips.....	6 min.	Quart	1½ hours

Timetable for Scalding and Sterilizing Vegetables

Product	Scald	Size of Can	Time for Cooking
Asparagus.....	5-10 min.	Pint or quart	1 hour
Tomatoes.....	1-2 min.	Pint or quart	22 min.
Vegetable Combinations.....		Pint or quart	2 hours

Continued on page 36

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37

Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 35

Timetable for Scalding and Sterilizing Fruits

Product	Scald	Size of Can	Time for Cooking
Peaches	1-2 min.	Pint or quart	16 min.
Plums	1-2 min.	Pint	16 min.
Quinces	2 min.	Quart	30 min.
Pineapples	5 min.	Pint or quart	30 min.
Crab Apples	1-2 min.	Pint	20 min.
Apples (whole)	2 min.	Quart	16 min.
Apples (sliced)	2 min.	Quart	12 min.
Fruit without sugar syrup		Quart	30 min.

Timetable for Sterilizing Berries and Soft Fruits that Do Not Require Blanching

Product	Size of Can	Time for Cooking
Blackberries	Pint or quart	16 min.
Blueberries	Pint	16 min.
Cherries	Pint	16 min.
Currants	Pint	16 min.
Dewberries	Pint or quart	16 min.
Grapes (Grape Juice)	Pint	16 min.
Gooseberries	Pint	16 min.
Huckleberries	Pint	16 min.
Pears	Pint	20 min.
Raspberries	Pint or quart	16 min.
Rhubarb	Quart	15 min.
Strawberries	Quart	16 min.

Size of Can—Where time is given for cooking pint jar, add a few minutes for a quart jar. Jars must be covered with water.

Variation in Time—The time will vary somewhat, according to the condition of the fruit.

About Removing Stains

In removing spots or stains from fabrics it must be remembered that acids have an injurious effect upon vegetable fibres, and alkalies upon animal fibers; in other words, vegetable fibers will withstand the action of alkalies and animal fibers will withstand the actions of acids.

Where possible, water should be used, either hot or cold, and if necessary, slightly heat the fabrics with steam in order to make ordinary soap and water perform the functions of removing stains or spots.

Where refined alcohol distillates are used and very mobile solvents, such as ether, care should be taken as they spread very rapidly and the solution will creep along the fabric carrying with it some of the substance which is to be removed and,

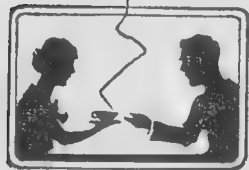
when dry, will leave a well-defined mark showing where the spot was.

The cloth or fabric should be rubbed well with a dry cloth to avoid defining the edges of the spot. Where acids are used on cottons or linen goods or fabrics containing these fibers, the spot should be sponged with a weak solution of sodium acetate. This treatment is safer than merely sponging with water, which does not always remove all traces of acids.

After removing a stain, it is sometimes found that the color of the fabric has faded. In such cases the color can be revived by sponging with either acetic acid or touching up with a suitable dye color dissolved in benzene.

The following shows the different agents for successfully removing stains on silk, wool, cotton or linen goods;

Nature of Stain	Silk Goods	Woolens, Cottons and Linens
Grease, oil, Wax.	Benzene, benzole	Same as silk
Paint.	Ether, aniline, acetone, nitro-benzene, chloroform, carbon tetrachloride.	Same as silk.
Enamel	Same as paint, or with mixture of acetone and amyl acetate	Same as silk.
Varnish (oil).	Same as paint.	Same as silk.
Varnish (rosin).	Aniline or methylated spirits, or carbon tetrachloride and a little methylated spirits.	Same as silk.
Varnish (shellac).	Methylated spirits alone, or with carbon tetrachloride	Same as silk.
Sealing wax.	Methylated spirit.	Same as silk.
Tar and Pitch.	Benzene, benzol, aniline or ether	Same as silk.
Blood.	Water, followed by a solution of neutral soap in methylated spirits.	Same as silk.
Sugar, glue, etc	Water	Same as silk.
Fruit, tea, coffee wine, beer.	(White Silk) Water followed by potassium permanganate and removal of the brown stain produced with sulphurous acid. (Colored Silk) Water, followed by sulphurous acid, or hydrogen peroxide, if the colors are fast to these re-agents; otherwise methylated spirits and soap.	(White Goods) Water followed by sodium hypochlorite (Colored Goods) Aqueous soap solution and ammonia.
Rust.	Aqueous solution of oxalic acid	Titanous chloride, with or without hydrochloric acid.
Marking ink (silver)	Solution of potassium cyanide.	Same as silk.
Marking ink (aniline black).	Aniline, or a solution of benzene soap in chloroform.	Same as silk.
Copying ink.	Methylated spirit and ammonia.	Same as silk, or for white goods, dilute caustic soda.
Writing inks.	Dilute mineral acids or oxalic acids.	Acetic or formic acid followed by dilute mineral acids or oxalic acid.
Grass Stains.	Ether or soap in methylated spirit.	Same as silk.
Color stains	(White Goods) Decroline (or other stable hydrosulphite and acetic acid, or methylated spirit and ammonia or hydrogen peroxide. (Colored Goods) As above, if colors are not affected thereby.	(White Goods) Titanous chloride (warm). (Colored Goods) Titanous chloride. (cold and dilute) Hydrogen peroxide or sodium hypochlorite.
Scorch stains.	Potassium permanganate, followed by sulphurous acid, or hydrogen peroxide.	



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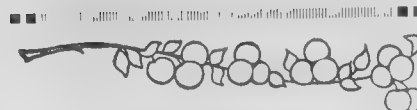


TRY THIS CARNATION RECIPE

Lemon Cream Pie.—1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/8 cup lemon juice, 1 1/4 cups boiling water, 8 egg yolks, 1/4 cup flour, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix flour and sugar, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook five minutes; add butter, the beaten egg yolks, Carnation Milk, the lemon juice and rind. Line plate with pastry; bake in hot oven. Cool. Fill with the lemon cream mixture. Cover with meringue, bake in a slow oven until the meringue is a golden brown.

Cream Tapioca Pudding.—1 1/3 cups water, 1/4 cup pearl tapioca, 2/3 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs beaten separately. Soak tapioca one hour in enough cold water to cover. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Add sugar and salt to milk and egg yolks slightly beaten. Combine by pouring hot tapioca slowly on egg mixture, return to double boiler and cook until it thickens. When thick remove from fire and fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Add flavoring and chill. This recipe serves six people.

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With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

New Institutes.

A Women's Institute was organized by Miss Gertrude Dutton at Beausejour on June 6th. Miss Ritchie was elected secretary.

The ladies of Hood district organized an Institute on May 23rd, with 13 charter members. The president and secretary respectively are Mrs. J. A. Stewart and Mrs. N. E. Francis.

Auxiliary

A letter from Mrs. F. Milne, secretary of the Valley River Women's Institute tells of the auxiliary formed among the girls. She says: "The girls in our district have always been so willing to help with concerts, suppers, socials, or other events put on by the Institute, that one of our members suggested a girls' auxiliary be formed in connection with the Institute. There is no fee attached. They have appointed a secretary to enrol new members, and they attend our meetings whenever possible. Their membership at present is ten.

The object in starting the club was to interest the girls in the Women's Institute. It not only trains them to be good Institute members, but it induces them to take an interest in the betterment of the community. They usually supply the singing and music at our monthly meetings."

All Institutes this past month have spent considerable time preparing for local and provincial conventions, electing delegates and discussing resolutions.

Referendum

Reports continue to come in on the part Institutes have played in the referendum vote. Those who have helped in this way recently by discussions, addresses, and contributions of money are: Warren, Miniota, Winnipeg, Pipestone, Basswood, Morris, Berton, Tummel, Rosser, Inwood, La Riviere, Roseisle, Mayfeld, Dugald, Carman, Whitewater, Virden and Lundar.

Fresh Air Camps

Institutes are responding to requests for help to the various camps on Lake Winnipeg, either in donations of money, quilts, or eggs. Those reporting items of this kind are: Rivers, Elva, Stony Mountain, Atoimah Club, Arizona, Warren, Winnipeg and Edrans.

Souris spent a meeting in making curtains, etc., for their Institute room, and Decker held a bee to clean their Hall.

"Holidays" has been a favorite topic of addresses and discussions. Gimli, Miniota and Transcona all had something along this line.

Other interesting subjects taken up this month are: Elva—Story of Pioneer Days; Russell—Boys' and Girls' Club work; Brandon—Girl Life; Rosser—Red Cross; Lenore—Higher Education and Married Women; Neepawa—Canadian Literature; Melita—Child Welfare Work in Canada; Kenton—Talk and Demonstration on Foods; Roseisle—Housecleaning; Souris—Naturalization; Pilot Mound—Training of the Child, and Balanced Meals; Dugald—Ideals, and High Price of Sugar and Cotton; Clearwater—Economics in the Home, and Hanging of Pic-

tures; Whitewater—Spending; Oak River—Laws for Women; Arnaud—Legal Rights of Canadian Women; Pipestone—Sleep.

Memorial Day

Deloraine Women's Institute held a Memorial Day Service in the park which was attended by the veterans, children and band. From there a parade to the Memorial Hospital was held, where a Roll Call and Presentation of flowers took place. They are planning to make this an annual event. Hartney ladies are also planning a Memorial Day.

Pipestone had an interesting talk on gardening from the experience of one of their members who brought samples of vegetables with her to illustrate her talk.

Brandon Women's Institute held a tea recently for the Children's Home.

The Winnipeg Institute had as their guests four young English farmerettes who are winners of Sir Henry Thornton's scholarships. They are taking notes and keeping diaries of all they see and do and send back their impressions to English Farm Papers. They will attend a course at Manitoba Agricultural College, and later, one at Guelph.

Birtle held a very interesting musical program in which a great many took part.

Dominion City Women's Institute held a display of antiques at a recent meeting.

The Emerson Institute are helping to provide equipment for the teaching of Care of the Baby.

Tummel ladies answered the Roll Call with ideas for beautifying the home with materials at hand. During the afternoon they exchanged slips of favorite plants.

An item of interest in the last meeting at Solsgrith was the fact that many members appeared in the new dresses made at a recent short course. They reported this short course as the most successful ever held.

Royston Institute held a picnic for the children in their community, giving them a treat of candy and ice cream. They also report having collected a library of 50 books. We are glad to hear of so much activity in this new Institute.

The Women's Institute at Plum Coulee held a successful Tie and Apron Social.

Pilot Mound had as their guests the Crystal City Institute, part of the program being supplied by the latter. The main feature was a paper on "Economy in Footwear."

Cemetery Work

The Institutes continue to be the main factor in the upkeep and improvement of cemeteries. This month's reports on this work were received from: Roblin, Waskada, Gypsumville, Deloraine, La Riviere, Pilot Mound, Makaroff, and Lundar.

A Thrift Competition was held among Women's Institute members at Manitou and articles given to a family who had been burned out.

MONDAY MORNING

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

ON Monday morning, it is certain that the children are not at their best. For one thing, they have had two days' holiday, and for the other, they have generally eaten too much on Sunday! One may not like to put this last into plain words, but as the fact remains, one may as well acknowledge it. Knowing all this to be true, I think

that Teachers ought to be a little lenient to their pupils on Monday morning. As I have said before, I educate my little girl at home and although I try to give her simple food on Sunday, yet I make huge allowances for the tired feeling of Monday morning.

First, I choose easy lessons for that day. I go over the whole Multiplication



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Table—no child ever knows this too well—and I do not give hard sums that are a tax on the brains. A child can do her problems much better on Tuesday.

On Monday, I also give the lessons which can be just read, like History, Hygiene or Geography. All lists and dates I also postpone till another day. Having settled that easy lessons are the Order of the Day, every Monday, I also overlook a great many things, such as Inattention, Yawning, Dullness, etc:

All this may seem strange to the strict teacher, but if she were to analyze her own feelings and judge others by herself, she would realize that on Monday morning she is not half so fit for her usual work as she is on the other week days.

Sunday is supposed to be a Day of Rest, and to a certain extent it is so, yet Monday morning does not always find us rested. Visitors come in on Sunday, and that means extra work, even when we try our best to simplify it. Sunday is a day spent entirely different from any other day and for that reason also, it is hard to readjust ourselves. We wake up on Monday morning with a feeling that the burden of life (which was laid aside on Sunday) must be taken up again. However much we love our work, yet the fact remains, we have put it down and now we must return to it. By Tuesday, we shall be all enthusiasm again, yet on Monday we are not so energetic.

Little children could never explain all this to themselves and they often remark that "Teacher is so cross on Mondays!" They do not know that they themselves are more trying. This is why the

Teacher with her superior knowledge, ought to be infinitely more patient than usual on Monday morning.

What most children need on Monday is a pill or a Fast Day! Instead, they are rushed to School, crammed with all the goodies left over from Sunday and then expected to do the same amount of brain work as on other days! This is asking an impossibility of our children. They are not Saints. A little common sense will tell any Teacher that she ought not to expect too much from her pupils on Monday morning. Never mind! They will make up for it the rest of the week!

If the Teacher start the week by being cross with her tired pupils, they will not like her so much, and we all know that to succeed with children, we must make them like us.

Very often the Mothers are to blame because the children cannot work well on Monday. Now, is it fair to the children for the Teacher to be extra cross with them, when they cannot help themselves!

Poor little mites! They do not know what ails them! They do not know that the rich cocoanut or chocolate cake is responsible for their dullness! The Teacher should understand this. She may need a little reminding, from time to time. Let her recall her own feelings on Monday morning! Doing this, she should take up her Monday morning work with a huge reserve of patience and make up her mind to "put up with things" a little, and not to see every imperfection; because children, however hard to manage, always have their hearts in the right place!

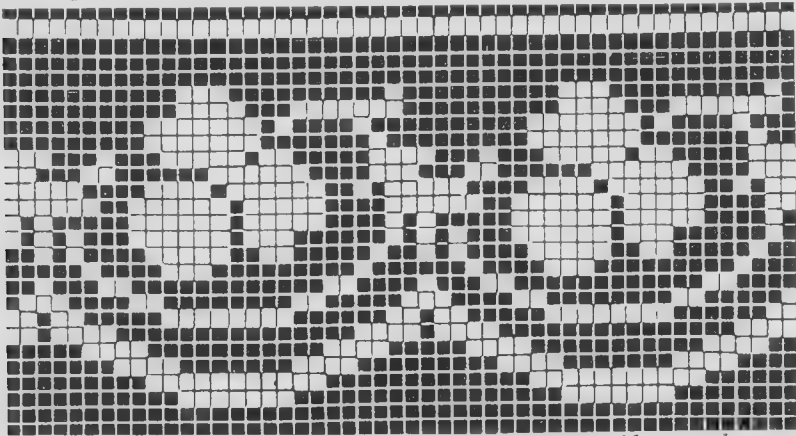
Filet Designs for Towels and Pillow Slips

There seems to come a time in every household when the linen supply runs low all at once, and usually just when we need it most. The patterns displayed on this page make a lovely finish for your slips or towels, and filet is really so simple to work and so effective when made up. I know a woman who always keeps some crochet work on hand to pick up at odd moments, then she watches the bargain pages, picks up some good values in white goods, and makes up the articles when she gets time to spend a day at the sewing machine. This plan appeals to most people, for then one is always prepared either to make up something for oneself when needed, or for a friend on one of the dozen occasions when one feels that it would be nice to give something pretty and useful. However, when making a finish for circular pillow cotton or towels, be sure you are making your crocheting the right width. The widths are standard, so when you once get the width, you can usually depend upon it for all time.

In the designs shown on this page, the patterns are started at one side and worked crosswise. Follow patterns, adding blocks as required for the scalloped edge. In making towel ends, it is best to begin and end with a row of solid blocks, as this gives a finished appearance. These patterns may also be used for insertions, by omitting the scallops. No. 80 mercerized cotton is used, and a No. 13 steel hook.

When Baby Goes A-Riding

The little jacket, bonnet and afghan, illustrated on opposite page will make baby look more angelic than ever when he goes riding in state. The little touches of colored embroidery are new and very dainty.



Blue ribbons for the boy and pink ribbons for the girl, in French fashion, is a pretty idea. Use only the most delicate shades to bring out the flower-like delicacy of baby's skin.

A Pretty Afghan for Baby's Carriage

Materials Required—9 balls White Ladyfair, 1 ball White Rococo. For embroidery, 1 skein each of Worsted Yarn, Rose, Pale Pink, Blue, Green and Yellow. Amber or White Crochet Hook No. 3.

Inner Panel—With Ladyfair ch 149, 1 sc in 8th st from hook, 1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, * ch 3, skip 2 sts, 1 dc in next, ch 3, skip 2 sts, 1 sc in each of the next 3 sts; repeat from * across, ending row with ch 3, 1 dc in last st (18 patterns in row).

2nd Row—Ch 5, turn 1 sc in each of the 3 sc below, ch 3, 1 dc on dc below, ch 3; repeat from * across, ending with ch 3, 1 dc in last space.

3rd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc on dc below, 1 sc in next space, * ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc, ch 3, 1 sc in next space, repeat from * across, ending with 1 sc in last space and 1 sc on turn st.

4th Row—Ch 1, turn, 2 sc on 2 sc below; * ch 3, dc on next dc, ch 3, 3 sc over group of 3 sc; repeat from * across, ending row with ch 3, 2 sc over the last 2 sc.

5th Row—Ch 5, turn, * 1 sc in first space, 1 sc in next dc, 1 sc in next space, ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc, ch 3, repeat from * across ending with ch 3, 1 dc on last sc. The last four rows constitute the pattern; repeat them until piece measure 24 inches, ending with last row of pattern.

Border—Add another strand of yarn and work entire border with double yarn.

1st Row—Ch 1, turn, 2 sc in corner space, * 1 sc in each of following 3 sc 1 sc in each of the next 2 spaces; repeat

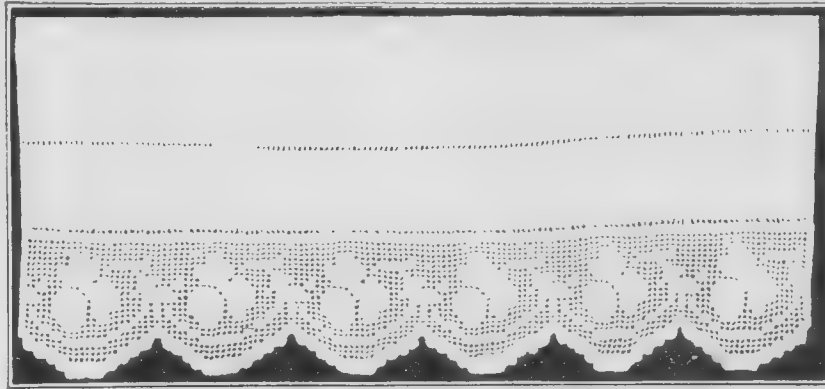


from * across, ending with 3 sc in the last 3 sc; make 5 sc in corner space, then work down side of afghan with 2 sc on edge of every 2 sc and 1 sc in each space; end with 5 sc in corner space. Work in same way on remaining two sides and then join row with a sl st.

Forget-Me-Nots—Make a French knot in yellow for centre and around this five small loops in blue; fasten loops on wrong side.

Infant's Sacque

Three balls Bear Brand Ladyfair,



Towel end in clover design. Working pattern shown below.

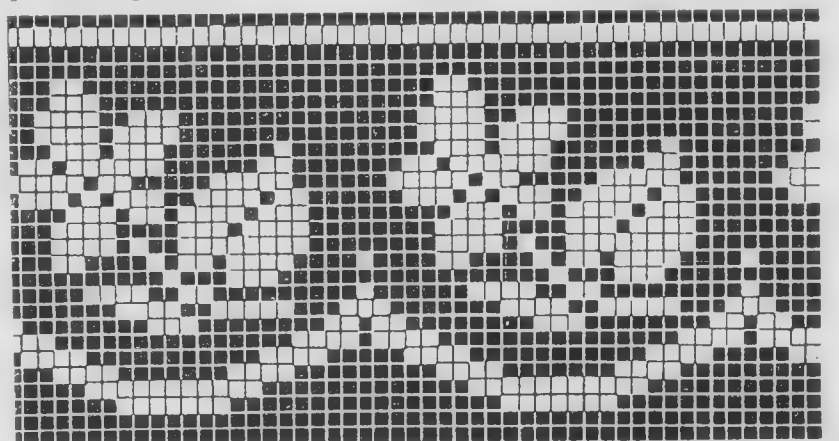
2nd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each st, taking up both loops of st below, 2 sc in each corner st; join row with a sl st.

3rd Row—Ch 1, turn, * 1 sc in each st, 2 sc in each of 2 sts at corners, repeat

White. One ball Pompadour, White. (If the set is made, one ball of Pompadour is enough for both sacque and cap). Bucilla Worsted Yarn, one skein each of Nos. 100, 205, 214, 983, 2317. One Bucilla White or Amber Crochet Hook No. 3.

Body—With Ladyfair ch 61 for back of yoke, 60 sc on chain (which should measure about 9 1/4 inches).

2nd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each st, taking up both loops of st below. Repeat 2nd row until there are 22 rows from beginning. Next row work over 20 sts only, turn and work 2 more rows on these 20 sts. *Increase at neck (by making 2 sc in second st) in the next 2 rows; 1 row even; repeat from * until there are 22 rows from neck (34 sts in row) and then break off. Skip 20 sts for back of neck and on remaining 20 sts work other side of front yoke to correspond; do not break off. Using a separate strand of yarn, join front and back of yoke at underarms with a chain of 8 sts. Pick up yarn left at neck and work in "spiderweb" pattern.

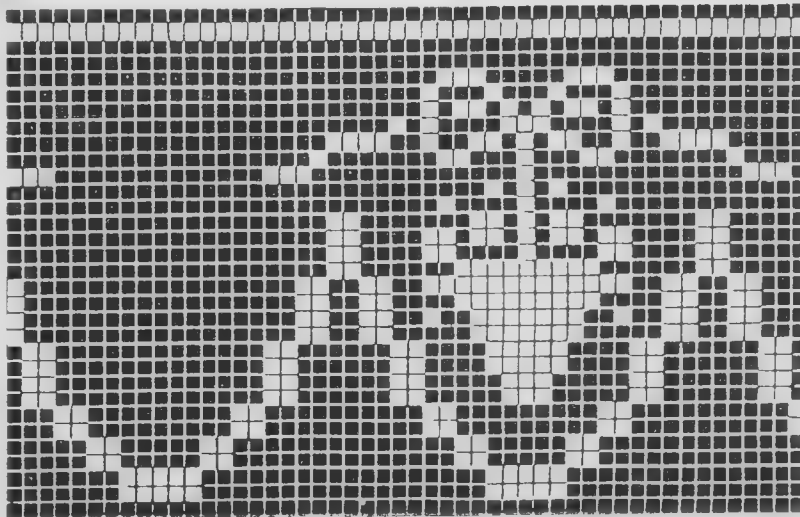


from * on all four sides; end row with 1 sc in joining st of 2nd row and 1 sl st in turning st of 3rd row. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows (thus increasing 1 st at corners in every even row and 2 sts at corners in every odd row), until border measures 4 inches. The border should lie perfectly flat and the corners be square; it is well to count sts as work proceeds, to make sure that opposite sides keep equal.

Edging—With Rococo make 1 sc in first st, * ch 3, 1 dc in same st as sc, skip 2 sts, 1 sc in next; repeat from * around afghan and fasten off.

Embroider with raised rosebuds and forget-me-nots as shown in detail. Line entire afghan with pink or light blue silk.

Raised Roses—Make a French knot in dark shade of pink for centre, then finish rose in light pink. Work stems in green.



1st Row—Ch 1, turn 1, sc in each of the first 2 sts, * ch 3, skip 1 st, 1 dc in next, ch 3, skip 1 st, 1 sc in each of the next 3 sts; repeat from * across front, ending with ch 3, skip 1 st, 1 dc in next; ch 3, 1 sc in 2nd st of underarm chain, 2 sc in the next 2 sts, ch 3, skip 1 st, 1 dc in next, ch 3, skip 1 st, 1 sc in last st of chain; continue pattern across back of yoke, ending with 2 sc in the last 2 sts, 1 sc on first st of underarm chain; continue in pattern across chain and second front, ending with 2 sc in the last 2 sts.

2nd Row—Ch 5, turn, * 1 sc in first space, 1 sc in next dc, 1 sc in next space, ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc, ch 3; repeat from * across, ending with ch 3, 1 dc on last sc.

3rd Row—Ch 5, turn, * 3 sc on group of 3 sc below, ch 3, 1 dc on dc below, ch 3; repeat from * across, ending with ch 3, 1 dc in last space.

4th Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc on dc below, 1 sc in next space, * ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc, ch 3, 1 sc in next space, 1 sc on dc, 1 sc in next space, repeat from * across, ending with 1 sc in last space and 1 sc on turn st.

5th Row—2 sc on the 2 sc below, * ch 3, 1 dc on next dc, ch 3, 3 sc over group of 3 sc; repeat from * across, ending row with ch 3, 2 sc over the last 2 sc. The last 4 rows constitute the pattern; repeat them until sacque measures 8 inches from yoke (about 45 rows) and fasten off.

Sleeves—Make a loop on hook, 1 dc on edge of 1st row on back of yoke, * ch 3, skip 1 row, 1 sc on each of the next 3 rows, ch 3, skip 1 row, 1 dc on next; repeat from * 6 times, ch 3, 1 sc on last row of yoke and 2 sc on underarm chain, ch 3, one more pattern on underarm chain, join with a sl st in top of 1st dc (9 patterns in round).

2nd Round—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in first space, ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc of group below, pattern around, ending with 1 sc in last space, join with a sl st in turn st at beginning of round.

3rd Round—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc on last sc below, ch 3, 1 dc on nest dc; continue pattern around, ending with 1 sc in last sc of round below and 1 sl st in turn st at beginning of last round.

4th Round—Ch 5, turn, 1 sc in first space, 1 sc on dc, 1 sc in next space; continue in pattern, ending round with ch 3, 1 sc under ch 5 at beginning of round. Continue in this way to join and turn at end of every round until there are 30 rounds on sleeve.

Decreasing Round—Join last round, turn, * ch 3, 1 sc in 1st space, ch 3, 1 sc in next space, 1 sc in center of 3 sc; repeat from * around and join.

1st Round of Cuff—* 1 sc in first space, 2 sc in next space; repeat from *

around, join with a sl st and turn. 10 rounds of 1 sc in each st, turning at end of every round.

Edging—With Pompadour make 1 sc in a st on lower edge, * ch 3, 1 dc in same st as sc, skip 2 sts on edge, 1 sc in next; repeat from * around entire edge of sacque and on edge of cuffs. Embroider sacque with raised roses and forget-me-nots, as described in afghan pattern. Line with silk.

When washing baby's woolly things, use only a suds of pure soap. Never rub soap direct on a woolen article, as that is what causes shrinkage.

Do not wring woollens, nor pin them on the line. Squeeze gently between the hands, and spread on a clean paper in the sun. If they are hung up, the dripping water is liable to pull the garment out of shape.

Work for Busy Fingers—Continued from page 38



Infant's Cap

Ladyfair, two balls, White. One ball Pompadour, White. One skein each of Worsted Yarn, Rose, Pale Pink, Yellow, Pale Blue and Green. White or Amber Crochet Hook No. 2.

Crown—With Ladyfair ch 3, 6 sc in 2nd st.

2nd Round—2 sc in each st, taking up both loops.

3rd Round—*2 sc in first st, 1 sc in next; repeat from * around.

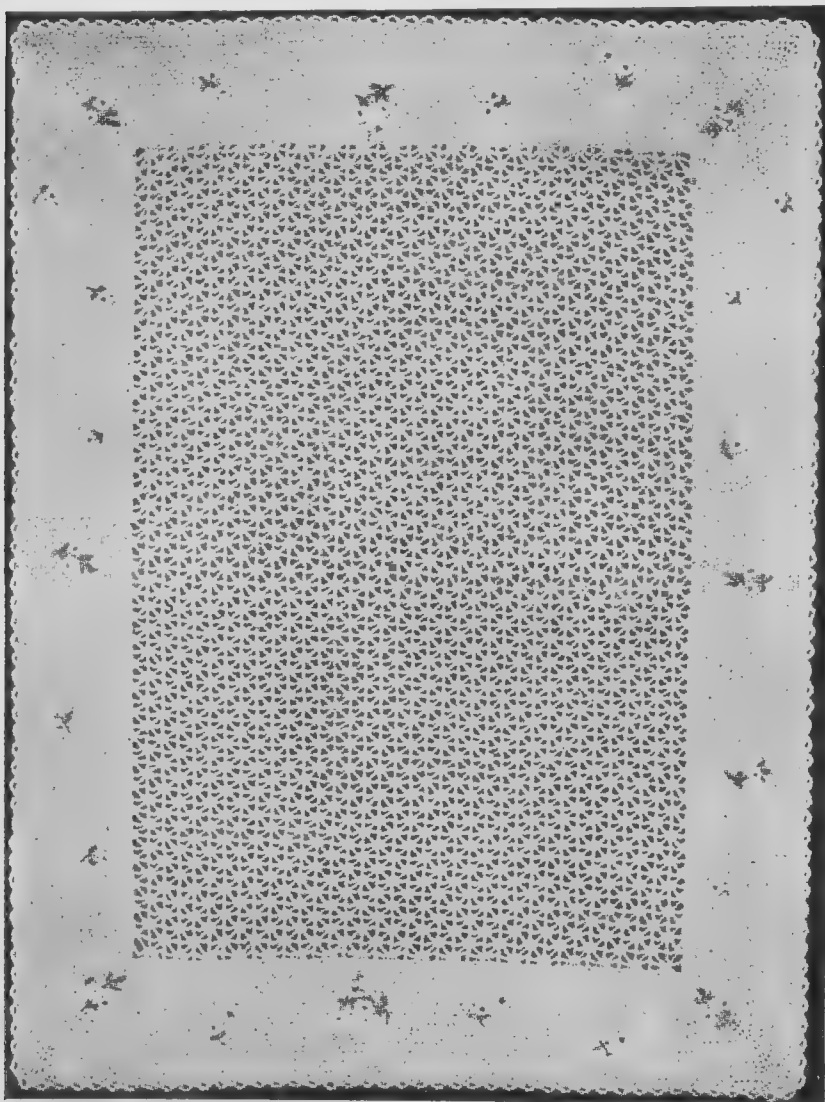
beginning, then continue over 2 more gores, when there will be 68 sts in round, and piece measure about 3½ in. in diameter.

1st Row of Spiderweb Pattern—*ch 3, 1 dc in first st, ch 3, 1 sc in each of the next of 3 sts; repeat from * around join round; with ch 3, 1 sl st in top of 1st dc of row (17 patterns in row).

2nd Row—Turn, ch 1, 1 sc in first space, * ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc of group below, ch 3, 1 sc in next space, 1 sc in next dc, 1 sc in next space; repeat from * around, ending with 1 sc in last space; join with a sl st in turn st at beginning of row.

3rd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc on last sc below, * ch 3, 1 dc on nest dc, ch 3, 3 sc on group of 3 sc below; repeat from *, ending row with 1 sc in last sc of row below and 1 sl st in turn st at beginning of row.

4th Row—Ch 5, turn, * 1 sc in first



4th Round—* 2 sc in first st, 1 sc in each of the next 2 sts; repeat from * around.

5th Round—* 2 sc in first st, 1 sc in each of the next 3 sts; repeat from * around. Continue in this way to increase in the same 6 places in every round (6 gores), until there are 11 rounds from

space, 1 sc on dc, 1 sc in next space, ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc in group below, ch 3; repeat from *, ending row with ch 3, 1 sc under ch 5 at beginning of row.

5th Row—Ch 5, turn, * 3 sc on group of 3 sc below, ch 3, 1 dc on dc below, ch 3; repeat from *, ending with ch 3, 1 sc under

Continued on page 43

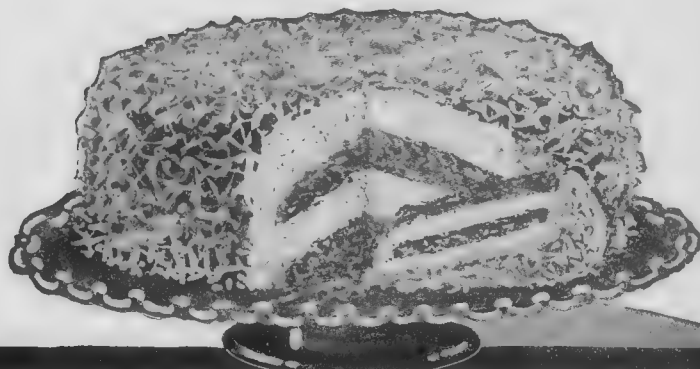
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**OUR HOME MONTHLY
FASHIONS-PATTERNS**

Soft fabrics and delicate tints mark the summer models.

The "straight line" continues to be smart on both dress and wrap styles, and yet there are many pretty youthful models with full outstanding skirts, others with the new bustle effect, and some with one-sided clusters of fulness, plaited or shirred.

A very decided success is a costume cut in one piece, that has the fulness draped at the side, in surplice fashion.

One sees this idea again in blouses, that are worn with tiered or flounced skirts.

Speaking of tiered skirts, it is well to note their popularity and how gracefully becoming they are. A very new version of this style has two upper tiers finished with cascades at one side.

Severely plain is the latest two-piece suit style. It is developed in mannish material and finished as severely plain as a man's suit, and while it does not supplant the separate coat or coat frock, it holds a place all its own.

Very popular is the costume that consists of a short jacket and a plaited skirt, with a "filling in" of vest or guimpe in some lingerie material.

One sees pretty striped effects in the new summer frocks, both in silk and cotton, as well as in linen and wool materials. For youthful figures crosswise stripes are very becoming, but for the stout figures the stripes are best used lengthwise and broken by plain fabrics. Striped materials as trimming combines well with plain material. A dress of tan linen was effectively trimmed with tan and blue narrow striped crash, such as one might use for furniture covering.

Green linen with green and white striped trimming would be attractive.

A pretty skirt of crepe de chine was made up in three tiers, trimmed with rows of narrow ribbon crosswise and finely plaited.

As a contrast to stripes come pretty dotted cottons, organdies and Swisses—all so cool and dainty, with a ribbon sash and a bit of lace at the neck and edge of the short sleeve.

The short sleeve more or less abbreviated, will be in evidence all through the summer season.

Georgette is most stylish for summer dresses, preferably in black for the ultra fashionable woman, but if one likes color, the dress may be yellow, or in flesh or turquoise tone.

For daytime wear, the dove gray and biscuit tones are attractive, finished with a girdle of ribbon of contrasting color tied in a huge bow at the left side in front.

There are several new Rodier fabrics for summer wear. Some in attractive canvas weaves and crepe weaves in material hemp shades and in such colors as Lanvin green, pink, orchard, blue and rose.

Black satin is used for "youthful" dresses that have longwaisted loose straight blouses, attached to straight full skirts.

The neck is bateau, or from shoulder to shoulder and finished with a bertha or deep collar of net or lace. A rosette or sash of colored ribbon gives a bright finishing touch.

In summer cottons and silks, dresses like this have the skirt covered with rows of frills and are decorated with a large bow at the shoulders, the ends of which are very long.

Dresses are now longer than during the previous season. The usual length is six inches from the ground.

Lace of every variety is much in demand. It is a graceful and becoming style. With a lace dress one may have several under slips, and a sash or belt to match the color of each.

The cool freshness of lingerie collar and cuffs, adds to the good appearance of severe tailored costumes. Pretty "Peter Pan" sets are shown in organdie, linen and ratine, some embroidered in colors, others bound with bias bands of the material.

As the summer days come and go, the bandana handkerchief becomes more than ever popular. This fashion has brought out a new style in fichus, made of plain or dotted fine net, and edged with narrow frills of lace or net.

These fichus "dress up" a plain dress of crepe or taffeta. Tiny cuffs to match are also shown.

Vestee guimpes of net, or embroidered organdie are worn with the new open front box coats.

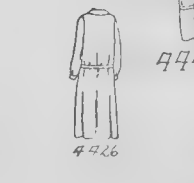
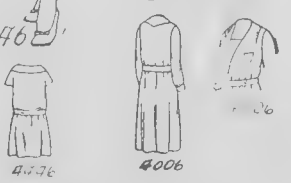
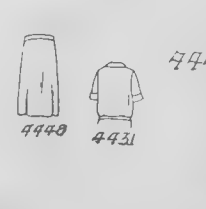
A serviceable long coat is one that has straight lines, is buttoned close from neck to hem or opened at the throat with revers turned back.

The return of the bustle is most interesting in its new versions. It is shown not alone in the former way of bunching up the material at the back, but various sash effects give a good suggestion of the bustle. Two or more loops are used, and if of stiff material, will stand out without being wired.

Plaited fan-like tier arrangements over the back of a dress also simulate a bustle, and are often accompanied by a front apron drapery.

Velvet blouses in gay colors, and in the jacquette models are worn with finely plaited skirts in contrasting or self color.

Ribbon is of great importance as trimming for the summer frocks. Immense rosettes of ribbon placed on the left side just below the waistline are used to decorate simple summer frocks, and are also used on dresses for formal occasions, when the ribbon is sometimes replaced by lace or streamers of tulle.



A Pretty and Becoming Frock, 4422.—Embroidered voile, or crepe could be used for this model. The drapery may be of self or contrasting material. As here shown figured foulard was used, with georgette for the drapery. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short as illustrated in the large view.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. To make the drapery of contrasting material requires 1½ yards. The width at the foot is 2¾ yards.

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A Chic Little Dress, 4421.—Foulard in tan and blue was used for this model. It makes an ideal warm-weather dress, with its simple sleeveless lines. The waist back overlaps the fronts in long shoulder extensions. A sash of ribbon or a girdle of silk will form a pretty finish.

The dress is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¾ yards.

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A Popular House Dress Model With Inserted Pockets, 4426.—The slenderizing features of this style, will appeal to the stout woman, while the practical points will make the style attractive to all figures. Figured percale with trimming of mercerized poplin is here shown. Gingham, with an edging of rick rack would be good—or, damask, with organdy for collar and cuffs.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires ¾ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

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A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl, 4440.—Printed and plain crepe are here combined. This style is also pleasing in embroidered and plain voile, or it may be developed in plain or figured goods, with pipings of a contrasting color.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 4¾ yards of one material 32 inches wide. To make as illustrated will require 1½ yards of plain material and 2¾ yards of figured material.

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A Practical One Piece Model for the Growing Girl, 4442.—Linen or ratine, with embroidery or contrasting material for collar and cuffs, would be good for this style. The closing is at the left side under the plait.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ¾ yard 40 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 4433.—This is a splendid sports model. It lends itself well to jersey weaves, and to silk, or linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2½ yards of 32 inch material.

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A Dainty Frock for a "Little Tot," 4043.—With sleeves flowing or puffed, and the fullness at the neck shirred or smocked, this dress will be very pleasing. Nainsook, voile, challie or gingham may be selected for the making.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size will require 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

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A Comfortable, Practical Model, 4434.—Here is a "corset" style that affords ease and comfort to the wearer. It may be made of jean, muslin, linen, broadened silk or mercerized materials, satin or drill. Gussets set in at the sides give freedom in movement. These may be of elastic or webbing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 1½ yard of 36 inch material. For gussets of elastic or webbing ¾ yard 9 inches wide or wider is required.

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An Attractive Negligee, 4425.—Foulard is here portrayed with girdle and bindings of satin in a contrasting color. This model is good also for crepe, printed voile, or crepe de chine.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2¾ yards.

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A Good Play Suit for a Small Boy, 4439.—To be comfortably dressed, adds much to the joy of your boy's playtime. This suit is easy to develop,

and is suitable for flannel, linen, gingham and khaki. For warm weather, pongee or linene would be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 2¾ yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for Mature Figures, 4430.—Figured and plain foulard are here combined. One could use satin, and embroidery or brocaded silk with satin. Crepe, and embroidered georgette are also a good combination.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. For panel and collar of contrasting material 1½ yard 27 inches wide will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Summer Costume, 4431-4448.—There are times when a dainty and dressy blouse and a sports' skirt mean comfort as well as style. In this instance crepe de chine was used for the blouse with embroidery in self color. The skirt is of white flannel, with trimming of black satin bands.

The Blouse, 4431, is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2½ yards of 32 inch material. The Skirt, 4448, is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 29 inch size requires 2½ yards of 44 inch material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

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A Charming Frock for "Party" or "Best" Wear, 4446.—Blue taffeta embroidered in red, or orange color voile or crepe with embroidery in white or black would be attractive for this style. It is also pleasing in dotted Swiss or organdy.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2¾ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical House Dress, 4006.—She who chooses this model for her work dress, will find every work day brighter because of the comfort and convenience which this style reflects. Dotted percale, and white linene are here combined.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6½ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Miss, 4444.—Grace and attractive lines are here portrayed. This is a good style for linen, jersey cloth, silk, or voile.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1½ yard of 36 inch material. A pleasing development would be mustard color jersey cloth with embroidery in green yarn. Or white linen or crepe with cross-stitching in blue.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Apron, 4429.—This mode is both comfortable and attractive. The back fastens over the skirt portions of the front. Percale with bindings of linene would be a pleasing development. Chintz or cretonne with sateen or rick rack for a finish is also good.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Under Garment, 3834.—Properly made under garments are essential to well-fitting dresses. The style here shown shows ease and comfort in its simple lines. It lends itself well to a development in batiste with trimming of Val or filet lace edges, or to crepe, with briar stitching, or other simple decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Coat Style for Young Children, 4438.—Serge, broadcloth, taffeta, crepe or linen could be used for this model. Back and front have fullness from the shoulders, which may be gathered or shirred in cross-rows.

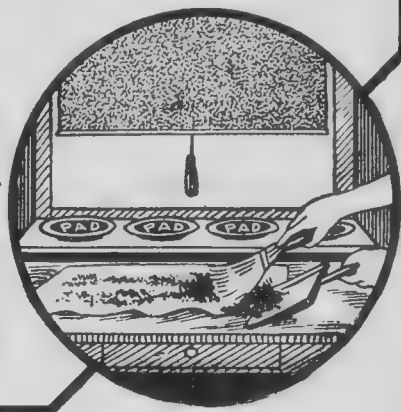
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 2 yards of 40 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



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This is it—Darken the room as much as possible, close the windows, raise one of the blinds where the sun shines in, about eight inches, place as many Wilson's Fly Pads as possible on plates (properly wetted with water but not flooded) on the window ledge where the light is strong, leave the room closed for two or three hours, then sweep up the flies and burn them. See illustration below.

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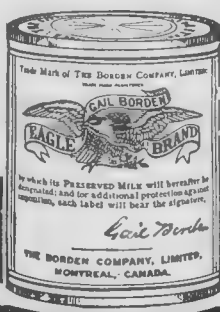
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MOTHER'S SECTION

The Value of a Hobby

By Winifred N. Whitlock

THE celebrated actress, Sarah Bernhardt, was renowned for her youthful appearance, and she attributed this to the fact that she had several hobbies, in the pursuit of which she found relaxation from the strenuous demands of her stage career. Many women spend time and money in the endeavor to remain or become young looking, when they could find the elixir of youth in a less expensive way—the same way that the great actress found it, in the cultivation and enjoyment of a hobby.

What is the ideal hobby? This depends on individual taste and circumstances, but it should be something we really like, and as far removed from the daily routine as possible, that it to say, those engaged out of doors should have an indoor hobby and those confined to the house or office an outdoor one; manual labor should be balanced by mental work and vice versa.

The physical advantages derived from a hobby cannot be over-estimated. The versatile person is less prone to nervous disorders and less likely to become a victim of melancholia than the person who has never had a hobby. Nervous and mental diseases are increasing and prevention is better than cure.

Many men and women have found health and happiness in their hobby, and some have, through its persistent pursuit, been able to forsake uncongenial work for a career in which they have found their vocation.

The story is told of a bookkeeper who indulged in photography as a hobby. He won a prize given by a magazine for the best snapshot of a child, and with the money he purchased a larger camera. He then in his spare time took orders from friends, specializing in children. Today he is one of New York's leading child photographers.

A busy woman composed stories while making cakes and pies. Today she is a contributor to many magazines.

For business women there is no better hobby than sewing. Doctors say that this has a soothing effect upon the nerves, so often jarred by the rush and hurry of a business life, and this may be made a very lucrative hobby, for the woman who is clever with her fingers can always find a market for dainty garments. But the busy housewife has enough sewing with the never-ending supply of clothes to be made and mended. What then shall her hobby be?

For the country woman the first thing that comes to the mind is poultry raising, which is interesting and profitable. But this is nearly always a farm sideline, and to most farmers' wives, part of their daily chores. Many possible hobbies suggest themselves. We heard of a woman who bred and sold canaries, another kept bees, and another bred and sold Persian kittens.

A corner of the garden devoted to the cultivation of a favorite flower or vegetable would be an interesting hobby. Flowers are a continual source of pleasure; the study of nature is a solace to overwrought nerves, and so many plants can be grown indoors that the passing of summer need not deprive the flower lover of her hobby. Mushrooms are easily grown and command a ready

market and a good price. One farmer's wife grew mushrooms in her cellar and made it a profitable hobby.

But many women feel that their mental talents need developing. If a woman has a taste for foreign languages, one word learnt a day will give her a fair vocabulary in two or three years, and a language can be learnt while making beds or cooking, as it is merely memorizing and practice. A busy doctor of our acquaintance learnt French by the one word a day method. Many of us might benefit by learning the spelling and meaning of one new English word a day, especially those who have literary ambitions. It is surprising with what a limited vocabulary most of us plod along.

"But I am too old to take up anything new," says one woman.

The woman with a hobby doesn't grow old. Lord Brassey took up the study of German when he was seventy and became a good German scholar, and a woman we know learnt shorthand after she was sixty.

If you have a taste for sewing and the needs of your family in this direction are not too pressing, by all means cultivate your talent and specialize in one line, such as drawn thread work, crochet or embroidery. This is the day of the specialist and a change can thus be obtained from the family sewing. It is surprising what interest grows in the treasures thus accumulated and purchasers can easily be found among friends, or if a wider market is desired, the articles can be sold through advertisements or one of the Women's Work Exchanges.

Many a busy housewife longs for a holiday; the business woman is sure of two or three weeks in the year, but the wife and mother has to expend her energy continuously in loving care for her husband and children, and even when her children have left the family nest for homes of their own, she is called upon to give from the stores of her experience, advice and help to the later generation.

A change is as good as a rest. A hobby will provide the change and give an added interest to life. The petty vexations of domestic life will be forgotten in the minutes or hours devoted to the hobby. Don't bury your talents. Use them and they will increase a hundredfold.

And when you have found your hobby and cultivated it, encourage your sons and daughters to have one. It is not the boy or girl with the hobby who is led into temptation, but the youth or maiden who has never been encouraged to do anything in their spare time. Loneliness is one of the chief causes of vice. Human nature craves companionship, but the person with a hobby is seldom lonely. When working hours are over he turns to his hobby as recreation; in illness it is a panacea and in trouble a continual source of comfort. Observant parents can gauge to some extent by the child's choice of a hobby the bent of his intelligence and many parents have been thus guided to choose for him a career in which he will find health and happiness.

A Back-Saver for the Mother

By Annie Luella McKinley

MANY steps can be saved, as well as much lifting, if the handy man of the house will make a portable stand, on smooth-running casters, for the laundry tub. This can easily be wheeled to the stove to receive the clothes from the boiler, to the sink for water, or emptying, and to any other part of the room that convenience requires.

The running gear of a discarded baby-carriage, retaining the handle bar for propelling it, can be made to serve

admirably, and the wheels are easily locked when working at the tub.

Without sacrificing strength and durability, the stand should be made as light as possible. With this in view, the top need not be more than twenty inches wide, and can be made of strong slats placed two or three inches apart. It can be long enough to accommodate two tubs if desired, and must, of course, be the correct height for the person who is to work over it.

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Arbitrary or Firm—Which?

By George W. Tuttle

THERE is as much difference between being firm and being arbitrary as there is difference between the north and south poles—all the difference in the world! If God were as arbitrary with us as some parents are with their children life would hold far more thorns than roses for us.

"Mother, can I go down to Susie's and see her new doll?" queries Mary, breathlessly. Perchance it is mother's off morning; the bread does not rise, or possibly the milk has soured and set mother a bad example; so she says, emphatically, "No, you can't go, and that is all there is to it!" She may add insult to injury by adding, "and I don't want to hear anything more about it, either!"

Of course not, did she not expect motherhood to be a sort of rose-bloom annex to matrimony? It is an evil day for Mary when all of her requests are switched off on a special sidetrack just because mother chances to be ill-natured—or, rather, choose to be ill-natured, for the longer I live the more convinced I am that ill-nature is a choice, not a chance. Mother does not want to be annoyed; is it not too much trouble to think a trifling problem clear through, too much trouble to say to herself: "What is best for Mary?" Just look at that sidetrack; then think of the demurrage charges that mother will have to pay some day.

An arbitrary, abrupt "No, you can't go!" makes us feel like asking, with the questioning children, "Why?" Is this an arbitrary decision, biased by poor bread or sour milk, or by any other incidental happening or vexation of the morning, or is it a carefully thought out decision for Mary's benefit? Possibly Mary may be developing wanderlust and may fail to realize that home is—or should be—the sweetest, dearest, most satisfying place in this old world. Kindness and firmness should never be divorced; it may be absolutely necessary to say, "No". The burning question is, "What is best for Mary?"

Should a mother be the unhappy possessor of an arbitrary disposition a permanent divorce from that disposition, with no alimony, is essential for Mary's best development. Love considers, is not niggardly of time, is patient and long suffering with the little ones.

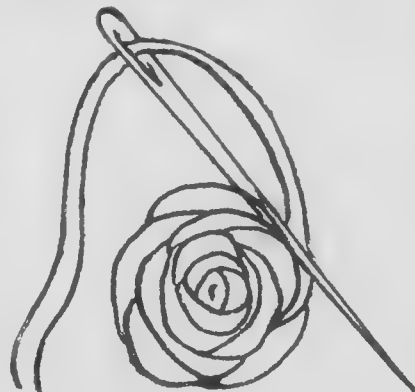
How sad when the father is arbitrary, when he forgets the days of his youth. The good Lord pity the small boy who is never allowed to go fishing. He is almost as badly off, but not quite, as the boy who never has to work. The boy has a right to delightful memories of a father who was a healthful mixture of kindness and firmness. Why should not a father be able to say, "Play ball," at the proper time, as readily as he would say, "Plant potatoes?"

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 39

last ch 5. The last 4 rows constitute the spiderweb pattern. Repeat 2nd row of pattern (3rd round on cap) once. Next row work to within 3 patterns of beginning of row; end with 2 sc on the first 2 sts of group below, turn, ch 5, * 1 sc in first space, 1 sc on dc, 1 sc in next space, ch 3, 1 dc on 2nd sc of group below, ch 3; repeat from * to end of row, leaving the 3 patterns for back of neck and ending with 1 dc in turn st of row below.

3rd Short Row—Ch 5, turn, 3 sc in 3 sc below, ch 3, dc on dc below, ch 3; continue in pattern, ending with ch 3, 1 dc in last space.

4th Short Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in first space, pattern across, ending with ch 3, 2 sc in last space. Continue in this way to work back and forth until there are 26 short rows.



Detail of Embroidered Rose

Border—Make a gathering row on front edge by working 3 sc over each group of 3 sc and 1 sc in each space (5 sc for each pattern), ch 1 and turn. Work back and forth on front edge with 1 sc in each st until there are 6 rows on border,

then continue 6th row around lower edge of cap, as follows: 4 sc on edge of border, 1 sc in first space, * ch 2, 1 sc in next space. Repeat from * across entire neck, ending with 4 sc on other end of border, 1 sl st in first st on front edge, ch 1, turn, make 1 sc on each sc and 1 sc in each space on lower edge of cap; 2 sc in corner st and then continue around front of cap with 1 sc in each st; join with a sl st at other corner, ch 1, turn, sc in sc on front border, 2 sc in corner st, sc in sc on neck border, skipping every 10th st. Work 3 more rows around entire cap, making 1 sc in each st, 2 sc in corner sts and joining and turning at end of rounds. Borders at front and neck should each measure about 11 inches from corner to corner.

Pompadour Band—With Pompadour ch 69 loosely, 68 sc on chain; work back and forth in sc until there are 16 rows on band, then make edging.

Edging—With Pompadour make 1 sc in first row on short edge of Pompadour band, * ch 3, 1 dc in same place as sc, skip 2 rows (or sts), 1 sc in next; repeat from * across short edge, next long edge and second short edge. On second long edge work a ruching as follows: 1 sl st in first st, * ch 3, 1 sl st in next st; repeat from * to end of row and fasten off. With Pompadour make 1 sc in corner of border on cap, * ch 3, 1 dc in same place as sc, skip 2 sts on lower edge of cap, 1 sc in next; repeat from * to other end of lower edge; * ch 3, 1 sl st in next st on front edge; repeat from * to other end of front edge and fasten off.

Embroider Pompadour band with raised roses and forget-me-nots, as shown in illustration, having ruched edging toward back of cap. Sew embroidered band over plain band on cap with the two different edgings right over each other. Line cap with silk and trim with rosettes at sides, as shown in illustration.

My Dream House Naomi Hall

Oh little house of happiness,
Secluded and apart—
Whose existence no one knows of
In a corner of my heart!

Here chilling blasts have never swept,
And ever roses twine—
About my dream house doorway,
Deep in this heart of mine.

Within your walls my dreams come true—
The life I'd like to live;
Years of youth and hours of song,
And all to you I'd give.

And often do I steal away
To my little house apart,
Where every room is a memory
Of hours with you sweetheart.



Mother Love

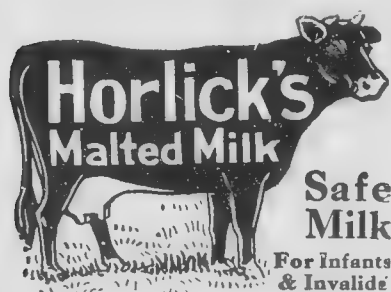
must be very practical if babies are to thrive. Every mother should nurse her baby if possible. Otherwise

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—SWINBURNE.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG MAN,

CORRESPONDENCE

Study Canada

Dear Editor:

A few years ago I gained some delightful correspondents through your columns. I guess they are all settled down now or have forgotten all about me while I have been "seeing Canada."

I am in sympathy with the remarks of "Moon Glow" regarding the vast paradise named the West. How many of us know Canada, not many I'll wager; I for one don't. Once I thought I did but after spending several months travelling through the Rockies on horse back and on foot I began thinking that my knowledge of Canada was not up to my estimate of it. How many of us have been on a neve where the waters flow to three different oceans. I would like to ask you all to join my pack train and come along and study Canada with me.

Isn't it wonderful how the W. H. M. is able to publish such fine, cheery and uplifting stories. Our paper always was good but it certainly has kept pace with the times.

Poor old "Hullite" you are having a terrible time. I would suggest that you come out to the West where we are all law-abiding citizens—eh, editor? I could say quite a lot perhaps to cheer you up but the Prohibition question is too lengthy to finish so I will not commence it.

I think "Light of the Morning" must have been on a neve where the waters burst just natural for one down near Scarth Street. I would like to hear from you "Light of the Morning" and any others interested in the "Greatest Playground in the World." I have a few views of some of the Rockies I would exchange.

"Canada First."

A Suggestion

Dear Editor and Readers,

Just a note to thank "Burr" for so kindly sending in the words of "A perfect Day" to the page. I was glad to see the poem "The Last Hymn" appear also as it is one that I used to know, but somehow I lost it and have never seen or heard it since.

It would be a good plan to have a printed list of all the songs requested by the readers, appear on the page. They could then be sent to the page, or direct to the person wanting them. Let's hear what the rest say.

How is Mabel coming on with her dressmaking? I have made several dresses recently with a little help from my mother.

Must say Bye-bye now, before this tumbles into the W. P. B. Here's hoping everyone will have good crops and gardens. Our's is fine, the best since 1916 as we belong to that vast army who are unfortunate enough to be living in the Dry Belt.

Best wishes to all.

Ivy.

Decides for the Country

Dear Editor and Readers,

This is my first letter to this interesting page so I hope that the editor does not chuck it into the W. P. B.

I was born and raised in a city until about five or six years ago, in fact I never saw a live calf, pig, colt or sheep until I came up here so you can realize how green I was, but if it came to deciding which I like best I think I should prefer the country. Of course, there are times when a person feels pretty blue, but what is that when you have good health and good times. I love to read, dance and play cards and I would like to learn to skate, but there is no place to learn on around here.

I ride all over the country in the summer and snowshoe in the wood in the winter and I think it is great.

I did all the discing and harrowing this Spring and I always work in the hayfield in the summer, it is lots of fun if you look at it in the right way.

We have quite a few dances but we do nothing but old fashioned square dances, two steps and waltz, also Indian give-away dance, so you can realize how far behind the times we are up in this country.

We are homesteading out here and I have a new little baby brother and he is the first white child born in this part of the country and of course, we are very proud of him, but if I don't soon stop chewing the rag the editor will surely tear this letter up.

I am not much on writing letters, but I will try my best to answer letters from any who care to write, so hoping this misses the W. P. B. and best wishes to all.

"Buffalo Gal"

Lonesome Maiden

Dear Editor and Readers,

I hope you will find a little corner of your paper to insert this letter. I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time now and certainly enjoy it immensely. I am what you would call a lonesome maiden in the heart of a big city. Of course I have always lived in the city, but not in this particular one where I am a stranger.

After leaving College last June I spent my holidays with my Big Brother on the Farm, now I have come back to the city life. I feel rather lonesome. I sincerely hope that Yankee Doodle Boy and Jumbo will read my letter and someone will take pity on a 'Lonesome Maiden' and write to her. It will certainly be a change from office work. If one of the lonely bachelors will drop me a line, I will answer all letters if possible.

'Lonesome Maiden,'

Dancing Again

Dear Friends:

I have been an interested reader of your page for some time, but could never stir up enough courage to write a letter until my curiosity was aroused by one written by someone who calls himself the "Crank." It is very seldom that one finds a young man or woman who is so decidedly opposed to dancing as this party evidently is, that when I, being one of the "despised" who enjoy dancing very much, read this, I was at once interested as well as amused. However, I will admit that it was all very true what he said, at least in many cases, and I am very glad to see that there are young men, even now-a-days, who prefer clean company and sports to the lesser of these, which one will find more often in a dance hall than anywhere else. However, dancing is a mania with me somewhat, and I have not met with any of the experiences mentioned, as yet, to any great extent, and cannot see a very good reason why one should keep entirely away from it.

I'm not going to say very much about myself, my main object being to try and see if this "Crank" would stoop to correspond with a mere business girl, more out of curiosity than anything else and I'm sure we could have some very interesting debates on the subject.

Hoping that I will not take too much space in your corner.

Sincerely,
"A Steno."

The Other Side

Dear Editor and Readers:

May I, a Norwegian girl of eighteen, join in your page of Correspondence? I have been one of your most interested readers for nearly two years, and I find no other magazine which I enjoy as much as the valuable W. H. M.

I tell you I felt proud when in the last issue I saw the letter from "A Norwegian." I like your ideas about skiing and music, you Norwegian Lad. I play piano and guitar and I just long for a violin to learn to play on. I am sure the readers agree with me, that a home is not complete without music. "Lonesome 28" and "Crank" I agree with you both about dancing. I have never been to a dance, and I never

CORRESPONDENCE

Continued from page 44

will, and still I'm a lively girl of 18 and enjoy life without being up at nights swinging and whirling away on the dancing floor. I believe that it is ruinous for the body and health to hop and wriggle and turn about in close air, work the body hot, then go out to cool off; get a cold, which sometimes (especially persons that are not very strong) brings consumptive sickness, bronchitis, neuralgia and headache. I remember when I went to school how the teacher would frequently complain how tired she was, and how sleepy, and sore and cranky to the children because of headache. For why? "I was to a dance last night and had a very swell time." Another time she would hold one hand on the forehead and the other on the back of her head and cough and sneeze and complain with a voice that was coarser than that of a crow. "Oh this terrible cold." Well, how could she catch a cold right in summer? "I was to a fine dance last night and caught a cold going home."

Now another fact about dancing is that it is useless. You say it is enjoyable. Yes it's a fine joy in it isn't it? I think the young girls can show off their powdered faces and new gowns in the daytime, for you must admit you can see things much plainer in the light of day, than in the darkness of night. And the same about the young men. They can show the girls their new suits in the daylight. I am quite sure that if a man when coming in for dinner, saw his hired-man with his arms about his wife he would fire him at once. But let him go to a dance, and he will let his hired-man dance with his wife as much as he pleases.

I feel sure I am going to meet lots o' criticising, but isn't it all right to see what a youngster like me thinks? I wish the Scandinavian readers of this interesting paper would live up a little and send us some real interesting letters. Thanking you, "A Norwegian" for writing and remember that a Canadian-Norwegian can be placed in the first line.

If I am permitted to write again, I shall tell you about the scenery in this vicinity and about my ambitions.

I will close with a trembling feeling for the W.P.B.

Christiana.

BARCLAY'S BABY

By Hew MacLaine
The Christening

THE eventful Sunday had arrived. The dull grey of the morning had already receded and given place to bright, kindly sunshine. Bees and insects hummed, and the flowers exhaled their sweetest perfume. Smoke was rising in silvery feathers from a few chimneys in the terrace. Farmer Barrie's dog barked, a dreamy, lazy bark; the cows could be heard moving about, just outside the byre. A cock crew; the echo lingered in the fragrant air. The noise of a clanging bell on the main road, not a hundred yards away, told that the first car was passing; it was exactly half-past nine o'clock.

Mr. Barclay came to the front door, yawned, dug his hands into his pockets and yawned again. A voice from indoors called to him, "George, have you no jacket or vest on?"

Without audible answer, he entered the house, to come out again a few minutes later, this time with his vest on, and a cigarette between his lips. He blew the smoke rings leisurely before him, and at measured intervals the deliberate beat of his forefinger knocked off the cigarette ash. Thus he stood for several minutes, his eyes contracted, and peering into space, the surest sign of deep thinking.

Again the voice from within called to him, "George, I've found baby's brooch, the one from Cissy Mason. It was under the dressing table!"

"What! Baby under the dressing table?" he asked, hurrying inside.

"No! the brooch! Will you remember that I never refer to baby as 'It'?"

"I'm getting more used to it now, although sometimes I do forget."

"George, whatever are you saying? You surely don't forget baby any minute of the day—at least, I don't!"

"Not at all; what I mean is that sometimes I forget and think of her as 'it.' It is impossible to forget the jewel; indeed, she is probably too much on my mind, as the manager could testify. Why, only yesterday he asked me how the new customer was getting on, meaning the Toronto firm with whom we had just opened an account, and I, thinking of baby, said she was almost 12 lbs. weight and was to be christened on Sunday. The whole office knew of my answer, and I'm the laughing stock of the workshop, too."

"It is simply horrid of you, George. It is bad enough to refer to baby as 'it,' but when you begin to think of the wee pet lamb as the new customer—oh, it is too terrible! What things men think and say, it is too awful for words!"

"You don't understand men, Jessie!"

"Nor do I wish to"—and in a moment she was upstairs. "Are you watching the crib, George?" she called from the backroom.

"Right-o," came the response. "She's wakened; hurry down, Jessie."

Mrs. Barclay came downstairs with baby's dainty garments, among them the robe in which George himself had been christened—years ago. A few

neighbors looked in to see the child arrayed for her "first public appearance." George moved about uneasily until Aunt Mary, who was to carry the child to church, arrived, and then he too had to prepare himself for the important ceremony. In less than an hour after he left the house alone, to be met at the terrace by Alec Brownlee, who had promised to accompany him to church. What the text and sermon were, George had only a hazy idea; all he knew was that when the congregation began to sing, "We bring them," he saw Aunt Mary, carrying the crying baby, enter the church by the "vestry door," and, along with a few other ladies similarly laden, take a seat in the front pew. The hymn concluded, George, with three other fathers, found himself immediately in front of Aunt Mary, but how he managed there remains, to him, a mystery.

The minister descended from the pulpit, and took up his position at the font, where, after the customary exhortation, he indicated to George to get up and hold his child. Baby, still crying, was transferred from Aunt Mary to George, and there the infant lay in the father's upraised arms.

"The child's name?" whispered the minister.

"Agnes Falconer, after mother," said George, awkwardly fumbling in his pocket

for the slip of paper on which he had carefully written the name that morning. One pocket after another was searched; more than once the baby, now held in one hand, nearly came to grief. Still George kept searching. Aunt Mary rose and went to his assistance, remarking, "put baby down till you get the slip; it's in your vest pocket, beside your cigarette case."

George obeyed, but, instead of handing baby to Aunt Mary, he placed the infant right into the arms of the bald-headed bachelor baritone, the leading member of the church choir. This was too much for His Musical Highness, and he forthwith deposited the fretting mite in the lap of the spectacled contralto, who, in turn, hurriedly transferred the child to the organ key-board, with consequent discord. The organist, himself, happily a family man, lifted the infant, and was in the act of returning her to George, when he collided forcibly with the beadle, who had, unfortunately, timed his arrival for the inopportune moment.

But how George recovered the slip of paper, and had the baby restored to him for the christening, are items of small importance, compared with the scene among the choir members that memorable Sunday morning.



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| Solder Web | Flower Edging |
| Sunflower | Clover Leaf |
| The Alas | Rosette |
| Ring | Naples Edging |
| Square Doily in | The Wheel and Sham- |
| Filet Crochet | rock Edging |
| The Starfish | The Pilgrim Pattern |
| Hexagon Doily in | The Pumme Lace |
| Filet Crochet | Cornflower Edging |
| The Presto | Spotted Edging |
| The Roman | Thistle Lace |
| The Anemone Design | Borders and Corners |
| The Daisy Design | Star Border |
| The Pearl Doily | Snowflake Corner |
| The Star Fish Doily | The Everest Border |
| The Seaweed Doily | Clover Lace and Corner |
| The Lotus Doily | The Water Border |
| The Rose Spray Doily | and Corner |
| Yokes | The Elm Corner and |
| Elvyn Blouse Yoke | Border |
| The Olivia Nightdress | Dutchess Corner and |
| Yoke | Border |
| The Kama Camisole | Goose Girl Lace and |
| Yoke | Corner |
| The Malvern Yoke | The Seraphim Border |
| The Fedora Camisole | and Corner |
| Yoke | Clover Lace and Corner |
| The Floral Pattern | The Everest Border |
| Chemise | and Corner |
| Yoke | The Grapevine Corner |
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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Birds at Evening

When the rooks fly homeward and the gulls are following high,
And the grey feet of the silence with a silver dream are shod,
I mind me of the little wings abroad in every sky
Who seek their sleep of God.

When the dove is hidden and the dew is white on the corn,
And the dark bee in the heather, and the shepherd with the sheep,
I mind me of the little wings in the holm-oak and the thorn
Who take of Him their sleep.

When the brier closes and the iris-flower is furled,
And over the edge of the evening the martin knows her nest,
I mind me of the little hearts abroad in all the world
Who find in Him their rest.
"The Lamp of Poor Souls"
—Marjorie Pickthall.

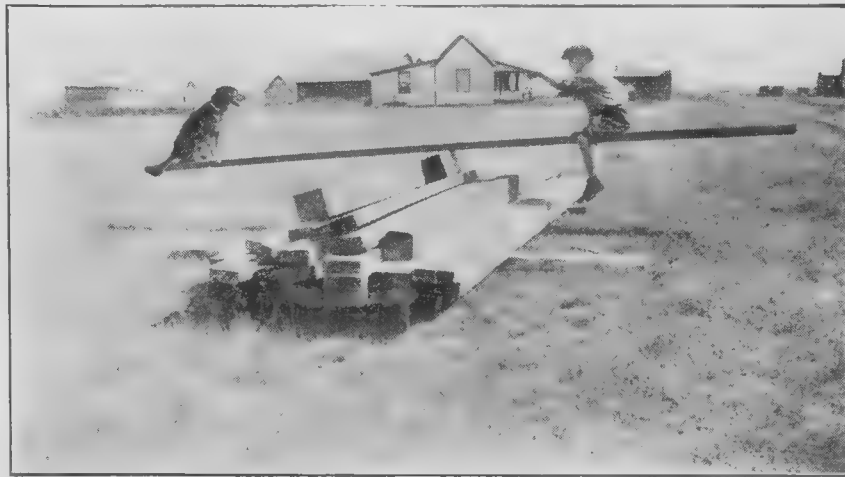
all places! But there seemed to be nothing else for her to do.

Presently Aunt Hetty came downstairs; her face was shining with anticipation. In her hands was a big net "traveler"—it was the last straw for Eileen.

Half an hour later as they entered the big, noisy, crowded hall Aunt Hetty drew a long breath of delight. "We'll begin on this side," she said. "See, Eileen, there's the lemon stuff they were advertising. Don't that pie look nice? Let's try it."

Eileen declined to try it, but Aunt Hetty had pushed her way to the booth and was eating a bit of the lemon custard on a wafer; a tired-looking demonstrator was serving it. As Aunt Hetty pushed her way back to Eileen, she deposited the first of her samples and a handful of leaflets in her capacious carrier.

"That woman comes from Delaware County," she remarked. "She tells me she's got three children, and one of them is down sick. I feel real sorry for her. Well, do look at that doll drinking apple juice! Ain't that complete!"



Sport is a fine playmate for his new master.

My Legacy

The little tree I planted out
And often muse upon,
May be alive to grow and thrive
And out into the sunlight strive,
When I am dead and gone.

So it shall be my legacy
To toilers in the sun,
So sweet its shade, each man and maid
May be induced to take a spade
And plant another one.
—Ethelwynn Wetherald.

SOMETHING TO READ

A Bit of Dogma

Our puppy just loves to get after a cat;
Perhaps all the dogs in the world are like that.
'Way down in the ocean, I haven't a doubt,
The dogfish go chasing the catfish about.
—Daisy D. Stephenson.

Going with Aunt Hetty

"O Mother, don't tell me I have to go!"
Eileen's voice was full of dismay. She hated to go anywhere with Aunt Hetty, and now to have to go to the food show of

He laughed. "I'm talking about you and the gift you have that I'd give five years of my life to possess. I mean your feeling for the 'all things human.' Now I could describe the apple-blossom girls, but I'd never know that one of them was supporting a sick mother."

"Tain't her mother—it's her father, and he's blind, not sick," Aunt Hetty corrected him.

She was utterly bewildered by the laughter that followed. But Eileen did not laugh; she was looking at her aunt with eyes that were seeing something new.

Drowned in a Fish Story

A jocosse contributor to Outdoor Life is the author of the most delightful "fish story" we have read in a long while.

An interesting experiment, he says, was tried some time ago with an ordinary salt-water herring. The fish was put into a large bowl of salt water, and every day a small quantity of it was removed and an equal quantity of fresh water substituted until eventually the herring lived and thrived in purely fresh water.

The owner was so much pleased with the success of the experiment that he then began daily to remove a small quantity of water from the bowl until it was empty. The herring seemed to do very well without it, and, since it was so lively in the empty bowl, the owner had to put it into a cage.

There it lived happily, hopping from perch to perch, just like a bird, until one day some sudden noise upset and startled it, and it fell into the water trough and was drowned.

Letters

Dear Bobby Burke,

Having been a reader of your Cosy Corner for quite a time, I consider it my duty to write and tell you how I appreciate your section of the W. H. M. The item in the April issue entitled "What to Do for June" greatly interested me, as I am very fond of any kind of pet especially dogs. Because of this I am sending you two snapshots and the life-story of a marvellously intelligent dog named "Sport." This is his history.

It was a very cold winter night, and we were sitting comfortably around the fire-place, when suddenly we heard from outside a most pitiful whine. I ran out, and found, half buried in a snow bank, a cunning little black and tan pup. After a fruitless effort to find his owner (if such a person existed), needless to say we kept him. We named him "Sport" and many were the days we spent with him as a companion. Many too were the stockings and books he destroyed, through his mischievous play, but of course to us it was just "cute."

All too soon he grew from a tiny puppy to a large handsome and most intelligent dog. His chief playmate was the maltese cat with whom he played from morning to night. Unfortunately the kitten was poisoned and Sport was left to grieve. For many months after, should he, in his travels find a piece of gray fur, he would carry it home, whine over it, play with it, and cuddle it, thinking it was the lamented kitten.

Then came a change in Sport's life. On account of being noted as a public nuisance among the neighbors' gardens he was taken to the country to live with kind friends who made him their companion. There he rambled about the prairies in perfect happiness and it was there these pictures were taken. Every day he ran off to school with his new master, a boy of about ten years. He was a great favorite among the scholars and being a most well-behaved pupil himself, was

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 40

allowed to remain in the school-room lying at his master's feet until dismissal time.

One day on his way home from school, Sport scratched his leg on a barbed wire fence. It is only natural to suppose that he was pitted to some extent and for long after, when the experience was gone and forgotten should he be scolded or punished he never failed to lift up that particular foot and limp around on three feet with the object of getting sympathy. Later the family moved into the city and of course Sport came too. He soon adapted himself to his new surroundings and was by this time old and sensible enough to keep out of gardens and behave himself. He lives here, and although he is not my dog, he is my faithful and kind friend. The snapshots will prove his intelligence and ability to act as playmate.

Wishing the Cosy Corner all success

Winnifred Mernery (age 13),
18 Connaught Apts., Medicine Hat.

Dear Bobbie Burke,

We have been taking your paper, The Western Home Monthly, now, for many years. I always enjoy reading the "Children's Cosy Corner"—and in the last magazine I noticed you wanted a story about dogs. I just love dogs and when I saw this, I decided to write. My story will be found below.

Dogs

The Dog—man's greatest animal friend—is generally agreed to come from the wolf. Opinions differ greatly on this statement but, I base this on the fact that the wolf resembles very closely the structure of the dog, is very easily tamed and becomes like the dog in habits. Of course all this has exceptions and cannot be definitely relied upon.

Man has found in many years the faithfulness and attachment of the dog to him. Once a savage and cruel animal, it has now, through long years of companionship with man, become detached from its wild instincts and considered as his most valuable animal friend. Too much cannot be said of the dog's sagacity and acute senses which have taught men to love and consider him as a companion.

As the first and foremost example of the dog I think I will name the St. Bernard. This is a magnificent animal, large and strongly built. Undoubtedly this is the most well known of dogs. Many stories tell of their wonderful deeds in saving people who have got lost in the mountains. It is still used in the Alps for this purpose.

Next comes the Newfoundland dog. This too, is a well-known and fine variety, supposed to be derived from Newfoundland. This dog is particularly noted for its sagacity, good nature and wonderful swimming powers.

After the two named above the next in importance are the hounds. There are many different kinds—as I suppose you all know—and I will just give a short description of each one I know:

First—the Bloodhound. This is a large specimen of dog with very long, smooth ears and noted for its acuteness of smell. This is the dog that is used to track criminals.

Second—the Foxhound. This hound, as the name implies, is used for chasing foxes. It is noted for its great fleetness, strength and perseverance. Like the bloodhound, it also has a keen scent.

Third—the Stag-hound. This is a large powerful species of hound used for hunting deer.

Fourth—the Otter-hound. This is a specimen which is used in hunting the otter.

Fifth—the Grey-hound. This is a specimen kept for the chase and which is remarkable for its beauty and form. It is also very fleet. As the name might imply, it has no reference to its colour.

Another large specimen of dog is the Mastiff. This is an old English breed and very stoutly built. It has very deep and hanging lips.

Another well-known dog is the Collie. This is common in Scotland, and on account of its intelligence it is of much use to shepherds. It is of medium size, varies in colour, and has a fox shaped head.

The Bull-dog, another common specimen should be well known amongst all true Britishers. It is remarkable for its short broad muzzle and protruding lower front teeth. The head is massive and broad, the lips are thick and hanging, the neck short but very strong, the body



Sport is well trained

long and stout, and the legs short and thick. The Bull-dog is very slow-motioned but a fighter of great savagery.

The Bull-Terrier is merely a part bull-dog and terrier. It is a little smaller than the bull-dog but lively, docile and very courageous.

The Airedale, another specimen of dog known by everyone, originated in England. It belongs to the terrier family and is one of the tallest and largest of its kind, weighing from 40 to 45 pounds. Its color is dark grizzle and tan. This dog is sometimes used by the police and called "police-dog."

The next kind of dogs I will deal with are the Terriers. Of this species there are many kinds and I will be only able to touch on each one.

The English Terrier, is a small and courageous specimen of dog that follows animals into their burrows and holes. The hair is generally short and wiry.

The Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Skye and Fox Terriers all more or less resemble the English Terrier.

The Spaniels come next, of which there are many specimens also. They are distinguished from other dogs by their

rather short and broad muzzles, very long ears, hair plentiful and beautifully waved, particularly that of the ears, tail and hind parts of the thighs, and legs. The colour is varied, sometimes brown and white, red and white, black and white, deep brown or black. The English Spaniel is a superior and very pure breed. The King Charles dog, a small specimen, is used as a lap-dog. The Water Spaniels large and small differ from the description above only in the roughness of their coats and other minor details.

This is part of a very interesting article by Howard Lang, 2326 York St., Vancouver, B.C. (Age 15.) Sorry we didn't have room to publish all of it.

SOME GAMES TO PLAY

Wolf

In this game the wolf hides, and the other players remain at the goal. After a short interval the search begins. This is usually heralded by a shout of "Coming! Say nothing!" If the wolf is not ready he cries "No!" If he makes no answer the search continues. When the wolf is discovered the player first seeing him shouts "Wolf" and all rush for the goal. If the wolf succeeds in tagging any runner before he can get to the goal that player must also be a wolf. The game continues till all are wolves. The wolves may all hide together. If he desires to, a wolf may start out for the goal before he is discovered. If he reaches the goal first he has a good chance to touch a number of players.

Throwing Light

Two players agree upon a subject and talk about it without mentioning it. The others try to guess from the conversation what the subject is. When one thinks he has guessed correctly he joins in the conversation. If it appears from his conversation that he has guessed incorrectly, he may be challenged, and must whisper his guess in the ear of one of the players choosing the subject. If wrong he must sit through the game with his handkerchief over his face, or until he can guess correctly. It is allowable to choose two words of the same sound but of different meanings, and to refer to either at pleasure, as, for illustration, "soul" and "sole."

Geese in a Flock

The players (geese) sit in a row. A market woman comes along and repeats a counting out rhyme, "Intery, mintery, cutery, corn, etc." At the last syllable the geese jump up and run, the market woman chasing them. The one caught must be market woman.

YOUR SUMMER WORK

Don't forget the collection of leaves of trees of your neighborhood, pressed and named.

A list and description of the harmful insects of your neighborhood.

Neatness and accuracy and good writing will count.

1st Prize—Choice of Brownie camera or book.

2nd Prize—Choice of Eversharp pencil or box of stationery.

THINGS TO REMEMBER TO DO THIS SUMMER

Put Out All Picnic Fires!

Swat the Fly!

Help Your Bird Neighbors!

Have a Good Time!

The secret of GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

—for hair

IT is an open secret that, wherever you go, you hear men and women who have had dandruff, falling hair, or premature baldness, saying—

"The only thing I have ever found that does any good is 'Glover's'. It stops dandruff and helps the hair grow."

Most hair troubles are due to dandruff—a parasite, kin to mange. And Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine kills dandruff and, by gently stimulating, and invigorating, the hair roots, helps your hair grow—rich, thick, glossy, and abundant.

"Glover's" is made from pure vegetable and mineral ingredients, scientifically combined, and its action is always healthful and beneficial.

Therefore, if you would have hair in abundance—silky, soft, fresh-looking, and lustrous, go today and get "Glover's"—and Glover's Imperial Kenel Soap (to soften the scalp)—and use both exactly as directed.

Then—watch the improvement in your hair.

In order to get the genuine "Glover's"—sold in all good drug stores—look for the name "Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine", and insist upon having this only. Made by the H. Clay Glover Company, Inc., 127-129 West 24th Street, New York City.



FREE How to care for your hair and keep it healthy, in a little booklet, mailed FREE. Just a postcard request, with your name and address, mailed today, brings this by early return.

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



It Is Nothing Else

"Communism is sound," says Trotzky. Yes.—Montreal Gazette.

France and Germany

France now has the mailed fist and Germany the tight one.—Canadian Finance.

A Slogan for Henry

Slogan for Henry Ford's Presidential campaign—"Honk for Hank!"—New York American.

The Church-going 5c.

While not as good as a dollar, a nickel does its best. It goes to church more often.—Ottawa Citizen.

Another Ford Joke

A magician at a local theatre makes a horse vanish. Pooh, Pooh, lookit Henry Ford!—Toronto Star.

The Taker Was Taken

Wealth may be a disease, as Mr. Bryan says. We know a man who took it and was confined for a term of years.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Political Note

It sometimes happens that the political dark horse is the one who is willing to pony up.—Hamilton Herald.

The Neighbors' Eyes

There is a song which begins: "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Well, the neighbors have more.—Kingston Whig.

A Way Voters Have

When the great American public isn't sure what it wants, it votes for something different from what it has.—Buffalo Express.

Sir Arthur and the Spirits

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says he has stopped writing fiction, but it appears that he has not stopped believing it.—London Advertiser.

International Grouchiness

The supply of international grouch is so large nowadays that half the world doesn't know why the other half lives.—Kitchener Record.

It Needs Poison-proof Containers

Boston bootleggers wear tin coats to carry hooch in. The fatal failing in this scheme is that their customers don't carry tin stomachs.—Halifax Herald.

Oriental Finance

Years ago China used skin money, which probably accounts for the fact the national financial system still is something of a skin game.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Nor Are All the Men Preachers

"Many women preach in the United States," says the London Daily Mail. They are not all in the pulpit, either.—Fargo Tribune.

The Bulgarian Way

Bulgaria figures that it can rub along between foreign wars, if it can switch a civil war in now and then by way of practice.—Ottawa Journal.

Eskimo Juries

Hereafter Eskimo prisoners are to have Eskimo juries. Well, an Eskimo jury couldn't look much worse than some white juries we have seen.—Peterboro Examiner.

One Way of Achieving It

D'Annunzio now says that he wants to "do something that will enable him to die in a burst of glory." He might try soldering a gasoline can.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

An Inevitable Conclusion

The Communists in Russia have arrived at the inevitable conclusion that there is no successful substitute for work.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The All-Pervading Radio

A radio programme has been broadcast from Troy, N.Y., to New Zealand. There doesn't seem to be any place to go to escape those things.—Kincardine Review.

He Had to Park It, and Pass On

Mr. Dodge, of motor car fame, left an estate around fifty million dollars. The point not to be overlooked, however, is that he left it.—Brantford Expositor.

They Are Not the Only Ones Who Do

When we consider this new trouble between the Poles and the Lithuanians, we should in justice remember that a Pole is something that goes up in the air.—Duluth Herald.

Little Cars Climb High Hills

Those who are boosting Mr. Ford for the Presidency should remember that it isn't the car that makes the most noise that makes the best run.—Minneapolis Journal.

All Eyes Are On the Crops

The farmer is watching his crop very carefully these days. And a lot of other citizens are behind him trying to get a peep over his shoulder.—Weyburn Herald.

A Fundamental Truth

In this Western Canada the city man who isn't interested in the future of the Western Farmer isn't interested in the future of his own job.—Moose Jaw Times.

Recognizing the Russian Regime

Denmark has recognized the Moscow Government, and it will be remembered that the Danes also recognized Doc. Cook as discoverer of the North Pole.—Chicago Tribune.

Preparedness in Great Britain

Great Britain is doubling her airplane fighting force, which means that the international situation is bad over there; also the situation of the taxpayer.—Galt Reporter.

What Brains and \$28,000 Did

Henry Ford began business on June 16, 1903, with \$28,000 borrowed capital. To-day Henry is worth more than \$600,000,000. Where can one borrow \$28,000?—St. John Telegraph.

Naturally

The body of a mastodon, 30,000 years old, has been dug up near London, Ontario. Interviewed by our reporter on the prohibition issue it had nothing to say.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

A Challenge from Canada

Borneo claims that it has the largest insects in the world. Knowing what we do about some things that have gone on in Canada we hurl the challenge back in Borneo's face.—Saskatoon Star.

Returning to Canada

Families who left Coaldale for the United States have returned, finding conditions over the border worse than they are here. Seeing is believing, as has been proved in their case.—Lethbridge Herald.

It Certainly Seems So

A man who had been shot in the leg was arrested in New York for holding up the traffic. The only way to avoid being arrested in a New York shooting scrap is to be the man who does the shooting.—Washington Post.

Thicker Tires or Shorter Tacks

Something will have to be done about something. Either there should be a law compelling the manufacturers to make motor tires thicker or there should be a law compelling the manufacturers to make their tacks shorter.—Medicine Hat News.

Ford Speed

The political writer who said that it was impossible to determine the strength of the Ford presidential boom should remember that you never can tell how fast a Ford is running if you depend on the noise for your speedometer.—Springfield Republican.

Educational Item

Something else to worry about in connection with our educational system is the fact that so many of the products of the public schools refer to a picture as a pitcher. Really, there is a difference.—Victoria Colonist.

Mob Lawlessness

Lynching is always hard to stop, as an experienced Texas man pointed out to us the other day, because you can't keep men from showing their bravery when they have the numerical advantage of 500 to 1.—Kansas City Star.

The Rights of Agriculture

President Harding has told an audience of farmers in Kansas that the Government has succeeded in putting farming on a basis of equality with business. If this is correct it is good news and should mark a new epoch in industrial history.—New York Tribune.

People, Land and Cities

Harold Cox, the editor of the Edinburgh Review, says that Great Britain's chief problem is how to induce between 500,000 and 600,000 to emigrate. And a main problem of this continent is how to get people to emigrate from the overcrowded cities to work on the land in the production of primary necessities.—Toronto Globe.

For Two-cent Postage

Strong reason exists to think that a 2-cent postal rate would give as large a postal revenue to the Government as a 3-cent rate. The larger number of letters sent, as all experience shows, would probably make up for the lower rate. At worst, the loss of revenue would likely to so small as to be immaterial. Canada ought to have the 2-cent rate restored.—Vancouver Province.

"The Token of an Intelligent Mind"

Among the many practical topics dealt with at the National Education Conference, at Toronto, reading came in for a share of attention. Rev. Dr. Cody said it was "the token of an intelligent mind." Speaking in a comparative way, no other construction could very well be put on the practice.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Turkey and Greece

A bolt of lightning destroyed a bridge over which there was jangling between the Turks and the Greeks, and until the cause of the damage became known there were grave fears that the incident would be regarded as an act of war. Turkey and Greece can find enough things to fight about by themselves without lightning stepping in.—New York World.

"A Cloud No Bigger Than a Lizzie"

All is merry and bright with the Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination save in one regard. There is a cloud on the horizon of each and every one of them no bigger than a lizzie, but that is pretty big. Every time one of them walks abroad he sees the sinister shadow of Henry Ford across his path. What is Henry going to do? Will he run? Can he win? Henry says no; his friends say yes.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Resources Gone Up in Smoke

What forest fires may eventually mean in actual cost to the people is indicated by the statement of the head of the Canadian Forestry Association that the time will come when people will pay 20 or 25 cents for a daily newspaper, because of the limitation of pulp as a result of forest wastage through fire. According to the same authority, ten times as much timber has been destroyed by fire in this country since Confederation as has been hewn for industrial purposes.—Winnipeg Tribune.

More Tree Belts Needed

Together with the welcome rains, Regina reports a hail and wind storm which broke windows, smashed shingles, beat crops into the ground and took the roofs off half a dozen freight cars. The damage is, of course, local, and unimportant in comparison with the benefit done by the rain. But it is another reminder that the people on the prairies should set out trees, and keep doing it. Hail falls alike on woodland and prairie, but it is on the open plains that the wind gathers destructive energy. There should be a wind-break growing on every prairie farm.—Regina Leader.

Oratory and Democracy

Orators may lead democracies, but any democrat who has watched the process for any length of time is in a position to rise up and tell the world that the only place orators are leading democracies is round and round in a circle; especially the greatest democracy the sun ever shone upon, the same being, in the fiction of the times, the U.S.A.—Providence Journal.

Greasing Boots

We imagine the practice of greasing boots has gone pretty much out of fashion in the country. Men and women who have to go about much in wet places and among wet grass or grain wear rubber boots. But in the old days boots were made mostly of cowhide, and the greasing of them was quite a family event. A shiftless man in the community was one who did not grease his boots. Yet, we suppose to-day that there are thousands of young people who have never seen a pair of boots greased. And as for a bootjack; how many can recall that useful household article, the bootjack?—Guelph Herald.

The Measure of a Nation's Resources

Those inclined to discount the value of agriculture should bear in mind that it is farming rather than manufacturing which measures the nation's resources. The British Isles may appear an exception to this. But how would it test under a war blockade? How does it test for that matter under conditions of peace? It is a matter of note at the present time that the Old Country farmers are complaining loudly over the heavy burdens they are called upon to bear, while the increasing urban populations are demanding cheaper food. In other words the tendency is toward a highly developed industrialism at the expense of agriculture.—Winnipeg Free Press.



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